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THE NORTH STAR
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VOL. II.



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THE NORTH STAR

AND

THE SOUTHERN CROSS:

BEING THE

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES,
IMPRESSIONS AND OBSERVATIONS

OF

MARGARETHA WEPPNER,
—

IN A TWO YEARS' JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD
THIRD AMERICAN EDITION.

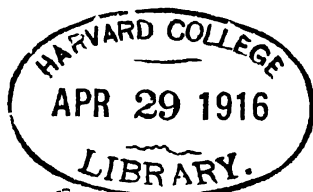
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THE NORTH STAR AND THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

CHAPTER I.

DR. SCHEFFER introduced me to Prince Raden Salen, a celebrated painter of Java, resident in Buitenzorg, who had lived in Germany at the court of the Duke of Coburg-Gotha for ten years.

The prince presented me to his wife, a very youthful Java princess, not half as old as her husband. He appeared to be very fond of his young wife, and he told me that she was a thoroughly good child.

The prince, *as a prince*, was very communicative, explaining to us in comical broken German why he had not married a German princess, and why he had married a princess of Java. He knew, so he assured me, many German princesses, countesses, and baronesses at the court of the Duke of Coburg-Gotha, who hovered about him with their speculative flatteries. But the Prince of Raden Salen would marry none of them. He was a prince of Java, and as such he would marry no one but a princess of equal birth of his own race.

However, the prince had learnt during his stay in Europe to treat a wife of equal birth as his equal, and not as his slave, and he was anxious to show me that he acted on what he had learnt.

As I was sitting beside the princess on the sofa, Prince Raden Salen took his wife's hand, kissed it, and said in broken German, "All the women of my race, all the wives of the princes of Java slaves are. My wife not my slave is, my wife my friend is, for my whole life."

The princess was dressed in a loose "sarang," of a poor material, but costly diamonds were glittering in her ears. She was very pleasant, but I could not talk to her, and her husband played the part of interpreter. The prince placed very great confidence in me. He showed me a letter from the Duchess of —, in the German language, and asked me to read it. He gave me a second and a third letter, which had been sent to him by a friend, Baron H., at the court of the Emperor of Austria. The prince insisted upon my reading the three letters, and I did so.

The correspondence between the Prince Raden Salen in Java, and Baron H. in Austria, had reference to a painting and an Imperial Order of Honour.

Prince Raden Salen had painted a fine picture for the Emperor of Austria, but before he sent it to him he wished to make sure through his friend at the Imperial court what Order his Majesty would bestow upon him as a reward for the picture. Baron H. arranged the affair according to the wishes of the prince, and informed him by post what Order the Emperor of Austria would grant him in exchange for the picture. Prince

Raden Salen then sent his Majesty the picture, and the emperor returned the prince the Order. The prince was very anxious that I should know this, and it would doubtless please him that others should learn through these lines of his grand Orders, and how they were obtained.

Prince Raden Salen has presented the King of Holland with a picture with similar ends in view, and has received an Order from him also.

He showed me an enormous painting, half-finished, which he intended for his Majesty the King of Prussia, now Emperor of Germany. Whether this picture also obtained him an Order I do not know. Oh, what a worthy traffic in Imperial and Royal Orders!

All the time I was conversing with the Prince and Princess, they were both surrounded by a number of slaves, who knelt and crawled to their master on the floor at some distance, whenever he gave them an order, crawling out of the room backwards. The prince's nephew, himself a prince, knelt to his uncle. Prince Raden Salen was of one degree higher rank than his nephew, and it is customary for those in high rank to behave to those yet higher than themselves, even when they are blood relations, with humility. The highest, therefore, are alone exempt from having to kneel in princely families. What a stupid princely custom!

The prince wished me to see the beautiful plants and flowers which he had painted, but he felt that it would be beneath his dignity to show them to me himself, so he made a sign to his nephew, who was kneeling on the ground behind a table, to approach. The young prince

crawled forward on hands and knees, made a salaam, and then received one drawing after another from the hands of the prince and passed them to me. When he had shown me the last he crawled back to his position behind the table at a sign from his uncle. This servile scene annoyed me, and I told my escort that I wished to go, so we took our leave.

I can only say that I considered the prince's whole behaviour very stupid, very arrogant, and very frivolous, and I had no desire ever to meet with such a silly specimen of royalty again.

As the prince had told me, he had learnt in European courts to treat women of his own blood as women, and not as slaves. But to condemn the whole system of slavery, and to treat his inferiors and servants as men, the Prince of Raden Salen had not learnt in European courts. Slavery still exists among us, and we ourselves are still beneath the yoke of blindly despotic and foolishly servile subjection. Wherever there is a despotic court, there also is a blind fanatical veneration of human gods, there also are cringing slaves, and in such a school the Javanese prince, Raden Salen, had been trained in despotic Germany.

I heard so many fine descriptions of the beauty of the grand Preanger districts in the island of Java, that I could not refrain from gratifying my inward longing to pay them a visit. I was not far from the volcano Gedeh, and I had not before been close to a burning mountain. The way to the volcano Gedeh led through one of the finest primeval forests of the tropics, and I had never yet strolled through a primeval forest. I could therefore kill not only two but three birds with one stone, and would see in one

tour the beautiful Preanger district, with its golden plains and romantic hills and mountains, the wild primeval forest, and the volcano Gedeh, 9500 feet high.

Dr. Scheffer and his wife, both enthusiastic lovers of nature, were very anxious that I should see this magnificent mountain district, the finest part of which lies between Buitenzorg, Sindang-laya and Bandung. A friend of Dr. Scheffer, Dr. Bloem of Sindang-laya, a celebrated naturalist, was then in Buitenzorg, and was about to return to Sindang-laya, where he had founded a water-cure establishment.

My noble host recommended me to the protection of his friend, who promised to take the greatest care of me and escorted me to Sindang-laya. Resident Hogeveen had already recommended me to all the Dutch authorities of the Preanger districts, so that I was certain of being protected.

The horses of Java are usually small and often obstinate animals, not easy of control. The reader would have laughed at the sight of the team which was to take me, Dr. Bloem and the coachman to Sindang-laya. There were three of us, and we had a little open carriage. Before this light carriage there were three teams of horses and one team of buffaloes. Between Buitenzorg and Sindang-laya there is a beautiful mountain, the Megamendong, 4500 feet high. Its highest point is the limit of the Residency of Buitenzorg on the one side and of the Preanger districts on the other.

We pressed on rapidly to the foot of the Megamendong, but when the animals saw the mountain, they all became refractory. If the buffaloes went on the horses stood still,

if the horses went on the buffaloes stopped. We got out of the carriage and all the animals went on, but when we got in again they all stood still. The doctor and three drivers had shouted themselves hoarse and were exhausted. We had now no choice but to climb the mountain on foot, and the heat was very oppressive.

The natives of Java, as I had heard and now experienced myself, are very good-natured, but at the same time obstinate, indolent, and slow.

"I hope," said Dr. Bloem, "that the drivers of the animals will not turn refractory;" but unfortunately they had become refractory. Before we got to the top of the hill the three drivers sat down by the roadside. All the animals stood still. Dr. Bloem could not manage the horses and buffaloes single-handed, and the animals were determined to go no further. There was now no one to draw the little carriage. In this obstinate perplexity I was anxious to prove my goodwill and make myself useful. The little carriage had only two wheels, and I proposed to Dr. Bloem that I should roll one wheel to Sindang-laya and he the other, and that a portion of the rest of the carriage should be assigned to each of the three drivers; but everybody except the doctor and myself was obstinate; my goodwill could accomplish no satisfactory result, and my proposal was not carried out.

Dr. Bloem unharnessed the horses and buffaloes; the animals set off at a brisk gallop for their stables in Sindang-laya, where they arrived some hours before we did. The little chaise was left standing by the side of the road near the top of the Megamendong. Dr. B. had it brought to Sindang-laya the next day by some other

buffaloes which had not worked for the last few days, and had refrained from giving way to laziness and obstinacy on the last occasion. The three drivers rested as long as they chose, and I do not know when they got home.

On this occasion Dr. Bloem and I had to walk ten miles, but the rare beauty of this wonderful neighbourhood long kept up my courage as we tramped along on foot.

The Megamendong is covered from the foot to the summit with a magnificent primeval forest; the road winds amongst the most stately trees and the wildest jungle; an evergreen veil is spread over the luxuriant verdure of the tropics by the moisture of the gurgling mountain brooks murmuring their joyous song. I heard the voices of many such charming little streams, but I could not see them.

All around the horizon was shut in by the green-clad summits of mighty mountains.

I had hardly made out the grand heads of the Pangerango and his brother Gedeh, before they veiled themselves in a thick mist. And now I witnessed such a panorama as can only be seen from the summit of the Megamendong, on the divine island of Java, a scene more beautiful than any I have witnessed on earth.

No sooner had the Pangerango and the Gedeh assumed their caps of mist, than the orb of day, as it went down in the west, flung its golden rays upon the shrouded heads of the two mountains. To my unbounded delight, I now saw the thick white masses of mist, in which both mountains were enveloped, suddenly converted into a glowing red, fiery veil. Reader, I assure you it was a heavenly sun-

set; it seemed to me like a reflection of the Divinity. The glowing vapour which girdled the two mighty mountains was the most magnificent image in creation — it was indescribable. It seemed to me as if I must be able to see the throne of God through the fiery golden mass, and several times I was tempted to fall on my knees and pray.

“Am I not,” I said to my companion, “the most happy of mortals, to be able to see the wonderful tropics, and this divine sunset?”

At the top of the Megamendong, a short distance from the road, there is a beautiful lake of clear fresh water, of considerable depth. A few years before, on the fall of a wall of rock, several trees, of from two to three hundred feet high, slid into this lake and disappeared in its depths, leaving no trace behind them.

It sometimes happens that a wanderer sitting still near this lonely lake may catch sight of some rhinoceros or tiger which lives by this fresh, sweet spring.

This romantic lake is fifty-nine miles from Batavia, and from it we had three miles farther to go to get to Sindang-laya. I was not much accustomed to walking, for this was my first long tour on foot in the East. I had already gone many miles; my feet were bruised, and hurt me at every step. Moreover, being under the impression that we should be home about noon, we had taken no provisions with us, except some bread and butter. It was already night, and Dr. Bloem and I had divided the bread and butter at ten o'clock in the morning, and our appetites had reached their keenest point. Dr. B. now expressed the sympathy for me he had so long concealed, and said he very much regretted that we had such obstinate horses and

buffaloes, such lazy and refractory servants, and that we had nothing to eat, and confessed to being quite worn out himself. One of the servants had been sent in advance by his master to fetch a sedan for me, but the moon had now risen high and no conveyance had yet appeared.

At last we reached the last village; my feet were bleeding, and I could walk no further. I sat down on the trunk of a tree close at hand. Dr. B. called a native woman from the nearest house, and she brought me some boiled rice. Half an hour later the sedan and two bearers arrived, and in another half-hour the bearers set me down in front of the residence of Dr. B., in Sindang-laya. Sindang-laya is a pretty spot which lies 3500 feet above the level of the sea. Its pretty name means resting, or lying down, in English, and was extremely appropriate to my weariness.

Dr. B.'s niece at once gave me a good supper, and got a comfortable room ready for me.

To my delight, I heard the same evening that the four American gentlemen who had travelled with me from Singapore to Batavia were guests in the house.

Dr. B. advised me not to climb the volcano "Gedeh." He told me it was far too irksome a journey for ladies, and he assured me jokingly that if I went I should certainly come back ill.

"If I only get up there in health," I replied, "and see the volcano Gedeh, and look from there at the divine landscape of the golden Preanger, I shall be content, and will readily be a little unwell when I come back."

After many entreaties, Dr. B. yielded to my wishes, and made arrangements for a trip to the mountain.

Dr. Scheffer, of Buitenzorg, had requested the head-gardener at Tipannas, the country-seat of the Governor of Java, to accompany me, and the latter, a very obliging Dutchman, sent everything necessary for my comfort, in case of bad weather, to the mountain beforehand, under the care of quite a little band of natives. I was told that near the volcano there was a rhinoceros stable, where one could spend a night if necessary. This prospect was neither elegant nor agreeable.

The head-gardener, however, had received orders from the directors to take good care of me, and, with the help of his housekeeper, he did all he could to fulfil their wishes. Dr. Bloem lent me his best horse, on which I felt as proud as comfortable; and early in the morning, a nice little caravan struck across Tipannas on the way to the volcano Gedeh.

The weather as we rode away was wonderfully beautiful, and the Gedeh glittered clear and bright in the lovely morning sunbeams. We had a faint hope of getting back the same day, but it was not to be so. I was to pay dearly for my curiosity to see a primeval forest and a volcano.

The Gedeh rose 9500 feet above us; the road was often very rough, and we had not seldom to climb a perpendicular ascent. The distance there and back was twenty miles, which were almost entirely covered by a dense primeval forest, through which, in many places, there was no path, so that a passage had to be cut with axes and hatchets. But my little horse was good and brave; his feet never stumbled, and he carried me safely over the most dangerous places and up the steepest declivities.

The wild scenery we passed through in the primeval forest was singularly beautiful ; I was soon in a state of the greatest enthusiasm. I caressed my horse in the tenderest manner, for it manifested the greatest patience and caution, and advanced from one wildly beautiful spot to another, straining every nerve in its body. How truly romantic, how wild was the beauty on every side!

Here we passed countless mighty trees, *proud forefathers*, which had multiplied themselves in tens and hundreds of descendants, and again and again a fresh access of delight and surprise came over me at the sight of some new group of giant children of the primeval world. How often did I stand before some dense impenetrable labyrinth of interlacing plants, woven and intermingled with the most artistic taste by mother Nature, and that in a manner so masterly, so inimitable, that not one eye in a thousand could discern how her work was done.

Nature, Nature! what a wonderful and mysterious goddess art thou! I am wandering in a world full of poetry! Would that I could express all that I felt on this trip in the sweet language of a poetess ; that I could seize and perpetuate in everlasting verses all that I read in one primeval forefather and his offspring — all that here bud and sprout, in one beautiful thicket! One giant of this forest contains more poetry than a Schiller or a Goethe ever produced. In every tree, in every thicket, hangs a book. I read myself confused! These rich and prosperous family groups, these mighty giants with breast and brow proudly hung with tastefully festooned chains and garlands, grandsires, parents to the third and fourth generation, alike wear their majestic crowns

with calm and stately dignity. These diadems of nature, they bloom for ever and never fade, they descend from race to race, from century to century.

Never before on the surface of the earth had I seen so fertile and profuse a ramification of pith, and sap, and branch. A grandsire here sees his descendants to — what generation? But such exuberant fertility is peculiar only to the tropics. No European soil brings forth and buds as does this.

Moss and flowers adorn these giant trees to the very topmost branch, and the carpet at their feet from which they spring is luxuriantly rich and ever green. Truly creation may well be proud of this primeval forest!

There is scarcely an inch of ground where some little gem does not sprout forth, or where some little plant does not live and struggle upwards. One, bold, and with athletic force, climbs up to the very crown of its grandsire; the youth is soon on a level with the old forefather. Another bears its buds and fruits in seclusion, lives and mates with rugged thorns, and remains modestly hidden in the thicket, for ever sighing, unnoticed and unknown in the wild coppice. Often a narrow and dangerous plank led us across a partly hidden and wildly-foaming brook, above which a thick green roof was formed by a luxuriant vegetation concealing the source of the brawling stream. Often, too, in the midst of some impenetrable thicket, a gentle murmuring little brook would wind along beneath a triumphal arch of interlacing boughs, singing its sweet song in wild seclusion; it was all so solemn, so enchanting, so wildly beautiful! Sometimes, up in the air, far above our heads, the heaviest trees had crossed and

interlaced their mighty boughs in a manner so artistic, that my little horse and I passed beneath a noble viaduct of athletic giants, upon whose firmly interwoven arms and shoulders rested two or three, and often more, young sons of the forest. Sometimes, too, one of these daring athletes had broken his neck, and the rigid giant lay cold and dead upon the stage of his former triumphs.

Many a veteran of the forest bowed his weary head over the cool stream of some brook, as if he would fain once more inhale young life from its eternal freshness. Here and there lay luxuriant stems torn up by the roots in the prime of life. Boreas, with his cruel, deadly axe, had cut down these proud giants; but it was wonderful to see how much life was begotten by the veterans which had fallen beneath the fury of a storm, or from old age. From the thick moss, encasing the bark of some one of them, lying headlong across the ground, or across some brook, a little tree would start up with true tropical celerity; so that another giant soon stands on the breast of the one that is dead; the young sapling will avenge the fall of the grandsire — he struggles and climbs till he is as tall as any monarch of the forest. In many places our path was so overgrown and impenetrable, that the servants had the greatest difficulty to thin the bushes with axe and hatchet, and cut a passage before us. Often, too, we had to construct little bridges of boughs or stones across foaming torrents. Several times, when we came to steep and awful ravines, I dismounted from my faithful steed, and a servant led the good creature along the narrow edge of the precipitous mountain-wall. The ascent was often so perpendicular, that the greatest energy

and caution were required to prevent me from falling off my horse backwards.

The most beautiful and awful passage was above a mighty cataract which dashed down at our feet into a deep black ravine in a perpendicular waterfall.

From this spot the photographers of the *Novara* expedition had a short time previously taken a view of this wild and stupendous waterfall.

At another spot my horse stamped its way through the steaming foam of a hot mountain stream, the source of which, my companion told me, was the sulphur crater of Gedeh.

Could I help being happy and excited in a scene so novel to me, and of such surpassing beauty and wildness? Indescribably wild and indescribably beautiful! All that I can say of my tour through this primeval forest, is, after all, but a poor description of the truth.

Now and then some lovely songster concealed in the forest gave us a beautiful serenade. Euterpe Philomela followed us to the very crater. I should so much have liked to see the dear bird, but the little singer flew away through the thick bushes and over the lofty tree-tops where my eyes could not follow him. I heard him for hours, but never caught sight of him. I applauded him, however, in the gladness of my heart. "A thousand thanks, dear singer," I shouted into the deep forest, and Euterpe Philomela sang and trilled "*encore*."

We had already ascended to a great height on the mountain, and were near the celebrated rhinoceros stable, when, alas! the sky suddenly became overcast and it began to thunder and to lighten. A heavy rain soon drenched us

through and through, and we rode into the rhinoceros stable as quickly as we could.

It was now impossible to reach the top of the crater on this day. After the heavy storm (and it rained here in true tropical style), it was not advisable to venture amongst the thick wet bushes and jungle. The native servants, therefore, constructed a roof of boughs and branches, lit a large fire beneath it, and prepared a good dinner.

We no longer felt the intense sultriness of the valley. In spite of the thunder-storm it was quite raw and cold up here, and the warmth of the fire did us good. The rhinoceros stable was not too comfortable; the thick smoke from the wet wood penetrated into the hut, perforated as it was with holes, and our stay in it was by no means enviable.

The natives went on cooking the whole night through, now rice, now potatoes or tea. They kept up an enormous fire all the time, which, as they said, would keep away wild beasts.

The wall of the rhinoceros stable was very much decayed, and had been mended with green boughs. I curled myself upon a mattress for some hours. My horse slept quite near to me; it bit through the leaves of the boughs and sniffed about my face. The too-faithful creature caressed me so much that at last I lost patience; so I got up and went and joined the native men and women. Dr. Bloem had given one of the servants a heavy Capuchin cloak for me, with a long cowl, in case of bad weather. It was very cold, so I wrapped myself in the cloak and made myself some coffee.

At five o'clock in the morning the sky had cleared, but

we had hardly mounted our horses before a thick fog came on. It was evidently a long time since any one had been up the crater, for there was no path leading to it. Everywhere the ground was densely overgrown, and the servants hewed down hundreds of young trees and bushes. We were obliged to leave the horses behind, for there was no passage for the poor creatures. With almost superhuman efforts and endurance we at last made our way through the thick wet wood to the foot of the volcano, and from there over a perpendicular mountain-wall to the open crater on the summit of the Gedeh. The sides of the crater itself were covered with very slippery masses of sulphur and ashes. I often sank in them up to my knees, and my long riding-habit became heavier and heavier. Some places were so difficult to climb that it took several minutes to find firm footing. I felt quite exhausted and could hardly breathe. The good Dutchman and a servant were a step before me all the way, and, holding me firmly by the hand, they dragged me up after them.

But the slippery wall of the crater was very lofty, and we were obliged to rest several times. It was very cold; the servants had brought a spirit-lamp with them, and every now and then we drank some hot coffee. But even the resting and coffee drinking were extremely difficult operations, for the north wind would scarcely let us keep our position on the damp ground. Besmeared as I was with sulphur and ashes, I was about as beautiful as a Cinderella. After such hardships, we certainly deserved that the Gedeh should receive us well and give us the finest view it had to offer.

But that it did not choose to do, for we had hardly

gained its summit, panting for breath, when there and then,

"The Gedeh veils his face in cloud,
And draws his vapoury mantle on :
Mortal, away ! — a misty shroud
Now reigns where late the glory shone."

A strong wind arose, and my companion's hat flew away into the crater and disappeared in the vortex of the boiling water. The basin of this crater is very deep, and the sides were very soft and slippery, so we did not dare venture too near. A few days previously there had been an eruption, during which, as my companion told me, a strong shock of earthquake had been felt in all the neighbouring districts. The southern side of the crater had fallen in, and for a considerable distance everything was covered with fresh ashes. We were standing 9600 feet above the sea-level. The volcano Gedeh has one large and several small craters and sulphur vents. The most recent eruption of lava took place in 1848 on the eastern side, and a large portion of the forest was burnt. In 1866 the volcano emitted quantities of ashes for several days in succession, but there was no eruption of lava.

Opposite to us rose the brother mountain Pangerango, 10,000 feet high, which, for the moment, we saw but dimly. It retains fragments of an extinct volcano, and towers above all the neighbouring mountains. From its summit an extensive view is obtainable on a fine day, embracing half the island of Java and a vast extent of the ocean.

The flora of the upper regions of the Gedeh and Pangerango resembles that of Europe; lower down there

are many *Lotocarpus* and beautiful *Liquidambar*, *Kimarah* and *Rasamala*. Not far from the summit of the mountain, I saw many ferns called *Padoc-Ridang*, the coarse reddish hair on the lower stems of which is a very useful styptic (blood stancher), and is exported to Europe for that purpose. I took several stems of it away with me. I also met with some beautiful roses resembling the Alpine roses of Europe. The botanical name of this flower is *Rhododendron Javanicum*.

Amongst other plants native to the upper regions of the mountain there is a large variety of *Primula*, first discovered by Dr. Junghuhn, and which is named in his honour, *Primula Junghuhniana*.

The fauna of the primeval forest and mountain of Gedeh includes the rhinoceros, the royal tiger, and the panther; the roe, the stag, and four kinds of monkey, the musk cat, the polecat, &c.

On our way home we found a dead polecat; the smell was horrible, and annoyed us for some distance.

I was firmly resolved not to leave the Gedeh until I had enjoyed a look at the golden landscape of the Preanger. It was intensely cold, and I was shivering and freezing, whilst waiting for the ungallant, capricious Gedeh to take off his cap. Presently, however, the sun succeeded in mollifying his ill-humour and in dispersing the mist, though only for a few minutes, for it soon returned and settled about the lofty sides of the crater.

We were now standing in a dazzling light, and one glance at the panorama, far and near (a very brief one, though), richly rewarded me for all hardships. It was a strange and beautiful sight of a varied character. Our

own five grotesque-looking figures, standing in the full glare of the sunbeams upon the summit of a crater 9600 feet high, round about us a silvery white mist, and, at the foot of the volcano, the green primeval forest; in the valley below, a heavy rain, and, in the far distance, bathed in a transparent atmosphere, a perfect sea of glorious fields and mountains. I saw the Megamendong and Sindang-laya, and looked into the very heart of the golden Preanger. A few transient glances over this charming picture—I still gaze—I still see—I scarcely dare to breathe—it is too exalted—too grand! But—but—the wicked Gede is grasping at his cap—a few invaluable seconds more—the curtain falls—we are again standing in dense mist—alas—alas—yet thank God! thank God! for having let me enjoy for a few moments the greatest pleasure possible in this beautiful world to a lover of nature.

The descent of the wall of the crater was extremely arduous; we slipped at every step, filling our pockets with sulphur and pieces of saltpetre. When at last we had made our way down many a slippery path, and had returned through the damp jungle to the rhinoceros stable, I no longer resembled a civilised creature. My long besmeared riding-habit was alike the most comical and most interesting object in the variegated scene in the narrow stall. The whole party of natives burst into a hearty roar of laughter, and neither the good Dutchman nor I myself could help joining in. My long hair had got loose in coming through the jungle, and hung down over my wet shoulders, and I had lost my comb on the side of the crater. My hat and veil were torn. I twisted my

hair together as best I could. The Dutchman lent me his broad-brimmed mountain-hat, and I put on the heavy Capuchin cloak over my riding-habit. In this charming costume I mounted my horse, and we set off on our return home. It thundered and lightened, and the rain came down in torrents. It is more dangerous to ride down a steep mountain than to climb up one. It was really very hard work. Many of the brooks had become so swollen since the previous day, that we had to construct new bridges and foot-planks, and all this in a violent downpour of rain. And to-day Euterpe Philomela did not sing, but now and then the deep voice of some wild animal rang through the forest.

Copious streams of water poured down my mountain hat, my Capuchin cloak and my poor dear little horse. Beneath my heavy thick monk's cowl, I was as wet through as if I were standing out of my depth in water.

I pitied my faithful, patient animal. I dismounted, a servant led the horse, and I found my way as best I could.

Presently we came to the hot stream already mentioned; I went right through it, remained standing for a little time in the steam-bath and warmed my cold feet. The most wonderful thing about this wild spot is that the hot stream of water flows over the most beautiful green grass and jungle, and flings itself into an awfully deep ravine, the vapours re-ascending from its depths to the source of the stream, forming, so to speak, an eternal "vale of hot steam," which provides the passer-by with a natural vapour bath, the effect of which is all the more rapid if he gazes down for a few seconds into the fearful depths of the ravine.

It was indeed a good thing that I had enjoyed the full beauty of the primeval forest the day previously, for now all was changed, and I had enough to do to think of myself. I had to prove and sound every step, and I could not once glance upwards.

Thus we *waded* for five hours beneath, as it seemed to me, the heaviest rain which had ever fallen. At last, when the water in my shoes and stockings became too uncomfortable to be borne any longer, I took off my heavy foot-coverings and went barefooted through jungle, mud, and stream. This was the first time in my life that I had walked without shoes or stockings, and I comforted myself with the thought that my dear mother could not see me.

When at last we entered Sindang-laya, tired to death, Dr. Bloem met us with an almost paternal expression, and took a long "doctor-like" look at my drenched and comical figure.

"Did I not tell you," he said, half reproachfully, "that you would come back ill? You look as pale as death, and I shall send you to my water cure immediately."

"Doctor," I replied, "I have seen the primeval forest, I have seen the volcano Gedeh and the whole landscape of the golden Preanger, and I am content."

The doctor's niece at once helped me to undress, and soon had a good meal ready for me.

As soon as the doctor thought I had digested my dinner, he had me carried to his hot mineral bath at Tibodas in a sedan. I was ordered to sit in the hot bath a good hour to cure my cold. I sneezed incessantly, and my voice was quite hoarse.

In spite of the bath, however, the doctor's prophecy was only too truly fulfilled. I was ill; the trip to the Gedeh had been too much for me to endure without evil consequences.

The long and difficult ascent and descent, the intense cold in the rhinoceros stable and on the summit of the mountain, which I had had to endure in garments wet through and through, and the five hours' baptism in pouring rain, were more than I could bear, unaccustomed as I was to such hardships. I was wrong, too, to bathe my feet in hot water, and then to walk barefoot through cold. Never in my life had so much rain poured down my shoulders as in Java on the journey from the summit of the Gedeh to Sindang-laya.

I had quite lost my appetite, but I did not wish to betray the loss before any one, especially not before the doctor. I therefore did all I could to appear well and bright. The second evening after my dreadful trip, when the good doctor thought I was pretty well recovered, he wished to show me a native custom, and ordered the attendance of a certain number of Javanese male and female dancers. There were ten young girls and ten young men.

The musical instruments sounded poor and inartistic; their tone was monotonous, without variations. The music had neither taste nor feeling. The dancing girls wore a *sarang*, with a short body without sleeves, and a long red *écharpe* over their shoulders, which occasionally served them as a pocket-handkerchief.

The dancers did not dance with their feet, but with their head and arms and hands, singing meanwhile a

low song with a great deal of repetition. The girls often went to the men and lit their cigars at those of their partners with indelicate pantomimic gestures. They then ran away into the dark, and the men followed them. Whilst dancing, both parties twisted their heads about in a slow and comical manner. The whole affair was too tasteless, stupid, and monotonous to be looked at long without feeling *ennui*. The dance took place in the open air by torchlight.

I had still a longing desire to see more of the glorious landscape of the Preanger. I hoped, too, that a drive in the free, bracing mountain air would do me good, and restore my appetite. Dr. Bloem had a good carriage and his best horses got ready, and the head gardener of Tipannas, who had accompanied me to the Gedeh, drove with me to Tyandjur, the official seat of an inland Governor and a Dutch assistant Resident.

The road to Tyandjur leads through one of the most charming districts in the world. The little town is thirteen miles from Sindang-laya. It is impossible for me adequately to describe the luxuriant vegetation of the Preanger, and the perfect and unequalled development of its natural scenery. I had already witnessed many beautiful scenes on the island of Java, but what I now saw between Sindang-laya and Tyandjur was to me a new, a glorious experience of the splendour of the tropics.

Language fails me, dear reader, to bring before you, as I fain would do, the beauty of that scene, as it is for ever impressed upon my memory.

The beautiful and blissful impression made upon me

by the luxuriant vegetation and the glorious ever-verdant mountains and heights, no description, either verbal or written, can convey to you in all its truth and vivid reality. The recollection of the tropics is one of the greatest treasures of my soul, and will form, until death, a lasting portion of my mortal life.

Everywhere we drove we passed diligent reapers, busily cutting and binding the ripe rice into sheaves.

The rice fields glittered upon the romantic heights in a form resembling an amphitheatre. Wherever I turned I saw reapers and binders of sheaves, and everywhere swayed golden fields of grain.

This romantic height was bounded by meadows bright with many-coloured flowers. I here admired the greatest variety of floral specimens I had ever seen. In vale and dell gurgled streams and brooks, and the tops of the green-clothed mountains towered to the very clouds.

The form and shape of the fields and meadows, and of the hills and mountains, are of so artistic a variety, that from the plain to the mountain tops, one glance comprises a most charming panorama of natural beauty. The earth, with its luxuriant decorations and its unequalled collection of flowers, presented an enchanting and fascinating scene, such as I never beheld in any land of Europe and in the East, only in the golden Preanger district of Java. Here, in one glance, I saw the noblest works of the Creator; and looked upon Mother Earth under her most prosperous conditions.

Arrived in Tyandjur we drove to the residence of the prince regent, to whom I was recommended.

The prince was in his harem, and invited us, through

the superintendent of his household, to dinner, which would be ready in the course of a couple of hours.

I had no wish to remain, and I sent my thanks to the prince. I dreaded a stiff ceremonial and empty conversation, nor did I want to see any cringing slaves, for none of these things suited my taste or my character.

I would gladly have waited two or even more hours to see a map of genius; but for an indolent prince, who was in his harem; for a false god, who permits poor slaves to crawl to him on hands and knees, I would *not* wait, and we left his palace. I may add, that in the prince's reception-room I saw several of Paul de Kock's obscene pictures, which hung up uncovered, the Javanese prince apparently not having delicacy enough to feel ashamed of them.

We took a purely Dutch repast in a cheerful villa, belonging to a friend of my companion; towards evening we drove back to Sindang-laya, and I once more enjoyed the beauties of the Preanger.

It was now the 13th of February, and on the 20th of the same month I intended to return to Singapore. I was therefore compelled to start, in order to reach Batavia a few days before my embarkation.

Dr. Bloem wished to take me back to Buitenzorg himself, but his niece's little daughter was dangerously ill, and he could not leave.

It was the wish of his friend Dr. Scheffer, of Buitenzorg, that I should travel nowhere alone, and so the head gardener escorted me back, and the director paid him many a grateful compliment for his kindness and attention to me in our various excursions. I was very uneasy at

the evil results of my trip to the Gedeh, and I came back to Buitenzorg quite ill. Mrs. Scheffer sent for her doctor at once, and he ordered me different medicaments, which, however, I did not take. I hoped that the sea air would restore me, and I hurried back to Batavia.

My very kind friends, Dr. Scheffer and his wife, had done their best for me during my absence, and presented me with a number of most interesting things. I received a Javanese village in miniature, an artistic representation of the houses of the rich and poor on a small scale, together with the rice granaries, rice warehouses, and the temple of the village, built of bamboo wood and rice straw.

Dr. Scheffer packed up a quantity of rare and curious articles and plants and fruits for me, including over fifty sorts of the rarest and most beautiful tropical plants, which he had carefully dried, and to each of which he had given the botanical name. He also gave me a large number of tropical fruits, some dried and some preserved in spirits. I brought the coffee berry and nutmeg to Europe in flower, and in exactly the same condition as I had seen them in Java on the trees. My kind friend also presented me with more than a hundred different kinds of miniature weapons, from Java, Sumatra, and Borneo, as well as ricepaper-wood, and cinnamon; several bottles of curious snakes and other reptiles, a colossal rhinoceros-bird, and an enormous tortoise. All this the good gentleman gave me for my museum, and he had everything packed so carefully that when I opened the cases in Frankfort several months later, I found not a single article broken or damaged. The wife of the head gardener of the botanical

garden at Buitenzorg gave me a large bag full of cocoa nibs of her own growing, from which twenty-five pounds of the finest cocoa was prepared for me, after they had served the purpose of my exhibition. Mrs. Theissen sent me a quantity of vanilla, prepared by herself, and a dozen edible swallows' nests.

After my return from Sindang-laya, I only remained three days in Buitenzorg, during which Mrs. Scheffer showed me the greatest kindness. But my illness increased, and when I left the romantic spot of Sans Souci I was unfortunately not so well as when I arrived. Resident Hogeveen, of Batavia, had known how to ascertain from the director at what time his guest would leave, for when I asked to have a carriage ordered, I was astonished to hear that a post-chaise was already waiting, Resident Hogeveen having ordered it by telegram.

Before I left the picturesque villa, my beautiful hostess led me to a cosy room in which stood a snowy-white cradle, adorned with the loveliest flowers, and the prettiest little bed I ever saw. Mrs. Scheffer had been married but twelve months, and both she and her husband were wishing very much to have a little girl or boy. Gentlemen readers will please pardon me for mentioning the little girl first. The windows of the cosy room were left open day and night, so that the Stork might see the lovely cradle from his airy abode, and come and lay a little angel in its flower-bed. I kissed my beautiful hostess, expressing my best wishes for her future and her happiness.

With the deepest gratitude I took leave of Doctor Scheffer and his amiable wife; and I hold my Dutch friends in Buitenzorg in the most grateful remembrance.

My post-chaise met with various mishaps; we lost the right fore-wheel three times, the left wheel twice, and stopped at a smithy five times.

In spite of this, having started early in the morning, I reached Batavia at twelve o'clock, and the good Lady Superior received her *enfant* with a hearty kiss. In the afternoon I had a visit from Monsignor Classens, a very talented, noble-minded Catholic, highly esteemed by all the Catholics and Protestants of Batavia. He honoured me with an introduction to his Grace the Archbishop of Calcutta. In the evening there was a fearful thunderstorm, and I must here remark that this phenomenon of nature attracted my special attention in Java. Never in Europe, or America, or in those countries of Asia which I visited before coming to Java, had I seen the lightning so grand, so bright, or so vivid as in Java. Every evening while in Batavia, I admired the sheet lightning, the whole horizon being often brightly illuminated by it, and that, when the sky was perfectly clear, and no storm was troubling the heavens. I had met with so much kindness and liberality on my excursions in the interior, that of the three hundred guldens which Mr. Volz, of the firm of Dummmler & Co., had placed at my disposal, I had only laid out fifty guldens so that I could give back two hundred and fifty florins on my return to Batavia.

Mr. Volz wrote me a few friendly lines, telling me not to trouble myself about the balance of the sum, it was as good as paid. The American consul, Mr. Pell, head of the firm, sent me, through his brother, a whole dozen edible swallows' nests. Mr. Vilmer also presented me with some very valuable curiosities, and a billet from Batavia to Singa-

pore worth seventy-five Dutch guildens, for which, however, I imagine myself to be indebted to his own kindness, to that of Mr. Volz, and of the American consul, Mr. Pell, and the German consul, Mr. Silken. After the receipt of these presents, and of the free pass, I had no time left to thank these gentlemen in person, but did so by letter. And I now avail myself of this opportunity of again returning my most sincere thanks to them all. On the last evening I had the pleasure of dining with Mrs. C., the Resident's sister.

On the morning of the 20th February an open carriage drove into the court of the convent. Resident Hogeveen alighted, and sent a servant to tell the Lady Superior that he would take her guest down to the steamer, and see that she was well taken care of.

The Lady Superior gave her *enfant* a few appropriate travelling luxuries, such as a beautiful chest of the finest tea, an immense pot of costly nutmeg jelly, and added to them a truly motherly kiss. With tears in her eyes she took my hand: "*Mon enfant, Dieu vous protège! soyez heureuse!*"

"*Merci, ma chère mère,*" were my last words, and the carriage rolled down to the harbour. Here I again met the four American gentlemen, who were also going back.

Resident Hogeveen placed me under the protection of the Dutch captain, and remained on board until the last signal for departure was given. I thanked him heartily for his friendliness and great kindness to me. The gentleman went back to his carriage, and not until the steamer was leaving the harbour did he return to town.

I had hardly looked at the sea before I was sea-sick ; but this was what I wished, as I hoped thus to cure the indisposition from which I had suffered since my memorable promenade in the primeval forest, and to get back my appetite at sea. I wanted to bring about a reactionary struggle ; and this was effected : I again felt my long-lost appetite, took a hearty meal, and then, to refresh myself completely, I seated myself in the cool breeze facing the equator.

I felt really better, and thought in calm repose of the lovely island which Heaven had permitted me to see. My imagination revelled with the deepest enjoyment in the glorious pictures of the tropics, which I was bearing with me to far distant lands. They are my own for evermore, and through the secrets of inexhaustible nature I have learned to love my God and Creator more than ever. And because of the sweet recollections of this tropical Eden, the reader will readily excuse me for not disturbing my poetic dreams with cold and witless prose. I will therefore say nothing of the Dutch mode of government, nothing of the "coffee monopoly." Other travellers in the Eastern world may tell with what policy the Dutch government rules the natives, and by what means it draws capital from the rich productions of the golden island.

I was only one month in Java, and so short a time is not long enough to learn to know and understand the commercial relations of the Dutch and their political attitude towards the natives, or the material and spiritual progress of the latter. Politics, I would say, are the affairs of men, and to me they are the most indifferent "lari-fari" of human life.

I went to Java to see the beauties of the island, and not to study the coffee monopoly and the politics of the Dutch.

I was only able to judge of the outward appearance of the natives of Java, and, as far as that goes, I may say that I found them not only good-humoured, unaffected, and polite, but also apparently perfectly contented and happy.

The Dutch and other Europeans of Java live in the most charming harmony, and a truly Christian spirit prevails amongst them. There is none of that haughty pride and arrogant assumption of superiority which I noticed among the various castes of European merchants and officials in other settlements in Asia. What the little peaceful kingdom of Holland is to Europe, that the beautiful Dutch island of Java in the Eastern Archipelago is to Asia.

Both are under the government of one monarch, and snug little Holland is a bright star of peace, order, and quiet amongst the restless aspiring nations of Western Christendom, whilst the island of Java, with its peace-loving, hospitable children of the mother country, is the most beautiful Eden of the East.

There is but one thing which troubles my remembrance of this Eden, and detracts from the glory of this bright pearl. Oh, that the good Europeans of Java, who received and dismissed me so generously, would prohibit the ceremonies to the honour of the false gods of the natives of Java; would that they would recognise that their dependents are men like themselves, and that, in the interests of humanity and freedom, they would establish a law that no civilized Christian, no European planter,

merchant, or officer should possess the *despotic* and *execrable* right of making his poor servants appear before their lord and master on their knees, as I have seen them do. Then, only, when I hear that the Christians on the island of Java are no longer slave owners, shall I be able to contemplate this Eden upon earth with pure untroubled joy.

One ever delightful recollection is the pleasant thought that my countrymen at Batavia and the rest of Java were the first Germans in Asia of whom none has declared war against me, and who all have received and treated me in an unselfish genial spirit, like that of my dear fellow-countrymen in America.

The love of our mother country and of the brothers and sisters of our home, is innate in us all. This love is part of our nature, which none can deny. I, too, feel this deep imperative love, wherever I am; I dearly love the land of my birth, and all the children of men who live beneath the same sky as my father, my mother, and all who are dear to me.

It is with true pleasure that I bear witness to the good which I experienced amongst my fellow-countrymen abroad; and I feel pained, when, in the interest of truth, and the honesty of my narrative, I have to report anything to the contrary.

On my return voyage to Singapore, I saw one of the most beautiful phenomena of the wonderful deep. On the second evening, soon after we had passed the equator, Mr. Curtis, an American gentleman, and I were sitting together on the deck. There was no moon, but the sky was studded with the most brilliant stars. The sea was

extremely calm, and nothing broke the solemn stillness but the movement of the rudder and the cry of the men on watch.

Suddenly we heard a soft surging in the water, and in the twinkling of an eye, as if by a stroke of magic, the surface of the sea became of a light fiery red colour. We sprang from our seats in wild excitement, and exclaimed with one voice, "How magnificent; what a splendid sight! What is it, what is it?"

Before us was spread out a sea of phosphoric light studded with thousands of beautiful stars of various magnitudes, sparkling and twinkling like Jupiter and Venus in the sky. An enchanting scene! a firmament upon the sea! The distance from star to star was small — perhaps a foot. The floating golden luminaries were extremely beautiful, and I was in the greatest delight. For the moment the whole of the mighty universe had disappeared, and I drank in the enchanting scene before me. The blinding reflection of the dazzling constellations penetrated to the deepest depth of the ocean. Alas, alas! this unrivalled beauty did not last long. Only a minute, and the twinkling stars had disappeared. I applauded in mad delight "*encore!*" and I felt as if they must appear again. But no! the stage remained empty; not one of the glowing bodies came back. Once more did ocean hide all this rare beauty in her bosom! For some time afterwards the surface of the water retained a bright phosphorescent light, the steamer seemed to make its way through fire, and the waves, as the paddle-wheels parted them, emitted bright dazzling rays of light.

About a quarter of an hour later, as we were standing

at the end of the steamer, we noticed a light on the distant horizon which lit up the sea for a considerable distance, and resembled the moon. But there was no moon in the heavens. What could this light be? As we were asking each other this question in the greatest astonishment, an ever-brightening mass of light seemed to roll towards us over the sea from the distant horizon. A few moments and the whole surface of the water round about us glowed for the second time in phosphorescent beauty. "They are coming back!" I cried, delighted. But no, the twinkling stars of the first apparition were not visible again. Rare beauty soon passes; rare flowers seldom bloom long.

The first phenomenon was the finest scene of its kind I ever witnessed between heaven and earth. The captain of the steamer *Batavia*, on which we then were, told me that even in tropical seas, where phosphorescence is a phenomenon of such frequent occurrence, it is very seldom that a star-studded ocean sky, a positive sea of stars, is visible in the phosphorescent light; and yet more rare is such perfect grandeur and bewitching beauty as we had witnessed this evening. There are sailors and travellers who have sailed all round the world, and yet have never had the good fortune to see so rare a phenomenon.

I have seen the most fascinating spectacle of ocean's depths, and all that I have read relating to phosphorescent lights, the few lines by Byron, or by Tadd, do not express what I saw that evening in the tropical sea between *Batavia* and *Singapore*.

I went to bed much excited, and often woke up in the night to hasten to the window of my cabin, hoping that brilliant *Jupiter* and *Venus* had come back once more

— but no, no, to this day I have never again seen them.

Our return voyage from Batavia to Singapore was extremely pleasant; this time we had no four-footed passengers, and none of us missed the odour of the good creatures called swine.

How often I feasted my eyes on the beauties of the rich Spice Islands standing out clearly in the distance on every side. This Archipelago includes a great many different countries which are the golden sources of trade for the Western world. Round about me lay Sumatra, Banca, Borneo, Java, Celebes, Timor, New Guinea, and others, the names of which have escaped my memory.

As we neared the harbour of Singapore, I saw, to my astonishment, the elegant steamer *Glenarthney*, of the firm of Jardin, Matheson & Co., of Hong-Kong, for which I had a free billet to Calcutta. On landing, the American gentlemen at once ascertained when the steamer would leave Singapore, and they came to tell me that it would put to sea in a few hours. I had arrived just in time, and had now nothing to do but to make haste and get ready to start again. My travelling effects were scattered on every side. One trunk and my money I had left in the French convent, ten cases were in the warehouse of Messrs. Boustedt & Co., and one trunk and five cases I brought from Batavia. All this had to be carried on board the steamer *Glenarthney*, which was soon leaving. It was very hot and oppressive, and too much haste was not advisable.

I took a carriage, drove to the convent, and collected my goods, taking a grateful farewell of the worthy Lady Superior. From there I drove to the German consul,

Mr. Mooney, who gave me a letter to the German consul in Calcutta. Then I drove rapidly to Mr. Young, of the firm of Boustedt & Co., who, as I should have no further need for Mexican money, changed my little property into Indian rupees. My Californian treasure I kept as it was. Mr. Young was very kind to me; he at once relieved me from all further trouble with my numerous trunks and cases, and sent a workman of the house who saw everything safely on board, and, like a good-hearted Scotchman as he was, who had treated me throughout in a most disinterested manner, hearing, after my departure, for what object I was collecting curiosities, sent me some very handsome specimens of stuffed Birds of Paradise, addressed to the care of the German consul in Bombay.

CHAPTER II.

I HAD arrived at Singapore at one o'clock in the afternoon, and at five o'clock in the evening the *Glenarthney* steered through the Straits of Malacca, making for Penang *via* Toco Island.

The steamer was a fine large vessel, and the commander, Captain Bolton, an extremely dignified and cultivated Englishman, whose regularity, punctuality, and vigilance we had good reason to admire. Some three months before, the good captain had lost his wife and a little daughter on the voyage from England to Calcutta; both were buried beneath the waves. A dear little son had outlived the poor mother, who had been brought to the much afflicted father by his foster-mother, and was now on board with him. The sweet child was only five years old, and his innocent jokes and games served to while away many an hour, and I became very fond of him.

My cabin was large and elegant, and I noticed, with the deepest gratitude, that in all the American and English vessels on which a free passage was given to me, I was treated with the most delicate and friendly consideration. It was not only that I, a solitary lady, travelling

over so many seas alone did not experience the least annoyance, but my very loneliness was the cause of increased respect from American and English sailors, and my helpless position was a positive advantage to me.

The four American gentlemen who had come with me from Batavia were again my fellow-passengers on the *Glenarthney*. I can truly say that all of them were gentlemen in the truest sense. I met them six or seven times on my journey, met them together, and alone, and they always showed me the same genuine and chivalrous courtesy as I experienced in their own land, where respect for women is universally considered the chief grace of a man.

We had the most lovely tropical weather; no waves disturbed the blue surface of the peaceful sea; the heat was bearable; a cool breeze blew about the masts; the mornings, evenings, and nights were most beautiful. The flying punkah was kept in motion in the dining-saloon at meal-times; there were plenty of delicious tropical fruits kept cool by the application of ice; and we had an excellent table. There was a good bath-room on board, and twice a day I cooled myself in the ever-fresh spring of Neptune.

On the deck hung bright cages containing the choicest tropical birds, which sang and twittered from morning till night, and were tended with the greatest solicitude by the officers and sailors. A Cochin China tiger was a passenger on the *Glenarthney*. He was travelling to Calcutta. The tiger was a wild bloodthirsty beast, which had to be looked after with the greatest vigilance.

The captain's little darling had a wonderful little horse,

a very young foal, on which the young rider, secured by straps, rode from one end of the vessel to the other.

There are a good many flying-fishes in the Straits of Malacca, and I often admired their rapid flight. On one occasion I saw one take an unbroken flight of at least an English mile.

The captain and officers took great trouble to catch one for me, but unsuccessfully. Later, in the Red Sea, I had myself an opportunity of catching one, and I took the curious fish-bird home with me in a bottle of spirits.

On this sea-voyage I saw the sun rise and set with the greatest splendour, and I enjoyed the most beautiful nights ever met with beneath the tropical sky.

But alas! in the happiest moments of my journey there ever remained one wish unfulfilled, frustrated by my own powerlessness. I could never admire anything grand or beautiful in nature without cherishing a fervent desire to share each glance with my dear ones, and with all lovers of nature.

Generally we stood at the bow of the vessel when the sun was setting; it was like a solemn meeting in a church of God, and truly! we were in the most beautiful temple beneath the sky. If it would not take thirteen years and a half for a mortal's prayer to reach the sun, I might perhaps have become a Parsee in the Straits of Malacca, and have worshipped the luminary of the day.

The glowing orb, forming an ever grander ball of fire, was surrounded by all those charming colours which will ever remain the secret of the Heavenly painter, and are among the grandest phenomena of the beauteous tropics. A diverse variety of the most beautiful shades of red — a diver-

sity of the tenderest green tints,—a play of yellow rays,—an enchanting halo of the softest blue,—in short, a collection of the most perfect colours;—I cannot enumerate them. And now, behold! suddenly a magic change in their situation; the colours cross each other and fade away in the twinkling of an eye—it is the last glance of the orb—the gates open—the orb enters—and is seen no more.

But the play of changing colours is still beautiful about the portals of the sun, and I see wonder after wonder which I cannot describe.

The sky was still red, green, blue, and yellow, when lovely Venus modestly stepped forth, leading the way for the other planets, but soon silently retiring herself. And now how rapidly are the glories of the solemn scene spread out! thousands of diamonds glitter in the light blue firmament.

The Holy Cross! I again see it in the South; it rises slowly. It ascends to the highest point of heaven, and stands out gloriously amongst the starry hosts. Again it has so much to say to me; and my heart experiences mingled grief and bliss.

What a delight the tropical sky was to me, the reader may judge when I tell him that every night on this voyage I spent from one to three o'clock on deck, drinking in the glories of the planets and stars, in silent admiration, and watching the course of the Southern Cross.

After midnight the constellations were much clearer and brighter, and the sky more brilliant than before. The four glittering stars which form the Cross were at the zenith of their beauty, and at their highest point in the heavens in the dead of the night.

And the air was pure and sweet ; all creation so still and solemn, heaven and the world were so holy, and my God was so near me.

Beautiful, glorious nights ; never more upon earth shall I again enjoy such a peaceful holy time. But my longing spirit often turns back to the grand world of the South, and I live again in the enjoyment of many sweet hours of the past. A thousand times I look back to that wonderful sky, to those glorious stars, and the holy Cross, and I pray again as I did in the lonely hours of those lovely nights.

On the sixth day we crossed the Bay of Bengal, and we ran into one of the mouths of the Ganges. This spot is very dangerous on account of the shifting sandbanks. Unfortunately many fine ships are there wrecked. Captain Bolton was most careful, and the last night he did not leave the deck for a moment. We made a safe entrance, however, on the evening of the 1st of March, anchoring in the harbour of Calcutta, after a delightful voyage of seven days.

I had two letters of introduction to his Grace the Right Rev. Walter Steins, Archbishop of Calcutta, which Captain B. forwarded to their destination the first thing in the morning. To these two letters I added a few lines, in which I begged his Grace to recommend me for a few days to the care of the Lady Superior of the Loretto Convent.

Shortly afterwards a gentleman considerably advanced in years arrived, whom I at once saw to be a devout monk. The good brother informed me that he had orders to take me to the Convent U. instead of the Convent Loretto, but

that his Grace wished to see me first. His carriage was waiting on shore, and the good brother and I drove to the palace of the archbishop.

My companion led me to the reception-room. His Grace, a tall, noble-looking man, came and greeted me in High German, and his pure accent led me to suppose him to be a compatriot, although he really was a Dutchman by birth.

His conversation and bearing were alike extremely dignified, kind, and sympathetic, and I was entirely spared those scrupulous religious questions which are the first thought of most ecclesiastics after the first greetings, and during which I always felt so oppressed and uncomfortable.

His Grace had only just returned from the council at Rome; he told me much of the beauties he had seen on his journey, and, in return, I related some of the particulars of my travels.

I then took leave of his Grace. He placed his carriage at my disposal, and brother A. drove with me to the post, from there to the German consul, and then to Convent U. The good brother said much to me by the way in praise of the excellency of the convent and of the Lady Superior and the sisters, and told me I should be sure to be happy amongst them. But it was not so. I gladly own that I was received by one of the sweetest and most beautiful of those who hide their charms and graces within the walls of a convent; but this is the best I can say respecting the Lady Superior of the Convent U. In society I never met with such foolish eagerness for flattery and admiration from others, such excitability,

egotism, and heartlessness as in this ecclesiastical lady. The kisses bestowed upon the hands of this ambitious woman must have mounted up to many millions in the course of her life. On the very first day, I observed that all Christian uprightness, all truth-loving rectitude, which should adorn the ecclesiastical state, were wanting in this convent. Between the beautiful, but disagreeable, Lady Superior and the different nuns and other female inmates of the convent, there was a party jealousy very painful to witness. The smooth-tongued and flatterers were willingly received and preferred, whilst others were passed over.

The beautiful Lady Superior was very young—too young for her position. She slept in an elegant little bedroom, and she was, or wished to be considered, suffering, and she required a doctor. She received all the female inmates of the convent in her bedroom, as well as gentlemen and priests.

The incessant, almost regal, attendance, the excessive flattering veneration, the humble bowing, and constant hand-kissing, bestowed by all upon the beautiful suffering Lady Superior, were indeed little short of idolatry.

The building was enormous, and so was the disorder in it.

On the first evening, as I had been forgotten at the supper table, I went to the room assigned to me, disappointed and hungry. When I saw the neglected, dirty rooms and miserable night quarters, I could not help being astonished at such disorder, and slovenliness being tolerated in a house full of healthy women. That I should have come to this convent by the wish and at the recom-

mendation of his Grace the Archbishop of Calcutta, was a riddle to me. That exalted ecclesiastical dignitary knew the Lady Superior very well, and ought certainly to have been aware how she governed her house, for the convent was under his jurisdiction. I felt surprised that his Grace had not sent me to the Convent Loretto, to which I desired to go.

I had only a wretched breakfast towards noon on the first day, and that I was obliged to ask for, as nobody offered me anything. All I got to eat on that day was not enough for a person in health, and the next night I was kept awake by my hunger.

On the second and third days I had a good deal of difficulty and trouble with the English custom house, and had to pay duty on all my cases and boxes of curiosities before I could transfer them from the *Glenarthney* to another steamer. It was but early in March, yet the sun was glaring and powerful, and every time that I came back to the convent after a trip to the steamer and custom house I was completely exhausted. I had nothing to refresh me; the meals, for which there was no fixed time, were too poor and insufficient to keep up my strength.

I had already heard in China and other parts of the East, that Calcutta was a very stiff aristocratic city, and I found this to be true.

In an American town, where the notion is still cherished that even ladies sometimes require refreshment to keep body and soul together, sensible measures have been taken to provide suitable places where ladies who are alone may take a meal without breach of decorum.

Calcutta is an English city, and in my travels I have learnt to honour and admire the English nation, but I cannot refrain from remarking that amongst the English of some places in India I met with many customs which are alike contrary to reason and inhuman.

I was very hungry, and I let a young lady of the convent, who had a pair of beautiful honest eyes, into the terrible secret of my hunger. I asked her if she could show me some restaurant where I could take a good meal without offending against the customs of the place or injuring my own character. "It is an English city," said the young lady, "and it is not proper for a true lady to go into a restaurant alone."

It is true that I had commenced an undertaking foreign to my nature in travelling round the world alone, and it may strike the reader as ridiculous that I would not go into a restaurant alone and that at a time when I was very hungry. But I was not yet emancipated from considering public opinion with reference to my actions, the full burden of which I first realised when I stood in the middle of the brook, and had to go either forwards or backwards to get out of it; nor was I bold enough to show myself independent of the regulations of a civilised society, and to overstep the bounds of an established custom. Moreover, I was very proud, and did not wish to incur blame. I recognised very well the evil and absurdity of many customs, but my modesty and my sensitive pride rebelled against any humiliation in consequence of their non-observance.

But, as I said before, I was hungry, and what was to be done? I took courage, went into the room of the Lady

Superior, openly complained to her of having so little to eat, and said I felt very wretched. The sweet and beautiful lady told me it was the holy fasting season, and it was the duty of a good Catholic to deny herself something for the love of God and of Christ. With that the beauty drank off a glass of Bordeaux, whilst on her table stood a delicious breakfast. I was provoked, and told her that I did not set up for being one of the best of Roman Catholics, and that I could not fast easily. Nor did I hesitate to add how much this reception and treatment surprised me, for I had told his Grace that I would pay for what I had in the convent. The beautiful Lady now suspected that I meant to bring a complaint against her to his Grace. She reddened with anger, and said in a haughty coquettish manner, "And if his Grace should hear the truth, he will fling it on the ground and trample it underfoot, for he has long known that in my dominions *I rule and govern as I please.*"

I now knew enough. The coquettish Lady Superior was as spiteful and heartless as she was young and beautiful. I would not complain to the archbishop, neither would I fast for the sake of a beautiful coquette. And so, not to offend against propriety, and yet to appease my hunger, I asked the young lady with the honest eyes if she would take me to a restaurant. This request was welcomed by her, for she confessed to me that she herself, in consequence of the long fast, was very weak and hungry. Now, it is customary in Calcutta, as in some other English settlements in Asia, that well-bred ladies should not walk, and although, on the day in question, a cooling rain having fallen, it would have been

very pleasant to walk, I was determined not to offend against any established customs, but to fulfil them to the last syllable.

The beautiful Lady Superior was in her bedroom, and concerned herself little with what went on in the convent, either before her face or behind her back.

The porter went and called a carriage, and the young lady and I drove away. I knew of no restaurant, and spoke no Hindostanee, so my companion told the coachman to take us to the first restaurant of the city. Arrived there, we did not get out, but I opened the window, beckoned to an English waiter in a dainty costume, who was walking on the pavement before the hotel, and ordered two beefsteaks *à l'anglaise* and a bottle of pale ale. In about eight minutes the long-desired dish arrived, two plates, two forks, two knives, napkins, glasses, &c. A good many "lords and gentlemen" were walking about outside the grand restaurant, but I observed no ladies. We did not wish to be seen, so I drew down the curtain of the carriage window, and we thoroughly relished our beefsteak and pale ale. I paid the bill, and we drove back to the convent. The whole affair cost six rupees; three for the restaurant, and three for the carriage. Carriages are very dear in Calcutta, as everywhere else in India. But this refreshing meal did me a hundred rupees' worth of good, and the renovating sleep I enjoyed the next night, unbroken by any cravings of hunger, was worth quite as much.

The city of Calcutta, bearing the imposing title of the City of Palaces, contains little of interest, and is not worthy of its name. The British government buildings, and the first-class private residences, are certainly stately and

solid, but they are by no means elegant. The native quarter is very unsightly and mean-looking, very dirty and slovenly. The organization of a police watch would be no wasted expenditure on the part of the British authorities.

The general appearance of this Anglo-Indian city is monotonous and stiff. The inhabitants are principally Hindus and Europeans. It struck me as remarkable, that in this great seaport, which is in commercial relations with so many islands and countries, I saw so few different races. The Chinese and Siamese, the Javanese, Cingalese, and Malays of the south migrate to Bombay, the rival capital of India, rather than to Calcutta.

The rendezvous of the titled and moneyed magnates of Calcutta is the so-called "Eden," a fashionable public garden; not until sunset and twilight, however, does the show of the Anglo-Indian aristocratic world begin, and one evening the young lady with the honest eyes was kind enough to take me there. Of course, we drove there and back.

Here Britannia's dainty daughters, with their stately and graceful figures, pace to and fro; here Rajahs, decked out in theatrical style, and thickly studded with jewels, eye their more humble fellow-men with stupid haughtiness. Every glance from the rich Baboo betrays that he understands opium and cotton, and is a prince on 'change. But his costume is modest; nothing but white cambric adorns the "mercator son of Croesus." Mahomedans, taking their promenade, kneel down in the twilight in the beautiful garden, and turn their faces towards Mecca. The sun has gone to rest; the eyes of the

pious Parsee gaze after the beautiful god, whilst it is still pursuing its career in the West.

"God save the Queen" sounds from amongst the palms and cypresses, and a full chorus from loyal hearts rings out in the cool evening air.

I visited the Botanical Garden, but after having described that of Buitenzorg, I can spare no words for it. The green parrots and the horrible screaming wrens were novelties to me. Both varieties of birds are as common in Calcutta as sparrows are on the Rhine. Calcutta, although, like Canton, it is beneath the twenty-third degree of north latitude, is much hotter than the latter city. The sun, at this season of the year, was already broiling hot, and it was dangerous to expose oneself to its rays without protection. What merchants and workmen, even the most careful, must endure throughout the year, in spite of all artificial coolness, in Calcutta and other places in tropical India, can only be realised by those who know the power of the Indian sun from experience. The German consul, Mr. Schmidt, introduced me to Messrs. Wolff, Wilmar & Co., one of the first German firms in Calcutta, who were despatching the first German steamer from Calcutta to Bremen. Mr. Oldemar and Mr. Wilmar, two members of this firm, were very obliging to me, and offered to send my fifteen cases and boxes from Calcutta to Bremen free of cost. As I have already stated, the transshipment of my curiosities, and the declarations at the custom house, gave me a great deal of trouble. Nevertheless, I must commend the courtesy and friendly consideration of the English officials. Had I come to the custom house as an English princess, the inspector and

other officers with whom I had to do could not have been more obliging and polite than they were to me, when they found that I was an unprotected lady travelling alone. It was very hot, and the gentlemen regretted that I should have so much trouble, and in my journeys from one office to another, one of the first officials always accompanied me, and if he could spare me any errand, he did so.

The English, in spite of their apparent coldness and their many strict customs, are an honourable, noble race, and I met with the kindest and most warm-hearted friends amongst them wherever I went. The German consul much regretted that he could do nothing for my journey on English railways. For this, however, I was prepared before I came to India, and I therefore took no steps to obtain a free journey. However, Consul Schmidt, who had heard of the object of my collection, sent me fifty rupees through Messrs. Wolff, Wilmar & Co. For this sum I subsequently bought some delicate specimens of sandalwood work in Bombay, which were afterwards sold in Germany for the benefit of the poor soldiers and widows of the Franco-Prussian war, bringing in double the sum which Consul Schmidt had presented to me.

Many of my cases were not so well packed as I could have wished, and I now repacked them. To do this I had to go on board the steamer *Quito*, which was to sail for Bremen in a few days, and take my Oriental treasures home. I did my work in the broiling heat of the sun, and every one who saw me warned me of the danger of a sunstroke. But I could not rest satisfied without seeing to the packing myself, and with the help of the carpenter of the steamer *Quito*, who opened

and nailed down the cases, I had soon finished. The steersman, a very obliging Englishman, numbered all the cases and painted my name on them, and two months later they all arrived in good condition, and free of cost, at Bremen, care of Mr. Claussen, the agent of my kind friends in Calcutta.

Messrs. Wolff, Wilmar & Co. recommended me to their agents at both Agra and Delhi. His Grace the Right Reverend Archbishop Walter Steins, to whom I thought it useless to complain of my disagreeable experience in the Convent U., gave me letters of recommendation to all the ecclesiastics and the Ladies Superior in India, under his apostolic seal. He treated me as nobly as did his fellow-countrymen in Java. A more stately-looking man than the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Calcutta I have never seen, and the Holy Father in Rome himself cannot have a more dignified bearing than his Grace Walter Steins.

The sweet and beautiful Lady Superior, in acknowledgement of all my suffering and fasting in her convent, presented me with a little picture and a medal of the Holy Virgin. She told me I was very good and sincere, and that she loved me for my straightforward conduct. The beautiful woman and all the nuns kissed me at parting, said that they would pray for me, and begged that I would do the same for them, to which request, however, I made no positive promise.

On the evening of the sixth of March, I left Calcutta by express train. At the station I met Mr. Hardenfeldt, of the firm of Wolff, Wilmar & Co., who was good enough to see about my ticket, luggage, &c. I was very glad to

have met as kind and sympathetic fellow-countrymen in Calcutta as in Batavia. I once more sent my thanks through Mr. H. to the head of the firm, and set off to Benares, the sacred city of the Hindus, with a mind at ease.

It seemed strange to me to be again travelling by rail, for since I had left America, I had not seen a single steam-engine. This was a change, however, which soon lost its charm in the hot climate of India. The heat and dust in the close prison of the carriage were extremely oppressive, and I often longed for a breath of cool air on the pure fresh ocean. The direct line through East India, from Calcutta to Bombay, is 1500 miles in extent; and by express train the peninsula may be traversed in three days and three nights from one end to the other.

The railways of India are the worst on which I ever travelled, and I heard many complaints against the Anglo-Indian railway companies.

First-class carriages in India are not as good as second-class in Germany, and there are no sleeping-rooms or other comforts requisite in a hot climate. The wealthy company will have to be more generous than it is now, and to improve many things, before it will please the travelling public. At the time of the year there was nothing much to admire in the vegetation of the districts through which I travelled; plants and grass were neither alive nor dead, neither green nor decayed. All nature betrayed signs of a long drought, and the exhausted earth was evidently languishing for a refreshing rain.

Sometimes I saw the golden tops of ripe rice, or the white leaves of the poppy. The only beauties of the

route were the mango-trees, then in flower, the artificially irrigated rose gardens, and the green ivy, creepers of which climbed over the windows of all the houses, whilst the proud rose, the queen of flowers, was the ornament of every garden.

The chief productions between Calcutta and Benares are rice, millet, opium, cotton, bananas, tamarinds and mangos.

After a journey of twenty-six hours I reached Benares, the sacred city of the Hindus, on the banks of the equally sacred river Ganges. My recommendation there was to an amiable English lady, whose husband was stationed at Benares, and who had come from cool England to the fiery sanctum of the Hindus but three months before, bringing with her two rosy-cheeked little daughters.

The good lady received me with every kindness; she saw how exhausted I was, and had a cooling bath prepared for me. After that I partook of some refreshment, and then, as I had not slept for two nights, I went to lie down. On account of the great heat, the whole house was darkened, all the doors and shutters being kept closed during the day. I soon fell asleep, and slept from nine o'clock in the morning until six in the evening.

The next day Mr. Thompson showed me everything worth seeing in the holy city. First we drove to the principal temple of Siva, on the banks of the Ganges. From there we went to the temple of Doorga. A whole troop of monkeys were clambering from the gateway of the building to the top of the tower. From every niche of the lofty temple-walls protruded the outstretched paws and the dangling tails of these horrible animals. We were not admitted to the temple, but the entrance to it was so

dirty that I had no strong wish to see the interior. A number of Hindu men and women, their faces, hands, and clothes smeared with blood, were sitting between high baskets of ivy and flowers, weaving wreaths and hanging them over their blood-stained breasts and shoulders. During this fantastic and repulsive flower-work they sang mad songs, shouted enthusiastically to the monkeys above them, and every now and then smeared themselves with blood, which was kept in a pot standing in the midst of the flowers. The sacred monkeys are to the people of Benares the living representatives of the god Doorga. In one temple the god worshipped is a black stone; in another monkeys are the objects of devotion. Which symbol does my reader call the most absurd? The ugly monkeys, as I can myself bear witness, are held in the highest esteem in Benares.

Siva, as my companion told me, when we were in a temple dedicated to him, is the symbol of destruction and reproduction. But if Siva is nothing more than what I heard him to be, he is a very unimportant god. His wife, Kali, is a savage goddess, who brings the human race nothing but evil. Her offspring, which are also included in the category of Hindu gods, are but miserable abortions of weak and deformed deities.

Siva and Kali are esteemed and honoured by the Brahmins according to the value of the materials which their temples and the idols themselves are constructed. A golden Siva is, in their opinion, a higher god than one of silver or bronze, so that the character of the god is of little account.

The cupola and towers of the temple of Siva are of

molten gold. Through the open door, in the centre of the paved floor, Mr. T. showed me a black stone, about ten inches in diameter, representing the god Siva. The number of pilgrims was considerable; many brought rose-water and other perfumes, and poured them over the black stone — over the god Siva.

Siva appeared to me a very poor and insignificant god; Kali, his savage wife, I never saw; she did not come in my way in India, so that I did not make her acquaintance.

Three beautiful white sacred cows were walking about in the temple of Siva, wearing tastefully-woven garlands of orange leaves and lotus flowers, and eating the ivy and lotus leaves thrown to them with great relish.

Benares, bearing the imposing title of the “sacred city of the Hindus,” did not interest me as I expected it would have done. I there witnessed the worship of Buddha in its most degraded and shameful form. Sarnath, a suburb of Benares, is the birthplace of Buddha, where stood his cradle 2400 years ago. If it had not been too hot, I should have visited the site of Buddha’s home.

Mr. T. took me to Queen’s College, an institute for natives, under the superintendence of English professors. The gentleman who conducted us over the building and through the classes of aspirants, who were all natives, gave me a very useful book, containing the best information respecting Benares and Sarnath.

Buddha, according to tradition, was an Indian prince. He left the pleasures of the world, renounced crown and sceptre, kingdom, honours, and friends, and lived for five years in the greatest seclusion. By the constant practice

of virtue and the strictest self-abnegation he attained to the perfection of a supreme god and became the redeemer of mankind. After five years of the most solitary and holy life, he commenced his teaching in Sarnath, the place where he was born. His divine truth spread through the whole of the East, and he redeemed the fourth part of the inhabitants of the whole world. His saving doctrines will, according to prophecy, spread farther, and farther, and finally redeem all mankind.

But the pure and holy teaching of Buddha left not the slightest trace of purity and holiness behind it in the place where it was first preached.

What representatives of Buddha are Siva and his wild wife Kali or Doorga! What monster apes introduce us to the poor Buddha of whom I had heard so many pretty things in Japan, China, and the Eastern Archipelago! How much dishonoured is the prophet and redeemer in his own fatherland!

When I visited the church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, some months later, and witnessed the lawlessness which is tolerated and practised in the holiest place of the Christians, my thoughts flew back to Benares, the sacred city of the Hindus. Sarnath, in the neighbourhood of Benares, was the birthplace of the redeemer Buddha, who, as people say, redeemed the eastern world, and in Benares, the true Buddha is altogether ignored and forgotten.

Bethlehem, near Jerusalem, was the birthplace of our Redeemer, Christ, the Son of God. But is there one spot in western Christendom where the birthplace and death of the Saviour of the Christians are more

shamefully dishonoured, more shamefully desecrated, and where His divine teachings are more ignored than in the scene of His sufferings and death in the Holy Sepulchre and in the City of Jerusalem? Corruption in the East; corruption in the West!

On the third day I bade Mr. and Mrs. T. farewell; the dear lady gave me an Indian present in remembrance of her; and her little daughter of three years old presented me with a fine bouquet and the photographs of papa, mamma, baby, and herself, telling me that she would not forget Miss Weppner.

I started in the cool of the evening, and the whole family accompanied me to the station in a large open carriage. I held the pretty smiling baby on my knee, and it played with the roses and flowers its little sister had given me. I had often had the good fortune to meet with happy mothers and innocent babies. It was part of my very nature to attach myself only too quickly and warmly to pure true souls, and I often took leave of them with tears. God protect the good friends who received me so kindly; God bless the dear little ones!

Mrs. T. gave me a letter of introduction to friends in Lucknow, and I went by night *via* train from Allahabad to Cawnpore. At a principal station I was told there was a restaurant, and time would be allowed for supper. I went to the place pointed out, and had hardly sat down when Messrs. Palmer and Curtis walked in, whom I had not seen since our arrival in Calcutta. We had a very pleasant meeting, and again parted, as the gentlemen were not travelling by the same route as myself.

I reached Cawnpore before the break of day, and travelled by a branch line to Lucknow, where I arrived beneath the broiling sun. My introduction there was to a Portuguese family, and I became acquainted with a venerable old gentleman and his beautiful young daughter, whose mother had been killed in her own house by a ball from the enemy during the massacre of 1857.

The good old gentleman was full of kindness to his guest, and as he knew all that was worth seeing in the town, and had himself gone through all the horrible scenes of the late deeds of blood, the opportunity was afforded me of obtaining the most reliable information respecting the old royal city and its recent history. But many English and other authors have already written so much about India, that it would be presumptuous and intrusive on my part if I, a mere passing traveller, were to attempt to describe the recent horrors in Lucknow and other Indian towns. In what I say here I am but making the fugitive remarks of a traveller on the way to the *greatest pillars of the universe*: the chief aim of my journey to India was to see the glorious Himalaya mountains. My good host took me to all the places of importance in the history of ancient and modern Lucknow. We went to the English cemetery, where rest many gallant Britons, and he showed me the battle ground of the last massacre, the mound of the dead and the monument to the brave warriors. He related to me many of the heartrending deeds of blood of the cruel Sepoys. One of the greatest works of modern times is the "Imperial Bagh" at Lucknow, which was built during the reign of the last king of Oude, between the years

1848 and 1850. The building, with the internal decorations and fittings, &c., cost eighty lacs of rupees. This lavish profusion is a proof that the last King of Oude was one of the selfish despots of the nineteenth century, and that his poor subjects were blind fanatical slaves, who, no doubt, had to work hard to satisfy the extravagance of their king.

Kaiser (Cæsar) is one of the titles assumed by the rulers of the kingdom of Oude, and the word is used on the royal seals.

On the third day my worthy host and his amiable daughter accompanied me to the station, and I continued my journey to Agra *viâ* Cawnpore.

When I arrived there the sun was at its zenith, and the glare was so great that I felt quite giddy when I stepped from the carriage into the open air. In spite of the enervating and exhausting heat, the English officials were everywhere very obliging. The station-master happened to be on the platform, and when he noticed that I was alone he came and asked me if I required a carriage. I said yes, and he conducted me himself, under a fearful sun, to a comfortable carriage, and told the coachman where I wished to go.

As I did not know whether the agent of Messrs. Wolff, Wilmar & Co., of Calcutta, to whom I had an introduction, was a married man, I drove first, although reluctantly, to the French convent.

I gave the woman who opened the door the letter from his Grace the Archbishop of Calcutta, and asked for an interview with the Lady Superior. I must confess that I was afraid of again entering a convent as a guest, for I

dreaded the strict rules and peculiarities and especially those of the fasting season, which had but just commenced. I never again met with such a far-sighted, sensible, and liberal Lady Superior as the one with whom I became acquainted in the Dutch convent of Batavia. I therefore preferred, when I was able to do so, to turn to happy families, where I made the acquaintance of dear mothers and sweet babies, rather than to go to convents, which I only did when I was short of recommendation to families, in order to have a respectable abode and to avoid going to hotels.

The Lady Superior, in the present instance, was at prayer in the chapel, and let me wait a good hour for an answer. The Hindu coachman informed me that the burning sun was bad for the horses. In the oppressively hot carriage I suffered greatly from giddiness, and as I was about to ring at the bell of the convent for the third time, I lost consciousness and fell upon the steps. The coachman came to my assistance, and helped me up. I thought it was very unmerciful to let me wait so long, for the nuns knew well enough how hot it was. I pitied the poor animals, and I offered the coachman his money that he might drive them to a cooler place. In that very moment, however, after I had waited an *hour and a half*, the Lady Superior appeared, and told me that the Archbishop's recommendation was very strong, and she was very pleased to see me. The Bishop of Agra, however, who was shortly expected back from the Council at Rome, had established a rule that no lady belonging to the laity, who was not a pupil of the Institution, should spend the night at the convent. But during the absence

of the Bishop, he had entrusted the superintendence of the convent to the Rev. Father Seraphim. She had no doubt, she said, that that gentleman would give permission for me to be received after he had the recommendation from the Archbishop of Calcutta, and she advised me to go myself to the Rev. Father Seraphim, and hand the letter of his Grace to him.

The good, patient coachman drove me there; Father Seraphim, a Frenchman, read the lines in my favour from the archbishop, and told me in the most friendly words that I could be the guest of the Institution. But, he added, it was the most emphatic and strict command of the absent bishop that no lady belonging to the laity should enter the convent, and he would therefore see that I had a comfortable room in the front building of the Institution. The Father then said I should drive back to the gate of the convent, and he would follow me immediately, so the coachman drove me back from the convent of the monks to that of the nuns, which are quite near to each other, and are only divided by a wall.

To my astonishment the Rev. Father Seraphim arrived before me. He had come through a passage of communication which leads from the convent of the monks to that of the nuns. Father Seraphim and the Lady Superior were standing at the gate of the convent, and led me into a large room, which was to be my bedroom; and adjoining which was a spacious reception room, also at my disposal. The Hindu servants carried in my box, and I gave the coachman, who had had to wait so long, a gratuity in addition to his fare, and told him to get himself and his poor horses a good supper.

To my horror I now found that there was no one in the large front building but some half-dozen native watchmen, and with them I was left quite alone. This was a new experience; and it was no flattering feeling for me that I, as a lay-woman, was not worthy to enter the sanctum of the nuns. For all that, however, I was not conscious of anything for which my soul had reason to be ashamed, and I hope that God in heaven will have more mercy on non-ecclesiastical women than the Catholic Bishop of Agra in the East Indies.

Presently a nun came and brought me some supper, remarking that it was the Catholic fasting season. I started at these words, and feared I should fare the same here as I had done in Calcutta. Lent, as I have personally experienced, is the most unfavourable time to be the guest of a Catholic convent. The monks and nuns, I presume, do not like fasting themselves, and are anxious to find some one to do it for them.

But unfortunately and fortunately it was even hotter in Agra than in Calcutta, so that what was given to me to eat, with conscious consideration for the sacred season of fasting, was enough to content me in the intense heat, which had lessened my appetite considerably. The Rev. Father Seraphim asked me what he could do for me, and I begged him to forward the letter which had been given to me by Messrs. Wolff, Wilmar & Co., of Calcutta, to their agent, Mr. Edward Ball, in Agra. The title of the firm in Agra was Kohn, Feilheim & Co., one of the most important European firms in India.

When I gave the Rev. Father Seraphim the letter, he

read the address, and I noticed that he suddenly changed colour, but why, I did not know.

An hour later, a light *cabriolet* drove to the gate of the convent, and a gentleman gave his card to a servant. I had him shown into the reception-room, and a few moments later we made each other's acquaintance. Mr. Ball, for it was he, told me it would give him great pleasure to comply with the wishes of Messrs. Wolff and Wilmar, and he would show me everything in Agra of interest to strangers. I explained to him that I only intended to remain three days in Agra, and he therefore arranged that we should make our first excursion the next morning.

Directly after the *cabriolet* of the young gentleman had stopped at the gate, some nuns had come through the long garden into the front building, and it astonished me to see that they were walking up and down the passage, purposely listening to all that passed between us. The Englishman was a fine-looking man, and I thought the sight of a handsome layman was a pleasant change for the poor nuns. But in this I did injustice to the good women; they had left the sanctum of the convent for another reason. The Rev. Father Seraphim had forwarded my letter to the Englishman, and from him the Lady Superior and the nuns knew whom I expected. I noticed that Mr. Ball had something particular to say to me; but the observation of the nuns, who carried on their promenade in the corridor, close to the open drawing-room door, prevented him from doing so. At last he wished me good evening, mounted his *cabriolet*, and drove rapidly away. I had hardly

returned to my room, when the Rev. Father Seraphim and the Lady Superior came in. They seated themselves, and told me in a most significant manner who this "dreadful young man" was. He was a Protestant, and had a beautiful young sister, who had married an advocate in Agra a few years before, and was, as I learnt from her brother the next day, very happy with him. But this sister had been stolen from the convent by her brother, and he had prevented her from becoming a Catholic and a nun.

The brother and sister had lost their parents when very young; but an uncle had charge of their property, and looked after their education. As there was no Protestant school in that neighbourhood, the uncle entrusted the young lady to the Catholic nuns of the convent of St. Marie, in the front building of which I was staying when this little romance was related. In a short time the ecclesiastical ladies had so far won the youthful heart of their beautiful pupil, that she professed herself ready to become a Catholic and take the veil. There could be no doubt that her property would at the same time be transferred to the convent.

The brother, who noticed the growing coldness and the increasing bigotry of his sister, and learnt from herself what she had determined to do, decided on a bold step. Accompanied by his uncle, he went to the convent, and the two asked to see their young relative. The Lady Superior and a staff of nuns brought the sister and niece to her brother and uncle, and that in the very same room in which I met Mr. Ball, the hero of this little episode, for the first time.

During the conversation, the Lady Superior discovered what was the object of their visit, and she made a secret sign to the young lady to come and follow her. This sign was not, however, lost upon the watchful brother; and as his beautiful sister was about leaving the room in obedience to the gesture of the Lady Superior, the strong and loving brother suddenly took her in his arms. The uncle protected him and his charge against the enraged nuns, and the brother carried her through the corridor, down to the gate, and into his carriage. The beautiful young lady was gone, and with her her beautiful money; both were lost to the convent. The good brother and her other relatives soon brought the young lady to reason; and she is now the wife of a gentleman of good position, and the happy mother of several pretty children. The little history which I have here only briefly related, played at the time of its occurrence an important part in the English newspapers of India. The Rev. Father Seraphim and Lady Superior complained to me that the young gentleman and his uncle had compromised the convent and all the nuns. The heroic brother, who now visited me as the guest of the convent, could not, therefore, be a very welcome visitor. The nuns who had come through the long garden to the passage in the front building, had done so, less to see the handsome gentleman than to listen to what he said to me. Under the circumstances it was natural that the ecclesiastical ladies should take every possible means to make me share their hatred of the young Protestant gentleman, my cicerone in Agra.

Mr. Ball therefore offered to take me to his sister; but as I was only going to remain three days in Agra, I

thought it more advisable to leave the convent in peace, and I managed to offend neither party.

The first morning Mr. Ball escorted me to the mausoleum of King Akbar, at Secundra, eight miles distant from Agra. Passing along a fine road, between ruins of mighty palaces and handsome tombs, we came to the stately entrance of a fine garden, bounded on the north, south, east, and west by lofty portals. From each of these four portals a broad and finely-paved garden-path, with beautiful palm, orange, mango and banana trees on either side, leads to a platform of dazzling whiteness, about 400 feet in diameter. At the end of each crossway are large artificial tanks, and fountains in play. In the centre of this elegant platform a lofty pyramidal mausoleum, one hundred feet high, rises in regular gradations. The elevation forms five separate terraces, and along each terrace runs a towering gallery, on the summit of which, on beautiful pillars, rest a row of proud cupolas. The ground of the highest terrace is of the finest white marble, that of the others of red sandstone. On the top of the mausoleum, Mr. Ball pointed out to me a little marble pavilion with a gilded dome, in the middle of which, on an artistically carved sepulchral monument, the ninety-nine names of the invisible god are engraved in rich scroll-work in fine Arabic writing. At each corner of the marble terrace are two marble turrets, standing side by side, with small, round gilded towers. An artistically carved marble screen, divided into separate panels, runs round the edge of the marble terrace; each separate piece of carving displaying a different fine-art pattern.

Close by, the holy river Jumna flowed along in sacred quietude; and through the tops of the trees glittered the spire of the French cathedral near the convent, the front building of which was then my home; but the town of Agra was hidden by the thick foliage of the wood. In another direction glowed in the gold and purple of the dawn a vast silver-white cloud, the majestic mass hovering lightly, and extending from the green earth to the horizon. Glancing sunbeams danced in the clear blue air; the cloud rocked softly up and down, tinged by Aurora's beams with blue and red; and when the sun rose clear in the heavens the distant cloud trembled in a glow of the tenderest rose-colour. I gazed steadfastly at the huge mass, which acquired ever fresh beauty, and was like a fairy castle resting in the arms of the free breezes of heaven above the green landscape. Full of enthusiasm, I looked back again and again and I thought of all the fairy tales of my childhood—of the "Thousand and one Nights," with their palaces and castles in the air, which chased each other through my excited brain.

"That," said my companion, "is the 'Taj,' that white marble building with the lofty cupola, between the green trees in the distance." I looked at it again, admired it, and rejoiced in its silent beauty. "It is poetry and enchantment combined," I said at last. "It fills me with awe. I feel captivated by the distant picture, Mr. Ball, and you must not take me to the 'Taj' until I have seen everything; for I fear that the poetic impression made upon me by the picture this morning will be dispelled by close approach to the reality." "The

reality," replied Mr. Ball, "will not disappoint you; it will but add yet more to the poetry of the distant view."

It was with difficulty that I tore myself away from the glorious scene, and we descended the steps of the mausoleum. A long, deep passage led to the vault of King Akbar, in the inside of the building. Through a small crevice in the uppermost dome, a faint light penetrates into the dark chamber; and I made out a simple grave in the form of a sarcophagus. A garland of fresh flowers, still wet with morning dew, lay above the quiet resting-place of the once powerful king. Beneath this sarcophagus lie the ashes of the great Akbar, the successor of Tamerlane (Timur), and predecessor of the emperor Shah-Jehan, the wisest and most powerful monarch of this glorious race. The grave of the Begum Marie, a Portuguese princess, and the wife of King Akbar, is situated a little distance from that of her husband. But this grave is held in no honour whatever; and the building, which was a good deal injured during the massacre of 1857, is now used as a chapel by the Christian missionaries.

I was most gratified with my first excursion in Agra; and the next day Mr. Ball escorted me to the celebrated ruins at Futtehpore Sikree, once the magnificent summer residence of King Akbar. In order not to suffer too much from the heat, we had to start very early. We had good brisk horses, and reached Futtehpore Sikree, twenty-two miles from Agra, in three hours.

At the end of a row of red sandstone hillocks some four miles long, which in many places had fallen, or were threatening to fall, stretched a vast field, strewn

with the ruins of walls, terraces, palaces and cupolas. At the entrance towers a majestic portal, which gives access to a path through the mighty ruins of glorious days gone by, leading to a solitary bungalow, where an old Mussulman received us with a friendly salaam, and offered himself as a guide.

I was quite astonished at the extent and magnificence of the ruins in the midst of which we were now standing. To form a notion of the glory of the past in India, one must see Futtehpore Sikree. The ruins at Yuen-ming-yuen, formerly the imperial summer palace in the north of China, are but a miniature picture compared with the ruined summer palace of King Akbar.

Palaces, mosques, countless pavilions, cupolas and turrets, some entirely, some only partially ruined, and others still perfectly upright, rose from this wild and picturesque chaos. Often I looked across a perfect sea of ruins; it was a wildly grand picture of splendour and desolation. Yet this singular scene, bathed in rays of the dazzling Indian sun, awoke no feelings of genuine sorrow. Not a cloud upon the vast expanse of heaven — not a shadow upon earth. Standing, as I was, beneath the vertical rays of the glowing orb, I had never seen my shadow so small. The mighty ruins of the red sandstone buildings — here, an entire wall or a pavilion with blue towers — there, a portion of a palace with a golden cupola, all alike, the lofty and the low, were absolutely shadowless, and glowed in the scorching brightness of the vertical sun.

The spectacle was indescribably grand, and all sense of gloom or of desolation was lost in the glory of the

sunbeams. The Mussulman was a very polite, indefatigable escort, whose explanations were endless. He wore a thin white robe, and the end of his white turban hung down over his left shoulder. He led us through an endless labyrinth of vestibules, terraces, ruined palaces, tanks and wells, and in this wild chaos we often stood beneath a still solid roof in some beautiful corridor or apartment. Our guide showed us the undestroyed residence of the Christian wife of King Akbar, where we saw the finest fresco paintings, and in the different niches above the towers and windows I saw several Christian pictures. On one side of the tower of the palace I noted a whole company of Indian gods and goddesses, and an elephant. Near the Christian palace stand the five Mahal palaces, resting on as many quadrangular platforms, rising one above the other in pyramidal form, and supported by sculptured pillars. Behind these buildings the Mussulman showed us a curious labyrinth, in which the ladies of the emperor's "zenana" once played at hide and seek.

Near this place, and amongst a heap of ruins, stands a well-preserved chapel with fine cupolas, in the centre of which is an enormous column, adorned with the most magnificent sculptures. At the four corners of the chapel are four little terraces, forming a square. According to history, Akbar held consultations with his chief counsellors on religion and science in this chapel. Ascending some steps we entered a beautiful pavilion, with a pyramidal canopy resting on four pillars; from whence we inspected the palace of the Sultan of Constantinople with its lavish sculptured decorations.

All that I have hitherto mentioned stands in the midst of ruins; but in this labyrinth of destroyed buildings much more remains which I cannot describe. I saw a whole world of concentrated art in this chaos, for it includes buildings in the walls of which there is not an inch of undecorated surface. The fine sandstone is everywhere sculptured and carved with so infinite a variety of artistic designs, that I called them a "Museum of exquisite patterns."

Many of these sculptured works are as well preserved as if the master had finished his task but yesterday.

In no spot in the world had I seen so rich a collection of the productions of art and talent as amongst the ruins at Futtehpore Sikree; here imagination seems to have been taxed to the very utmost in order to produce new combinations of ornaments.

But this favoured spot has other attractions besides fine ruins. At a little distance from the wild scene of desolation above described, a lofty staircase leads to a large open court. This court is 428 feet long by 406 wide, and is surrounded by a peristyle fifty feet high. I was as much astonished at the beautiful symmetry and magnificent decoration of this court, as at the peculiar grandeur of the ruins which I had already seen.

On one side of the corridor is an imposing gateway, 120 feet high, above which, right and left, rests a mosque with three towers. In front of the gateway, on the outside of the court, is a large tank with a fountain in the centre. Opposite to the gateway, in the inside of the court, is the mother-of-pearl tomb, in which the Moslem Sheikh, once a favourite of King Akbar, is buried. The

grave is under a canopy six feet high ; and the material of both is mother-of-pearl, but the floor of the tomb is of jasper, and the walls are of white marble, studded with cornelians. Upon the grave lies a silken shroud, interwoven with gold. Fresh and withered flowers lay about in profusion. The outer wall of the mausoleum is surrounded by a marble screen, which is considered the finest specimen of decorative art in India.

This costly tomb is moreover adorned with rich ivory pillars, wreathed with garlands of wondrous floral designs and with marble filigree-work. The entire mausoleum of the holy Moslem Sheik is said to have cost 350,000 pounds sterling.

This vast court, with the colossal gateway and the costly internal structures, presents an appearance alike grand and artistic. The inside of the Tuilleries or of other princely courts of Europe sinks into insignificance beside the magnificence of this building. Close to the colossal gateway we ascended through the peristyle on the right side of the palace of Akbar, and from thence we had one of the finest views in the whole world. Before us was outspread all that gold or silver, intellect or art could create for crowned human gods—all that *envy* or *time* could destroy. A little world of glory and greatness, a wilderness of sumptuous ruins, a museum of sculpture, of art and talent !

We descended and made our way to the edge of the splendid tank. There several Hindu boys made the awful offer to jump from the battlement of the palace into the tank for a reward of one rupee. I turned away, as I did not wish to see it, but Mr. Ball offered not only one but two

rupees, and in a few minutes the reckless boys were on the high roof of the palace, not far from the great gateway; I saw them spring, and gave a loud cry—but they were already in the tank, and in the twinkling of an eye they had dived, risen to the surface, and, swimming to the steep steps of the tank, they ran up, dripping, and came to us for the promised fee. As they started on their journey through the air from the roof of the palace the bold boys held their feet wide apart, and in their precipitous descent they had the presence of mind to bring their feet close together when they touched the water.

One of Mr. Ball's servants prepared a good meal for us in a cool bungalow, and at the request of the faithful Mus-sulman who had conducted us over these romantic scenes I wrote a glowing testimonial for him in his note-book. After dinner he took us to the Elephant Gate, at the foot of the mound of ruins. On a fine pedestal on either side of the gate reclines a colossal elephant. The tower is 90 feet high and is studded with elephants' tusks from the base to the summit.

Much gratified with the grand sight of the mighty ruins, we left Futtehpore Sikree, and at six o'clock I stepped into the deserted reception-room of the front building of the convent of St. Marie. Not until late in the night, when my weary eyelids closed, did the noble ruins of Futtehpore Sikree cease to haunt my busy brain. I dreamt of palaces and pavilions, of golden cupolas and colossal gateways, and as I dreamt, the glowing sunlight, in which the relics of royal glory and royal dust had been bathed at the time of my visit, was replaced by dark shadows which enveloped

everything in their gloom — Futtahpore Sikree now lay in the dark bosom of black Night.

The most beautiful work ever produced by human skill was reserved for the third day, and I was to see in reality the charming ideal picture, the vast silver white cloud, which had so fascinated me in the distance, when viewed from the heights of Secundra. I awaited the hour of the unveiling, of the magic scene with deep and solemn awe; my spirit anticipated a religious festival, and it was with great delight that I received the gallant cavalier who was to escort me. The dawn was now breaking, and our gaily caparisoned horses sped rapidly along in the cool morning air. Presently the fairy castle arose before us as from a green ambush—we approached—the carriage stopped. Through an imposing gateway we passed into a court adorned with lofty trees, and found ourselves at the chief entrance of the magnificent building. Entering a fine gateway, and descending several broad steps, we gained a finely paved avenue in a large and beautiful garden, and as we wandered beneath the shade of lofty Italian cypresses we came to a row of elegant fountains in the centre of the avenue, which, like those of Versailles, play on Sundays only. These fountains were set in a framework of what we may call "mosaic verdure," light feathery bamboo, dark palms, banyans, cypresses, orange and citron trees alternating with each other in a charming manner. Twittering songsters, hidden in the branches, were singing most sweetly; roses and violets filled the air with their delicate perfume. With this poetical vista spread out before us we approach the most superb work in the universe, and ascend-

ing a flight of marble steps at the end of the garden, we gained a handsome platform of the same material, of a bluish-white colour, from which, resting on a marble pedestal, rises the world-famous "Taj Mahal," the marble mausoleum of the Emperor Shah-Jehan and his beloved wife, Mumtaz Mahal. So dazzling is the effect of the sunbeams on the glittering white marble building and the brilliant platform that the eyes soon become dim. We were obliged to take care not to fall, for the costly floor is as slippery as it is elegant.

I stood at the entrance of this famous resting-place, I looked up—my ideal had disappeared, but my solemn awe and my admiration remained. I saw no fairy castle, but I saw reality. I was standing before a sanctuary of love, before a heaven of poetry and art! This reality is indeed the most beautiful and noble poem ever composed to human love. It was the love of the Emperor Shah-Jehan who dedicated this poetic tomb to his beloved. And truly the "Taj Mahal" at Agra is the most poetical resting-place in the world. Who could approach this tomb without emotion? Where upon earth is there a greater triumph of mortal love, a more beautiful proof of the genial and artistic spirit of the human race! Deeply moved, I entered the sacred hall; my companion led me down into the subterranean tomb where the beloved "Mahal" rests beside her lord and husband. The stairs were very slippery, and a cool air rose from the dimly-lighted sepulchral chamber. The light from the entrance door falls direct upon the grave. I was now standing before the most elegant sarcophagus known to mortals, constructed of the purest marble, inlaid with agates, cor-

nelians, lapis lazuli, and other precious stones. The actual tomb is girt about with a wonderful screen of light trellis-work, representing lilies, irises, and other flowers. The design of this trellis-work is extremely beautiful. Slumbering beside his queen, in a similarly decorated but somewhat simpler tomb, rests Shah-Jehan, the hero of this romantic sepulchre. A profusion of bouquets and garlands lay about the tombs; and the scent of roses, jasmine, and sandalwood filled the lonely sacred spot.

From this sepulchre of love we went to the chamber corresponding with it above, ascending the same steps we had before descended. In this second hall are two other tombs, called the "Jawábs" or "Answers." They are of a similar form to, and as costly as, those beneath. I counted more than thirty different precious stones in a single sculptured flower. Above the second chamber rises a majestic dome, which has a wonderful echo. I shouted out a few fine sounding words, and my voice reverberated in a long soft sustained murmur above my head, finally dying gently away in the heights of the dome. Incredulous, I looked about on every side in the empty space, to see if some stranger were trying to deceive me. But there was no one near; the echo was that of my own voice. The magic charm of this sweet death chamber affected me with a tender melancholy; my companion, too, was deeply moved and full of reverence, and as long as we were inside this sacred hall of love, we spoke but little and very softly.

"Speak 'neath your voice, and hardly breathe a sigh,
For every sound is hidden here, and voice obliged to fly;
But say a prayer as softly as you can,
Ten thousand angels will respond —ARMAN."

It is a sacred tradition that angels dwell in the upper portion of the vacant space, and it was formerly the custom to hang a bouquet set with precious stones in the centre of the dome on a golden thread; which was the symbol of the world hovering in the infinity of space!

To this day I still hear the wonderful echo in the dome of this sanctuary, and whenever my truant spirit flies back to this temple of love, I again explore in fancy the lofty vacant space to see if the echo of my own voice is not that of some stranger. Long does my spirit listen to the mimic sounds as they gently die away. Soft music, such as that of a harp, would sound divine in this hall.

What more shall I say to you, reader, of the exalted beauty, of the charming harmony, of this sacred spot? It forms one mighty whole, of such poetic and artistic perfection, that the most fertile imagination must feel satisfied here.

Futtehpoore Sikree is a memorial of the past riches and glory of India, and in the "Taj Mahal" we have a second monument of the poetry and art of the kingdom which has now passed away.

Neither Paris nor London, Rome nor Constantinople — in short, no civilised spot in the world — can boast of such riches as India once possessed — nay, still possesses — in spite of the havoc wrought by the cannon-balls of "civilised" races.

The "Taj Mahal" is an image of heaven upon earth — it will be the wonder of all ages.

It was with the melancholy and solemn feelings which every sensitive nature must experience on parting from the good and beautiful that I left this sacred mausoleum

of love, and Mr. Ball explained to me all the details of the outside of the building. Everything was so exquisitely finished that I remarked to my companion, "the great 'Taj Mahal' is as scrupulously executed as the delicately carved ivory basket I brought from China."

The building is of an octagonal form, and in the Moorish style. The outside terminates in a central Oriental dome, with a smaller dome at each of the four corners. On either side is a stately entrance, and on the right and left of each entrance rise two small arches, one above the other. The "Taj" itself is 262 feet, and the minarets are 200 feet high.

The material of which the outside of the building is composed is solid white marble; whilst the inside is of the same materials of various colours, white, light brown, and deep blue being artistically combined. The designs and carving of the flowers and precious stones are so beautiful as to defy description.

If heaven possesses so charming a dome, such wonderful flowers, and so beautiful an echo as the "Taj Mahal" at Agra—how happy may we be there! what glorious visions we may there enjoy!

Our examination of this charming abode of love had occupied us two hours. The sun was scorching hot; the dazzling platform emitted fire; the white marble building glittered and glowed with all manner of colours. Shah-Jehan and Mahal rested calmly in their flower-strewn beds, whilst the angels in the dome watched over them. Adieu, happy royal pair; adieu to your sacred tombs; may ye love one another to all eternity!

As I turned once more to gaze at the poetic spot, and

indulged in a last lingering look, Mr. Ball brought me a fine bouquet of roses, violets, and jasmine.

"I wish," said that chivalrous gentleman, to "crown your delight with a little bunch of flowers, and this evening I will hold a little fête in your honour here. I will invite my sister and a few friends. The moon will be at its full to-night, and the 'Taj' is the most wonderful sight when seen in its light. You shall see it this evening under its most charming aspect."

I thanked Mr. Ball, and when I got back to the convent of St. Marie, I told the Lady Superior what I had already seen, and what more I hoped to see the same evening. The Lady Superior left me, and, as I conjectured, went to the Rev. Father Seraphim, for that gentleman soon came to inform me that the rules of the convent would not permit him to allow me to go out in the evening. "All the inmates of the convent must be in bed at nine o'clock," added the good Father. I pointed out to him that I was not staying in the convent itself, but only in the front building of the same, and I begged very earnestly to be excused from obeying the rules of the back building, and to be allowed to go out, as Mr. Ball had arranged a little fête. I wanted, I said, to see the "Taj" in full moonlight, and the moon did not shine by day.

But all my entreaties were in vain. The Reverend Father Seraphim spoke very sweetly indeed, but he would not permit me to go. The reason of this was not so much because of the rules of the convent, but because of the secret hatred of Mr. Ball, "the dreadful young man" who had torn away his beautiful sister and her beautiful money from the convent. I was to have spent the evening with this

young lady, and that the Lady Superior and the Reverend Father Seraphim were bent on preventing. They had both, however, as well as all the nuns of the convent of St. Marie, seen the "Taj Mahal" by moonlight, for the Rev. Father Seraphim told me so himself, and the evening they did so, neither the Reverend Father nor the nuns were in bed by nine o'clock. But my patient reasoning with the good gentleman accomplished nothing; I was obliged to stay at home, and although I was staying in the front of the convent, I had to conform to the rules of the back—that is to say, of the convent itself. The Reverend Father Seraphim and the Lady Superior told me not to tell Mr. Ball why I could not go out. This request annoyed me, and I replied without hesitation, "I shall tell Mr. Ball the truth, and nothing else." I felt very disappointed; for the moon rose in full glory that evening, and the sky and atmosphere were beautifully clear. At half-past eight o'clock a carriage drove up to the door, containing Mr. Ball, who had come to fetch me. Once more I saw some nuns coming from the garden, and again they walked up and down the passage in front of the door, and listened to every word. When Mr. Ball heard that I could not go on account of the rules, he was very angry, for he had made all the preparations for the fête, and his sister and brother-in-law, and some of his friends had already gone to the "Taj" to wait for us. But I was not to go, and for the sake of peace I had to submit. The indignant gentleman drove away and informed his friends why I did not come. I had had the best of opportunities to see the marble "Taj" in full moonlight, and because of the malignant and jealous caprice of the

Reverend Father and the Lady Superior I had to forego that pleasure. But to make up to me for my disappointment and for my enforced obedience, the nuns were all very friendly and good to me before my departure, indeed Father Seraphim even offered to be my escort himself, which I declined, telling him I would see nothing more, and that I was very angry with him. I was now actually considered worthy to enter the back building behind the garden—in a word, the convent itself, even the inside of the sanctuary! This, of course, gave me no pleasure, but I was firmly resolved to do everything to ensure a peaceful parting. The nuns who invited me to go through the convent with them and into the chapel were extremely bigoted, and made many low obeisances as they passed along, whilst I behaved naturally, paying no attention to flattering or bigoted remarks.

The distortion of religion in many convents is truly painful to witness. In the convent of St. Marie, at Agra, I met with a whole labyrinth of minor deities, amongst whom the belief in one true God and Saviour is almost lost.

The nuns, putting the good God quite on one side, enumerated to me so many saints in whom they trusted, and consequently worshipped, and told me of so many prayers which they had to offer up daily to this or that saint, that but little or no time can have been left to them for praying to the true God. Listening to these nuns, one would suppose that heaven and earth, judgment and eternity were not in the power and righteousness of the one God and Judge, but in those of the saints committed to Him. From what the nuns said I could only gather that omnipotence, omniscience, and omni-

presence are not in their opinion the exclusive attributes of one invisible God, but the general characteristics of all the heavenly spirits, whom men that consider themselves infallible have chosen to canonize. One of the good nuns, as we stood in a passage of the convent, showed me a statue of St. Joseph decked with many flowers and ribbons. She knelt down and prayed, and as she rose from her knees she said, "Miss Weppner, do you love St. Joseph?" My answer was candid, and not what the nun expected. She looked at me angrily, and with her hand upon her heart, and an enthusiastic loving glance at the statue of the saint, she said, "*Moi, je l'aime à la folie*" (I love him to distraction)! I could not help laughing heartily, and said, "Sister M., we ought not even to love God like that; if we lose our senses in our love to the saints to begin with, there will be no one left to love God but fools, and are you," I added, smiling "as passionately in love with any female saints as you are with St. Joseph?"

"*Quelle petite méchante!*" (what a naughty little thing you are!) said Sister M., sprinkling herself and me with a handful of holy water. But the most absurd thing of all was yet to come. This was reserved for the moment of my departure. Several nuns came into my room and offered me various new medallions, with the names and virtues of which I had hitherto been unacquainted. They also showed me an "indulgence prayer," of which I had never heard, and which was a modern discovery of a nun in Agra, and had received the sanction and seal of the Church of Rome. I must here enumerate the qualities of this special indulgence, the rules and prayers of which were printed on a

paper folded double. On the first side of the paper was a clock, with the hours numbered from one to twelve. This clock represented a twelve hours' guard of honour in the court of heaven. Those who wished to be members of this guard of honour and to win the blessings of the indulgence, chose one of the twelve hours, during which they must pay the heavenly court the worship prescribed in the said indulgence, and on a day irrevocably appointed, they must confess and communicate; and for this the members receive a full indulgence and the forgiveness of all the sins of their whole life. One of the nuns explained to me that a guard of honour in the court of heaven exactly resembled in form a similar guard in an imperial or royal court upon earth, and she asked me if I wished to be a lady of honour, and would choose an hour for worship, and earn the full indulgence and forgiveness of the Church.

I had heard a good deal of nonsense from Catholics, but never such nonsense as this. I hardly knew what to reply to such absurdities. I have never been able to act a part, and have always spoken out what I think. I could not treat the matter seriously, I therefore treated it as a joke, and told the nun I had no wish to win a post in the court of heaven by such selfish services, and that a paltry guard of honour introduced into the court of heaven, such as that of an Imperial or Royal court on earth, seemed to me absurdly speculative and egotistical. I told her that I was already a lady of honour, without any interested motive, or any special hours for winning that distinction, and that I always strove to honour God by a worthy and honourable life.

My cool and unflattering treatment of the matter disappointed and annoyed the nuns. Perhaps, however, although he did not own it, the Rev. Father Seraphim was pleased with my reply, for when I left he gave me a very nice unclosed letter of introduction to the Reverend Dr. Keegan, of Delhi, and told me that the Lady Superior of the convent of St. Marie, Mussoorie, was informed of my approaching arrival.

For the last time the *cabriolet* of Mr. Ball drove up to the gate of the convent. The nuns were determined once more to see the handsome and dreadful young man who had carried away his wealthy sister, and they came with Father S. to wish me good-bye, the dreadful young man standing in the midst of the scene with the calmness, pride, and dignity of which a native of Great Britain alone is capable. He led me to his *cabriolet*, and when seated, we had a pleasant review and a hearty laugh at the "romantic rôle" he had played during my stay at the convent, and meantime we arrived at the railway station, where he telegraphed to a friend in Delhi, to whom I was introduced by Messrs. Wolff, Wilmar & Co., of Calcutta, begging him to meet me on the arrival of the train.

Although only six o'clock in the morning, it was already oppressively hot, but Mr. Ball gave me a basket of refreshing fruits, and tied a bottle of soda water outside the carriage door, that the breeze created by the motion of the train might keep it cool. I thanked the good gentleman for all his kindness to me, and the rapid express soon whirled me away.

The heat quickly became unbearable, yet it was but the

14th of March. I laid a wet cloth on my head, and as I was alone, I opened both windows ; but even the current of air produced by the flying train was hot and scorching. The vertical sun cast no shadows, but seemed to shine in at both windows of the carriage at once. I now closed them and the shutters, but still the sun poured through them from the top ; the wood became burning hot, and so did the handkerchief in the pocket of my dress, so before I used it I waved it about. My dress and everything around me was so hot, that I did not know where to lay my hands. The skin of my face was blistered all over, and it peeled off a few days after. I lost my voice, became very hoarse, and sank into a state of thorough stupefaction. Of the country through which I passed, I saw nothing. At one of the stations some English ladies entered my carriage, but nobody spoke a word. One of the ladies was nearly fainting ; so I silently offered her my eau-de-cologne, which she used, giving it back to me with a mute gesture of thanks.

We reached Delhi without having spoken a single word. Mr. Ball's friend, Mr. Rosenheim, a German gentleman, head of the firm of Kohn, Feilheim & Co., of Delhi, received me. "So this is Indian heat," I said in a hoarse voice. "The heat is bad to-day," he replied ; "but this is nothing to what is yet to come."

I knew that Mr. Rosenheim was unmarried, and lived alone. I therefore asked him to take me to the Reverend Doctor Keegan, which he did. Here I once again met a kind and liberal-minded priest. The Reverend Doctor Keegan is a very learned and celebrated theologian, who has obtained the title of Doctor of Divinity. He studied in

Rome, and lived for seven years in the neighbourhood of *the spiritual court*. He had arrived in Delhi many years before my visit, and was held in the highest esteem alike by Catholics and Protestants. The reverend gentleman spoke to me very kindly, and when he learnt my wish to be received for a few days in a respectable family, he made the liberal reply: "I am a Catholic priest; I have lived for many years in this place, and know every single family in it. I could not recommend you to any one who would receive you better than Mr. and Mrs. Moll; they are both Protestants, but, for all that, they are my best friends in Delhi." Thereupon Dr. K. wrote a few lines to Mr. and Mrs. Moll, and my fellow-countryman, Mr. R., drove me to their residence, which happened to be close to his, the neighbours being well acquainted with one another. Mr. and Mrs. Moll were very pleased that Dr. K., the honoured friend of their house, had sent them a guest, and they received me in the kindest manner. Here I again made the acquaintance of a sweet little baby only seven weeks old. Her father and mother were both from England; Mr. Moll was a celebrated architect, Mrs. Moll a sweet young lady, and their baby a very beautiful little girl.

I felt much happier in the residence of this happy little group than in the front building of the convent of St. Marie at Agra.

It was partly my kind host, and partly my good fellow-countryman, Mr. R., who showed me what was worth seeing in the old royal city of Delhi. Each had his own equipage and horses, and not to tire the poor creatures too much in the great heat, one pair was used one day and the other the next.

The celebrated ruins of this ancient capital are forty-five square miles in circumference, but as I have described those at Futtehpore Sikree, I will not weary my reader with an account of those of the ancient city of Delhi, which are to a great extent merely a repetition of the former.

The visitor of the modern town of Delhi, formerly called "Shahjehanabad," will find it a rich fountain-head of traditions of the past, and for the student of the history of India, a journey to Delhi would be of the greatest interest. Here, too, amidst the endless chaos of a glory which has passed away, we catch glimpses of the degradation, the depravity, and the ruin brought about by the lust of conquest of a cruel ruler. Whilst the crowns of these haughty despots are rusting in the dust, whilst the once glorious East lies in ruins, similar despotic rulers lusting for conquest are rising in the West. The world holds them in the balance. At first the former was uppermost, but it is now undermost, whilst the latter is rising. Everything has its season; kingdoms, kings, and crowns disappear, heaven and earth remain, and God and righteousness govern time.

I will only notice here a few of the most noteworthy places in Delhi, and those shall not be ruins.

I had not as yet seen a Mahommedan temple, and Mr. R. took me to the most celebrated mosque of the east, called the "Jumma Musjid," which is situated between the Cashmere and Delhi gates, on a rocky height. Although I had already seen so many temples in Japan, China, and India, the Mahommedan temple at Delhi was quite a new and interesting sight. We happened to find the faithful Mahommedans at prayer, kneeling on a cool

and elegant marble floor, with their faces towards the east. I must here remark that the reverent manner in which Mahommedan devotions are conducted, as compared with the abject behaviour of the Hindus at Benares, excited my admiration and respect.

Three lofty and elegant steps led up to the three doors of this noble temple. The chief entrance faces the east, and is higher and more richly decorated than those towards the north and south. The doors lead into a large open quadrangle constructed of sandstone. In the centre is an enormous water basin of the most costly marble. On the western side of the open quadrangle rises the "Jumma Musjid;" of oblong form, 200 feet long by 120 wide. The stately hall is surrounded by three magnificent marble cupolas with richly gilded spires. To the right and left of the temple stand two light towers corresponding with the principal one. The materials of which they are built are dazzling white marble and red sandstone, arranged in alternate stripes, the appearance of which was very striking, glittering as they were in the brilliant sunbeams.

At a distance about equal to that between each tower and the cupola, rise three projecting galleries, each with a white marble pavilion. The effect of their artistic symmetry is especially fine. Three sides of the open quadrangle are surrounded by an elegant colonnade of red sandstone, and in each corner of the colonnade a white marble pavilion rests on red columns. The mosque itself rises above the fourth side of the quadrangle. The atrium or forecourt of the mosque is paved with white marble, and along the cornice run compartments, ten feet

long by two and a half wide, of white marble, in which the "Niski" characters are to be read, inlaid in black marble. The floor of the inner court consists of slabs of marble three feet long by one and a half wide, bordered with black marble, on which the Mahommedans were kneeling in prayer. The spot indicating the direction of the holy city of Mecca is a very beautiful niche adorned with rich frieze-work. On the north and south-east of the quadrangle are small columns with white marble tablets. On one of them I saw the eastern hemisphere artistically engraved, and on the others the hour lines. From each line rises an erect gnome or imp, and their shadows, as cast by the sun, show the faithful Mahommedans when it is the hour of prayer.

From the Jumma Musjid we went to the Pearl Mosque and the royal baths. The latter, though beautiful, are not nearly equal to the one I saw at Futtehpore Sikree. The marble baths of the kings of Delhi and the ladies of the Zenana are very fine, and although much injured, are the most costly I have seen. My companion pointed out to me the marble throne of the king, which had been much injured in the massacre of 1857. Some of the beautiful mosaic works of the great master, Austin of Bordeaux, are still preserved. Delhi possesses a numerous class of remarkable miniature painters, and its gold workers and cashmere manufactories are no less celebrated, but the prices of the productions of all three are very high.

I saw various mausoleums in the neighbourhood of Delhi, which, however, after having described the Taj, are of no importance to my narrative.

A drive to the Kootub Minar is interesting to a visitor to Delhi, for it is the highest tower in the world. It is on the road to Goorgaon, eleven miles from Delhi. On account of the great heat, we left that city at one o'clock in the morning, and, as we had very good horses, we arrived at our destination long before sunrise.

The tower rises in five galleries to a height of 238 feet above the ground ; the lower round is 47 feet, and the upper not quite 9 feet in diameter.

By the time the east began to redden, I had climbed up the enormous ascent. I sat down at the top in the cool invigorating air, and awaited the dawn. But no sooner had the orb of day arisen from his fiery bed than I ran away and crept quickly into the cool tower. The descent of the spiral staircase was not so easy as the ascent. We took a breakfast of bread and fresh asses' milk in a bungalow, and drove rapidly home, for we dreaded the broiling sun behind us. From the 15th to the 20th of March it was so dreadfully hot that the houses were kept entirely closed throughout the day. Inside the house twilight constantly prevailed. The punkahs above the table were worked by the servants during meals, and those over the beds during the night. But all these artificial alleviations did but little to relieve the oppression of the heat. The worst of it is that many people lose their appetites and have no strength left to endure it. Nor is there any ice to be had, so that cool drinks cannot be enjoyed. I was quite hoarse, and felt so weak that I hardly knew how to stand upright, and the doctor told me that both these symptoms were the result of the heat, to which I was not yet accustomed.

Not until the evening, long after sunset, could the doors and windows be opened and the rooms aired, and even then it was often still very hot. Before sunrise, the entire house was again opened and aired, after which operation everything was shut up, and darkness prevailed for the whole of the rest of the day. The atmosphere out of doors in the middle of the day was like the fumes of a hot furnace. One day I was invited out to dine. After dinner I left the house and just walked from the drawing-room to the carriage which was standing close to the verandah. The contrast between the atmosphere of the inside of the house and that of the open air was so great, that I fell down stunned beside the carriage. In the vehicle it was as broiling hot as in an oven. I had almost entirely lost my voice in this accident, and for several days I could only make myself understood with great difficulty.

How fortunate I was, under such circumstances, in having found a comfortable temporary home !

I was not treated as a stranger, but a friend. In spite of my weakness, I often took the darling baby from the arms of her weary nurse, laid myself down on the sofa in the darkened drawing-room, and played with the little angel. I really do not know which baby to call the sweetest of all those I met with on my journey round the world, they all were so very sweet and angelic.

The burden of being a mother in the heat of India must be very great, much more so than in more favoured lands. When little babies cannot be sent out of doors, but must be kept in a room day and night, it is very fatiguing for the poor weakened mother, who has herself

constantly to contend with the inconveniences and sufferings of the enervating and oppressive heat; she loses her appetite for strengthening food, and has no recreation in the fresh air, no change from the house to the beauties of nature. Even the pleasures which a garden in front of the house might afford can only be enjoyed in the middle of the night during the worst part of the heat, and the poor little babies are often fretful. They can do less to help themselves in the heat than others; they do not know what ails them, and they cry lustily and fling out their little hands and feet, thereby greatly increasing their sufferings. Poor little things; if they could but understand the simple words, "Keep quiet, darling."

In spite of the inconveniences of the climate, we see the same numerous families of little children in English homes in India, the same tender care and love of fathers and mothers as in English families beneath the cool skies of Britain. The *indefatigable long-suffering* love of English mothers in India reminded me of some of a different quality, whom I had seen in France and America.

One day I made a comical mistake with a "salaam," the usual salutation in India, and which consists in raising a hand up to the forehead. Mr. R., my countryman, sent his servant to me with a message and a "salaam." The Hindoo knew a little English, and I asked him some questions, to which he again and again lifted up his hand to his forehead. At first I was at a loss to know what he meant, but presently I came to the conclusion that his master had a headache. I sat down and wrote a note of sympathy, advising him strongly to nurse himself, and

not to take me out on that day, as the almost unbearable heat would certainly make his headache worse. Some moments after the servant had carried my note, I heard the noise of a carriage, and Mr. Rosenheim stepped in. "What," I said, "in this fearful heat, and with the headache you have!" To this followed an explanation, and it turned out that I had construed the "salaam" he sent me into a headache; but my countryman said he was very much pleased with my kind note of sympathy, and with the mistake.

After spending five days in Delhi, I drove away one evening to Saharunpore, which is the northern railway terminus for the Himalaya Mountains. The Rev. Dr. Keegan, of Delhi, gave me a letter to the Lady Superior of the French convent at Mussoorie, a little town in the Himalaya Mountains, to whom I had already been recommended by the Rev. Father Seraphim. Mr. and Mrs. Moll had a little daughter in that school, for there is no Protestant school in Delhi. They wished me to see their child, and let them know on my return journey how I found her. When I left Delhi I had a very bad sore-throat, and could not speak; but my friends comforted me with the assurance that the pure air of the Himalayas would cure me.

The next day about noon I reached Saharunpore. The Rev. Dr. K. had introduced me to his friend, the telegraph inspector of the district. But this gentleman had left for Lahore in the morning, and I was therefore obliged to make my own arrangements for my further journey. I was told that the post to Rajpore, at the foot of the Himalayas, would start at twelve o'clock at night, so

that I had time to rest. A gentleman of the telegraph office took me to a bungalow, where I found every comfort at a moderate cost. Such bungalows are to be met with in many small and large towns of India. They are for the convenience of the travelling public, and are under the direction and protection of the English government. The tariff is fixed by government, and is very low; the traveller knows everywhere what he has to pay, and is not likely to be cheated. Besides this, the bungalows are quite private, and therefore not so inconvenient as a hotel. They are under the superintendence of native men and women, and are thoroughly comfortable, cool, and particularly clean.

How renovated I felt when I passed from the broiling heat out of doors into the shady bungalow, and found refreshment in a cool room! Every breath did me good, and the very sight of cold water was a blessing. And when the polite old Hindu showed me an adjoining room with a large bath in it, I felt quite poetic, and the thermometer of my drooping spirits rose from one to a hundred.

I then remembered that romance by Goethe, in which the hero, in the midst of the sufferings of consuming heat, expresses his longing for cooling water. The nymph of the stream who extols the delight of the cool waves to the fishermen in such fascinating terms, I saw her here. A nymph was reclining in the bath of the bungalow. She beckoned to me and refreshed me. I rose from the waves a new creature, drank a glass of fresh milk and lay down upon a soft bed of gossamer.

It was twelve o'clock at noon. I had told the old

Hindu to wake me at the right time, and to take me and my chattels to the post-carriage, which was to start for Rajpore at twelve o'clock in the night, and he promised to do so. The bungalow was pretty dark, and I soon fell asleep, for I had not slept the previous night. I slept for many hours, and when I woke it was very dark. I thought the good old man would come and awake me, as he had promised; but nobody came. I had no light, no match, and I could not open the shutters. I became possessed with the notion that I was alone in the large bungalow, and I was frightened. But I did not mean to miss the stage coach, and I dressed myself. Like a blind Jacob, I felt for water, towels, &c., and in so doing tumbled over a heavy jug full of water in the bath-room, and after a series of various small and great misfortunes, I stood there quite equipped and ready. The good old man had not come, and what was I to do? I had a pretty heavy trunk, travelling-bag, &c. Who was to take them to the stage-coach? I took courage, and went to see if the outer door of the bungalow was open. It was; so I stepped into the open air, and stood in the full moonlight, of which I had seen nothing in the dark room. I only knew two words of the Hindu language, and those were "baboo" (merchant) and "salaam" (good morning and good-bye). Not far from the bungalow stood a little house with two windows. I went first to one and then to another, and, as I did not know the name of the good old man, I shouted "salaam" several times, as a sign that I wanted to go, and to pay my bill. Nobody answered my "adien," and fearing that I should miss the stage-coach, I determined to go, and pay on my return. With the greatest trouble I

carried my heavy trunk out of the dark bungalow into the open field. I took my bag and parasol in one hand, and with the other I pushed the trunk along the smooth ground towards the lighted lamps of the railway station in the distance. But the way there seemed to me much farther than it had seemed the day before, when in a comfortable carriage. Pushing the trunk was hard work; it slid badly. I often sat down on my heavy burden and rested. I felt very warm though; the night air was very keen and cold. It is the great contrast between the temperature of the days and nights in India which is so dangerous to the body, enervated by the intense heat of the day. I now shivered from cold; a sudden pain in my throat seemed likely to choke me. My trunk became heavier and heavier, and when I had dragged my burden to the station, two fingers of my right hand were bleeding. But the stage-coach was still there, and when the conductor, a Hindu, saw that I was too hoarse and cold to speak, he procured me a glass of hot milk, for the restaurant was open. One train was just starting to Lahore, and another to Delhi, Agra, and Allahabad.

I paid for my journey to Rajpore, seated myself in the coach, and wrapped myself in my shawl and travelling-rug. My throat was very painful, and my teeth chattered with cold. It was already one o'clock. The passengers were behind time, and the conductor paced up and down impatiently with a lamp giving a feeble light, and breathed on his cold hands to make them warm. It was difficult to believe, after the broiling heat of the day before, that we could be so cold as we now were beneath the self-same sky. Presently a gentleman, warmly wrapped up, came and

paid his fare to Rajpore. I recognised his voice, and my first thought, in spite of my painful hoarseness, was to play the hypocrite, and take the gentleman by surprise. He sat down beside me, but my head was entirely enveloped in my shawl, and he did not recognise me. Two Englishmen also got in and took places opposite to us. We all packed ourselves as best we could, and, although no one spoke, we knew that we were all freezing; our teeth chattered dreadfully. The stage-coach was in a bad condition; the front was open, and the two sides were only partially covered in. As the day broke, it was bitterly cold; nobody showed his face or ventured on a peep into the open air. "Good morning, Mr. Snyder," exclaimed a hoarse voice from a deep recess. Mr. S. looked round, startled, and said, "Is that your voice, Miss W.?" A hoarse "yes," was my answer. "What a pleasant surprise!" he added; "why did you not tell me you were here before?"

Mr. S. was travelling as the agent of the American government, and had come to Calcutta on the steamer *Glenarthney*, on which I had last seen him. The gentleman showed great pity for my hoarse throat, and when we reached the first bungalow, he went and brought a glass of hot milk for each of us, and this he did at all the bungalows we passed.

The early morning was even colder than the night, and, for the first time in India, I was glad to see the sun. I basked myself in his warm beams like a frost-bitten plant.

We were now approaching the Dák bungalow, at the entrance of the picturesque "Mohure Pass," forty miles north of Saharunpore. We already felt the pure air of the

Himalayas. It was a fine bracing morning, and as my coldness decreased in the growing warmth, my spirits rose and my enthusiasm increased. With the rising sun, the most glorious mountains of the world, the loftiest peaks of the earth, rose before me, shrouded in the loveliest blue mist. This day was to be one of the most enjoyable of my journey, and my heart, full of joy in the lap of Nature, delighted in the thought that to-day I should approach those lofty peaks which are the greatest wonders of creation. I gazed and gazed; the tops of the Himalayas were struggling through the transparent vapour. But now we were driving through a charming narrow valley, shut in by a picturesque chain of hills which cut us off from the rest of the world. The wall of rock on the right of this romantic valley is one of the finest masterpieces of artistic Nature, and resembles the solidly built wall of a fortress, although it is merely a long piece of rock. The valley winds along the Sewlick range of hills, between Mohure and Dehra, and is fourteen miles long.

But what a glorious sight met my eyes, at the egress of this romantic valley! A far-stretching chain of lofty inaccessible mountains, their venerable white heads standing out against the azure blue sky in the brilliant cradle of the dazzling sunbeams.

"There they are, the highest peaks of the earth," I said to myself, in the delight of my happy, joyful heart.

It is another seven miles from Dehra to Rajpore. The valley now becomes very wide, and wherever the eye falls, new beauties greet the sight. The colossal pillars, which here so illusively unite heaven and the earth, how

vividly do they bear witness to the omnipotent God ! How can the atheist or scoffer, who sees these proofs of omnipotence, still doubt of the existence of a God ? How can he venture to declare that the whole universe sprang from empty space, without the mandate of a higher power ? How poor and pitiable, how foolish is the man who can see this mighty universe and all its wonders without believing in a Creator !

Arrived in Rajpore, at the foot of the Himalayas, we took a hearty meal in an English hotel. In the pure air of the glorious valley I suffered but little with my hoarseness ; in the charms of nature bodily ills must fade away. A being who is enchanted casts off all mortal suffering. The proprietor of the hotel ordered two comfortable sedans for us, and we were soon being carried by lusty sons of the mountains up to the little town of Mussoorie, which is situated on a peak, seven miles high, of the immense range of the aerial Himalayas. The mountain path was very steep, and there were eight bearers for each sedan, who took turns to carry it, four at a time. The sun, though more endurable than at Saharunpore and Delhi, was nevertheless dreadfully hot in the lower part of the ascent. But the air was cool and pleasant, and the bearers carried their load with evident care. The higher we ascended, the loftier rose the sky and the mountains, the wider our range of vision, the vaster the sea of majestic columns of wild ravines and deep valleys. We had attained to about a height of 5000 feet. In the far distance, at the foot of the eastern chain of mountains I saw the proud head of the sacred stream, the Ganges, a true son of the Himalayas.

The little town of Mussoorie, although small, is much scattered, and embraces several miles. Many houses are at wide distances from each other, some on a height and others on a declivity of this rugged ground, which had been found suitable for a building. This pretty little town, on this lofty height, presents a very charming appearance.

There one lives removed from the everlasting confusion, struggle, and noise of life in the ordinary world, beneath the beautiful wings of the highest and most peaceful battements of the universe.

One of the first buildings in this romantic town is an English hotel, which Mr. S. entered, telling me he was going back the next day, and hoped to meet me at the stage-coach at Rajpore.

"Mr. S.," I replied, "you will not see me in the valley to-morrow; it is too beautiful up here. I must enjoy the glories of the Himalayas for three good days. Therefore I wish you good-bye."

Mr. S. was one of those brisk Americans who do everything on wings. He was taking a scientific journey round the world, and that in a flying tour of only six short months! Whenever I met him, he spoke of haste; he was now still in the north of India, and he intended to be in Alexandria, Egypt, in three weeks. This scientific journey was so exactly mapped out, that he could not spend long enough in any one place to get more than a cursory superficial knowledge respecting it.

My strong bearers carried me without a murmur to the last and highest of the buildings of Mussoorie. This building is an offshoot of the French convent at Agra.

The nuns and pupils live in the winter at the little town of Dehra, in the plains, and at Mussoorie in the summer. The summer however begins early in India; it was only the 20th of March, and already, on account of the great heat, the school had been moved to the Himalayas. The emigration of the nuns and schools going up from Rajpore to Mussoorie formed a long caravan. But an hour before, the priest and Lady Superior of the Institution had arrived, and the bells of the convent chapel were still ringing out the tidings of the arrival of the honoured pair.

Wearisome^a transportations such as this take place everywhere. The work is done by the good-natured natives, who, as I could not but recognise in all countries in the East, are neither more nor less than the wretched slaves of the Europeans and of their own high-caste fellow-countrymen. Fortunately, the lower caste of Hindus are born with the notion that they are the servants and slaves of the higher. India, above every other country of Asia, possesses a class whose regular business it is to serve; it is the destiny of their caste, and they know no better state. They are consequently very humble and patient, easier to govern, and less despotic than other classes of servants who were not born in this narrow faith.

The caste system in India is a truly terrible institution; it is a cruel relic of the despotic idolised rulers and grandees of the past and present, whose best and noblest notions of righteousness, and most exalted ideas of art and knowledge, are combined with the most depraved and shameful precepts of despotism; a strange union!

CHAPTER III.

WE had now reached the highest building of Mussoorie, the French convent, and I sent my letter of introduction to the Lady Superior. The assistant Lady Superior came and led me into the drawing-room, where I found the Lady Superior. I greeted her; but the grand lady, instead of replying to my greeting, looked at me sharply, and said in an excited manner, "Are you a Catholic?" "Yes," I replied. "But you are a Prussian; you are a German," she added angrily. "You belong to that barbarous nation which is ruining France. It is enough for me to know that you are a Prussian, but, besides that, I receive no married or unmarried secular ladies in my convent, and the Bishop of Agra has forbidden me to do so. I am only surprised that the Archbishop of Calcutta and the Rev. Dr. Keegan, of Delhi, should have introduced a secular lady to us."

The ecclesiastical lady who thus spoke to me in so charming and Christian a manner, must, to judge from her appearance have been at least seventy-five years old. A nun came into the drawing-room for a moment, knelt before her, kissed her hand, and in this kneeling posture she

received a few orders from the Lady Superior. As she rose, I bowed politely and left at the moment the Lady Superior was saying something most insulting about the country of my birth.

I felt that I had every right to reply to her in the same strain, but her grey head exhorted me to respect, and I held my tongue.

The assistant Lady Superior, who must have felt that the Lady Superior had grossly insulted me, followed me, and begged me to excuse the venerable mother's rough treatment, adding that she was a Frenchwoman with a very hasty temper, and that it was the fact of my being a Prussian which made her so angry and led her to refuse to show me any hospitality, for she had the right to make exceptions to the rules in receiving or turning away strangers. The assistant Lady Superior was very talkative, and told me further of another reason why the Lady Superior would not receive me. She had heard of my approaching arrival some days before, but there was a German nun from Prussia in the convent, whose brother had taken part in the war against France as a Prussian officer. The war, which had begun eight months before, was still a secret to the German nun. The Lady Superior had intercepted all the letters which her parents in Prussia, and her brother from the seat of war, had forwarded to the convent in India since the outbreak of the war. But lately the brother had written no more, and it was supposed that he was dead. The Lady Superior had issued a stern command that nobody should tell the German nun that war was going on between Prussia and France, and that her brother had taken part in the bloody

struggle. And the Lady Superior was afraid that I should talk too much in the convent, and should let out the secret of the war to the German nun. Such was her second reason for giving me, a secular Prussian lady, no reception.

The assistant Lady Superior, like a regular female gossip, also informed me that the Prussian nun was very highly cultivated, and one of the most useful nuns of the convent. She was suffering from home-sickness, and loved her parents and brother very much, and was very unhappy at not having had any news from home for so long. But the Lady Superior could not give her the letters from her parents and brother which had been kept back; the brother wrote no more, she repeated, and had probably fallen on the field of battle. This the nun was not to know, as she was very useful to the Institution; and her grief at the death of her brother would make her unfit for her occupations, and hinder her in the fulfilment of her duties.

How Catholic, how Christian, and how egotistical, I thought to myself. Roman Catholics are taught to pray for the dead, and here, in a Roman Catholic convent, the death of her only brother is concealed from a poor nun, and she is robbed of the sweet duty of praying for him; and this merely out of absurd selfishness, because of the mourning which would ensue on the revelation of the secret to the poor nun. She is a useful member of the sacred order, and her grief would prejudice the benefit of the convent, derived from her talents as a teacher.

Egotistical, deceitful, Roman Catholic agents!

Such egotism, in defiance of all Christian love and

truth, I had never before met with in Roman Catholic convents.

It is scarcely possible to believe that when the Franco-Prussian war had been going on for eight months, and all the Europeans of the East, with the Japanese, Chinese, Malays, and Hindus were aware of the progress of European affairs, that a poor sister, whose brother was a soldier on the field of battle, actually did not know that such a war was going on in her own country. Yet the matter was exactly as above reported.

In her communicativeness the assistant Lady Superior used several words of double meaning, and it is my belief that the Lady Superior had had *certain* intelligence of the death of the poor nun's brother, but that she kept it a secret. The poor daughter and sister was not to have any mourning; she was not to long after the heavily afflicted old parents, she should not weep nor grieve, nor neglect her duties, but she should work as she had worked hitherto. There were wealthy pupils in the convent; the school, although between sacred walls, was no exception to the usual run of human life. Earthly wealth is struggled for in it; the convent is anxious to heap up riches upon riches. The French Lady Superior hates the Prussians, but a highly cultivated Prussian nun helps to collect together the mammon of this world. She is indispensable, and everything must be done to keep her as she is.

This is Roman Catholic renunciation of the world, Roman Catholic love and truth; and worldly treasures are the chief aspirations of these spiritual women, whilst they are apparently seeking nothing — but God and heaven.

When the assistant Lady Superior had again asked me

if I would forgive the Lady Superior, and I had replied, yes, from all my heart, she told me that in honour of the arrival of the Lady Superior the most precious relics had been brought out, and she invited me to go in and pray.

"No," I replied positively; "I am in no mood to pray. What you have told me concerning my poor country-woman makes me indignant, and grieves me. If I am not worthy, as a secular lady and a Prussian, to be the guest of a spiritual home, a French convent, how can you consider me worthy to enter your chapel, where the most sacred relics are brought out to be worshipped? Here, on this proud and beautiful height," I added, "I see the loftiest point of heaven; I need not enter your chapel and kneel down to your relics, for here I pray to the highest God!" The assistant Lady Superior now understood to whom she was speaking. She went back to the convent ashamed, and I went down the ascent.

The Rev. Father Keegan, of Delhi, had told me that the Lady Superior at Mussoorie was a true Frenchwoman, who was often very excited and hasty, and that she could then be very unjust. As a precaution he had therefore given me a second letter to an English widow, who lived on the hill on which the convent stood, and who received me very warmly.

Here, too, they knew about the poor German nun, and Widow S. told me that the nun often wept and bemoaned not having had any letters from her parents or brother. But the French Lady Superior had exacted a promise from all the Catholics who entered the convent, not to tell the nun that she had received letters from her

parents and brother, and that the latter had joined the army against France.

The widow was also of opinion that the nun's brother was dead. The poor parents, who could not be comforted, would have to wait all their lives for the answer from their mourning daughter. They might write hundreds of letters more, but these would all remain in the hands of the Lady Superior. And if she should die before the poor deceived nun, her successor would do the same. And so, perhaps, the nun's poor old parents might die too, and the beloved daughter never know it.

I made many efforts to see the little daughter of my friends in Delhi, who was in the convent, but I was sent away each time with an excuse and a falsehood; now it was against the rules to see the little girl, now she was somewhere else, but one rule always held good, and that was never to tell the truth.

One day the good widow took me to Mass in the chapel, in the hope of seeing the child. When Mass was over, she pointed the little girl out to me, who was just leaving the chapel, and drew me towards her. But on a sign from the Lady Superior, who had noticed us, a nun took the child away in a great hurry, before our very eyes, and went through the garden into the convent.

But now I have done with this untoward affair at the convent, and return to the beautiful glorious Himalayas. The weather was delicious, the atmosphere cool and pure; no darkened rooms now; no stifling air, like that down in the plains. Up here, I was told, it is never oppressively hot in summer, as there is always plenty of fresh air; and although in the upper atmosphere one sees

nothing but ice and snow, not a flake of snow ever falls in winter in the little town of Mussoorie or on the lower mountains. The winter on this height is very mild and extremely healthy.

In spite of the rough unchristian welcome I had received in the convent, I went to rest with a light heart. I was indeed upon the Himalayas, and felt happy. I had long desired to be where I now was, and what I saw was more than I had expected, — more than I had ever before seen. The grand imposing aspect of the Himalayas is a picture of nature of which the sight of the Alps or of the Pyrenees gives us no idea. I was, as Widow S. expressed it, always in rapture and feverish with delight.

I had quite got rid of my hoarseness, which did not return until I was back in Delhi. It was so pleasantly cool on the Himalayas, that Mrs. S. lighted a little fire in my room. I covered myself over with three blankets and slept — oh, such a delicious sleep. I had not used a blanket for more than a year. I begged Mrs. S. to wake me early, and before retiring I pushed back all the curtains of the windows, so that I might see the first glimmer of the dawn, and not sleep through the sunrise. The widow was a sympathetic woman, and took care of me like a good mother. She was very much annoyed that the Lady Superior had treated me so badly, and she had found out that I had been crying before I came to her house. I was very restless in my sleep, and she thought I had a serious fever, so she and her daughter took it in turns to watch in my room. But my fever was nothing more than the result of the happy excitement of my feelings, to which, as the widow informed me in the morning, I bore witness in

my dreams in a most lively manner. When in the soundest sleep, as Mrs. S. told me, I folded my hands, and said, "Mr. Snyder, it is so beautiful here. I must see the Hima-layas for three good days,—good-bye." I very seldom talk in my sleep, but my mother had noticed, even at home, that if I had been much excited, I dreamt very vividly, and sometimes spoke very distinctly.

After I had vented my joy in my dream, I slept on quietly, and my fever disappeared. It was not necessary to wake me. I dressed myself in the morning twilight, went to a lofty point of view, not far from the widow's villa, and awaited the sunrise. The effulgent orb rose behind a lofty mountain, which, according to my estimation, was at least from 5000 to 6000 feet higher than the Pan-gerango, in Java. But this mountain peak in the east looked small beside the high and yet higher towering mountains of the north. The sun seemed to find it difficult to rise above the colossal heights. For about half an hour I saw nothing but a diameter of glowing beams; the orb itself was still behind the gigantic mountains. The silvery white sea of snow on the highest peaks swam in the glory of the dawn, forming one wide expanse of dazzling light beneath the blue canopy of the beautiful sky. How loftily, how majestically towered the glistening surging fields upon each pillar! I was still standing in the shadow in the tranquil undisturbed morning mist. How exalted was the scene! above me an ocean of glory, the orb of light yet hidden behind the colossal structures of the mountains, and below me the vast green world of shadows. With every breath I drank in the holy joy of sacred nature. My position that morning on the height

I had chosen was the most beautiful beneath the far stretching firmament.

Come, marvellous orb, above those mighty giants! come, descend into our world!

It rises, and rises, and now it rests upon the shoulders of the Colossus; it rises higher, and now it has reached its summit. A running wave of light flows rapidly down the sides of the mountains; the height on which I am standing is illuminated, and the shadows retreat ever lower down into the valley.

In the Himalayas I was possessed by the strange feeling of being outside the world, on the boundary-wall between heaven and earth. It seemed to me that I heard the noise of men in the distance, but that noise was far, far away.

I went from the height back to the villa, and said to Mrs. S., "The sun is gone down into the world; I saw it climb up the peak there in the east, and descend to the depths of the valley." The good widow laughed, and was pleased to see me so happy.

I was most anxious to climb the "Kinchinjanga," or the "Dhawalaghiri," to see how far I still was from heaven.

It was behind this mighty gulf — behind the eternal sea of snow of these giant mountains, which tower some 28,000 feet, perhaps even more, into the regions of the air — that the first human race is stated to have appeared.

After breakfast Mrs. S. took me to a lofty point. The weather was extremely clear, and I obtained a view some hundreds of miles in extent. But I ever longed to attain to a yet loftier height, and when I had reached it, I

wished to climb still further. There, too, I discovered new peaks, and above them more airy pinnacles.

"Am I not happy?" I kept repeating to my hostess; "am I not happier than all the kings and queens of Europe, for none of them have seen the Himalayas, none of them have *stood so high in the world as I?*"

Mrs. S., who had an accurate geographical knowledge of the far-stretching heights, pointed out to me the direction of the Cashmere valley, on the north-west, where, as the children of men suppose, Adam lived with Eve, so that I had a glimpse towards the birthplace of the ancestral pair of all mankind. There I saw a glowing mass of snow, the summit of which was lost in the loftiest clouds, such as form the silvery crown of I know not how many mountains. The Cashmere valley, as an English traveller told me, is a fertile corner of the world, and is one hundred miles long by sixty wide.

According to tradition, Cashmere was once a lake, shut in all round by mountains. An earthquake rent open the wall of rock, the water of the lake flowed away through the opening in the mountain, and a few little streams and pools remained behind in the valley. An evergreen field now occupies the site of the former lake, a blooming Paradise, decked with roses, narcissus flowers, violets, &c. Beautiful heights, with splendid trees, bound the valley, and above this glorious Eden, in a thousand fantastic forms, rise the heroes of nature, with a dazzling breast-work of eternal snow.

As Abul Jazl tells us, there are no less than 12,000 rock-cut caves in the heart of the Himalaya mountains, decorated with the most beautiful sculptures and plaster-

work. These caves form the town of Baumian. In one of them is a sepulchre containing a sarcophagus in which is buried the body of a man, but who this man was when alive the oldest native does not know ; for all that, however, all the inhabitants of the neighbouring districts reverence his corpse. In this town of Baumian, a temple richly decorated with carvings and paintings was discovered cut into the living rock. A Persian tradition indicates this region as the abode of the progenitors of mankind.

The Brahmins, when they pray, turn themselves with superstitious reverence towards the city of Baumian, towards the north of the Himalayas. The Mahommedans, as I saw, turned towards the east, towards the city of Mecca. So that the superstitions of the two sects differ but little from each other.

The Himalayas extend right across the north of India, and form the boundary between that country and Thibet. On the journey between Saharunpore and Rajpore I saw a few Thibetans who were coming direct from their native land. They much resembled the Chinese of Northern China ; they were of comely appearance, and their manners were very polite. They wore costumes of some coarse woollen material, and seemed to be very mild, good-humoured people. A road leads to China across the Himalayas and through Thibet, which is, however, of very little use as yet. The Chinese who live in the frontier districts are described as very shy and wild.

As I lay in bed the second night I heard a distant howl, and Mrs. S. told me it was the voice of leopards, which not rarely approached quite close to the houses of Mussoorie, especially in the winter time.

The next morning, after I had again watched the orb of day rise from behind the Colossus in the east, I visited Captain Gordon, the famous hunter of the Himalayas, with Mrs. S.

This bold courageous Englishman had already brought down many tigers and other wild beasts, and in his residence I saw the choicest collection of wild beasts' skins. One of the most beautiful tiger-skins he ever obtained adorns the cabinet of the King of Italy.

Captain Gordon has rare courage, even for a hunter; he pursues the dreadful creatures up the steepest heights and cliffs, and for years he has met with no accident in this venturesome life. Every hunter, however, has not such good fortune, and on the day on which I arrived at Mussoorie, an English officer died, who had been so dreadfully torn by a wounded tiger, that he lay for seven days in his death agony, and yielded up his spirit after the most heartrending sufferings.

Mussoorie is a station to which the English military resort for health. Two officers who had come here to recruit, went out on a tiger hunt. They found a huge tiger and fired at him. One shot struck, the other missed its mark. The wounded animal, in foaming rage, sprang upon the pursuers, and, as already related, tore one of them so dreadfully that he died of his wounds in indescribable agony.

The tiger would no doubt have torn the unfortunate man to pieces, had not his friend struck the beast on the wounded place with a second well-aimed shot. I was told that the torn body of the wounded man presented a most horrible sight.

The Himalayas are the home of wild elephants, tigers, bears, leopards, apes, &c., and many of the most beautiful species of birds.

Once, when I was standing on a high mountain, I was surprised by the apparition of a Himalaya pheasant, whose gleaming feathers have more numerous and beautiful colours than the rainbow. I was quite overwhelmed with the beauty of the bird, in the rays of the sun, and burst into a cry of delight. On the Himalayas everything which I saw was lovely and sweet, and everything I tasted was delicious.

Every morning I went down a hill near the villa and drew a cup of sparkling water from a bubbling well, bringing it back to the breakfast-table with delight. And then how inviting was everything which the good widow set before her guest! Fresh milk, fresh butter, the most delicious cream and cheese, home-made bread with crisp crust, roasted chicken or mutton. Fresh cream, good milk and butter I had not tasted since I left the prairies of America. And everything was reared and prepared by the widow herself and her servant, an innocent mountain lad. The latter was the baker and butcher; Mrs. S. had her own cows, goats, sheep, lambs, and chickens; and of game and other feathered fowls, there is a superfluity on the Himalayas. In the garden near the villa grew vegetables, salad herbs, &c. The widow and her daughters lived peacefully and happily; they seldom went down into the world, and Mrs. S. told me that she would not change her little Eden on the Himalayas for any princely castle of Europe.

Mrs. S. was the widow of an English officer who lost his

life in the massacre of 1857 at Lucknow. She had a small property, and received a good pension from the English government. After her daughters left school, she retired from Lucknow to the Himalayas, and chose Mussoorie for her home. In order to remain *au fait* of all that was going on in the near and distant world, she takes in several Indian and English newspapers, and her library is supplied with the best books.

On the third day, the last of this never-to-be-forgotten and charming visit, I did not want to lose an instant. I wished to spend every moment in the mild, blue air of the Himalayas. Truly in no district of the whole wide world had I found the air so deliciously fragrant and of such a rare and pretty blue as here on the Himalayas. And the blue mist was so pure and clear, that it did not interfere in the least with the view in the distance; on the contrary, it was good for the eyes in the glare of the sun, acting, as I said, as blue spectacles to protect the sight. On the last day I undertook a long excursion to the *higher heights*, and saw hundreds and thousands of different forms and waves of the endless ocean of mountains, valleys, and ravines. Here, in the heart of some mighty pillar, the most awful abyss; there, a giant with a mountain on either shoulder, a wildly dashing brook on his right, a green flower-clad valley on his left, a terrible hump upon his back, and an enormous column surmounted by a brilliant crown upon his head.

From every green valley rises a hero pressing to his breast a young Goliath, lifting his arms to the sky and leaning against its silvery grey clouds. Another giant stands by in full armour; what a mighty Colossus! he

stretches his feet, thousands of ells long, down into the valley beneath ; his whole body is covered with wounds, with broken bones, whilst the crystal locks of his reverend head are concealed behind the horizon.

A whole army of such giants ! mountain above mountain, rocks above rocks, piled up in marvellous profusion in the blue air ; dark thickets of old shady trees clothe the hills from the depths of the ravines to the very foot of the glacier. **Mighty** waterfalls dash down from the clefts of the rocks into the awful chasms. Wild mountain brooks rush stormily through the lovely green meadows, whilst many little baby streamlets run by in humble timid loneliness. High up I saw hundreds of isolated rocks, bounded by no ravines, no chasms, no valleys, with their summits rent and splintered and their mighty ribs laid bare. Other solitary rocks bent their broken heads towards the deep precipices. I stood upon the edge of an awful abyss, whose fearful bosom resembled a hell. From the steep perpendicular sides dashed a stormy stream ; from its gaping throat a young giant rose into the upper world. In another place I saw one pyramid piled upon another, and upon the highest stood a snowy mountain which reared its silvery head to the vault of heaven above.

What startling alternations ! what wild magnificence ! I was standing at least 10,000 feet above the earth, and from here how much higher I must yet look to see the loftiest peaks of the world ! And on every side what a manifold picture of exalted power and skill ! Mountains and peaks, pyramids and towers, valleys and ravines, hills and rocks, alternating in a thousand changing forms ; what majestic disorder ! How artistically finished is this wild and beautiful

picture! I once stood upon the "Pic du Midi," in the Pyrenees, and I thought then that I could enjoy no more beautiful view on earth. Yet what I once saw from the "Pic du Midi" is but a miniature picture of the panorama which I now saw from the Himalayas. But the scene I paint for the reader with my feeble pen, what is it to the reality!

He who sees the Himalayas, he who sees this stronghold, of the Creator, must believe in a God. Even if his tongue deny the existence of that God, his heart *must* believe. The wicked world and godless men of science have much book learning, but when they deny God and His omnipotence, they know nothing. There are many fools who tell us God did not create the world, but none of them tell us who did create it. On my journey I met a clever and accomplished atheist, who told me everything had been evolved out of vapour. I asked him out of what the vapour had proceeded, and he had no reply to make. But as we have got so far already, and have heard that everything proceeded from vapour, those who deny a God and Creator will soon find out for us now, and will tell us from what vapour proceeded. But even then, when they have told us that, they still know nothing and can tell us nothing. Foolish wise men, who deny God and who consider themselves the heroes of the intellect, cannot create a single lifeless stone. The beginning of time, the creation of the world and all of us who dwell upon this earth, are insoluble riddles, known to the Creator alone. Throughout all periods of human existence the most ingenious intellects have striven to penetrate this secret, and in vain; it belongs to the Deity, and no mortal will ever attain to the truth. Men of

science all dive to a certain depth, and then — thus far and no farther. Wise fools! So that to-day we really know no more than others knew a thousand years ago. Yes, even after all the osteological and geological fêtes of this enlightened century, the secrets of humanity, of heaven and earth, remain as far off, and as deeply hidden as in the first century. For all that *savants* say against the existence of a God and the omnipotence of the Creator are but empty conjectures which lack every proof of truth. When a wise man of the West says there is no God, he says and knows just as much as a Siamese sage, who teaches the existence of a whole regiment of gods. I conversed with many wise fools, I heard the most profane speeches and doctrines of the most presumptuous deniers of a God, but nothing could destroy in me the results of the teaching of a religious mother. My second teacher was Nature; in Nature, in that most holy temple of the mysterious and marvellous creation, I found that God of whom my mother had taught me from my cradle. In Nature I recognised omnipotence, and I learnt to believe in the immortality of the soul, in heaven, and eternity; and I shall believe until death in the God in whom I believed as a child.

How poor is man who can gaze upon Nature and still doubt, who lives but to vanish for ever, who never has a higher aim, who never learns to know a nobler ambition; *how poor is such a man!*

Ah, reader, how painful to me was my departure from the Himalayas! Three such happy exquisite days; three fête days on the Himalayas, red letter days of my life. On the fourth day, after once more admiring the apparition

of the marvellous orb of day, I bade my dear hostess and her daughters farewell. The kind-hearted lady gave me her own and her children's photographs, and surprised me with a present of a magnificent and beautiful stuffed Himalaya pheasant, just like the brother bird I had admired in the blue air, when standing with Mrs. S. on a lofty height. The present gave me the greatest pleasure, and is a much-valued *souvenir* of my dear hostess and her peaceful home on the glorious Himalayas, where I was so happy.

Warmly I pressed the hand of the good widow, and as the cheery bearers carried me away from the villa, I kissed my hand to her with tears of gratitude.

“So leb denn wohl, du stilles Haus,
Ich zieh betrübt von dir hinaus,
Und find ich einst das grösste Glück,
Ich denke doch an dich zurück.”

How solemn and festive and how bitterly sweet was this morning! For the last time I gazed upon the glorious Himalayas, which now will live for ever in my mind. We came lower and lower, and alas! how heavy grew my heart. With what delight and with what pain I looked back again and yet again for one last look! I had picked a number of beautiful large leaves upon the Himalayas; I wrote the date and a little verse under each, and sent some to my friends, preserving the others as a *souvenir* of the sweetest period of my long voyage. Really in those three days I was inspirited and happy in the highest degree.

Once down again in the ordinary world, I reached the hotel at Rajpore, and engaged a seat in the post-chaise for the journey back to Saharunpore. Two gentlemen, who saw me in the distance, came to meet me and shook hands.

They were Messrs. Palmer and Curtis, of New York, whom I had met a fortnight before on my return from Benares. They had arrived at Mussoorie only the day before, and were already going back. I chid them for not paying the beautiful Himalayas a longer visit. I heard from them that they had met the first American gentleman, with whom I had come from Saharunpore to Mussoorie, in the first-named place, from which he was going to Bombay. I call that rapid travelling, but one cannot enjoy or learn much in it.

At ten o'clock in the morning we left Rajpore. In the post-chaise sat the two Americans and I, with Captain Gordon, the celebrated hunter of the Himalayas. When I came down from the proud heights into the valley, I was as healthy as a fish, but when back again in the heat of the lower world, my complaint returned. What had been cured in the lofty healthy atmosphere of the Himalayas, was brought on again by the oppressive air of the plains, and when I got to my friends in Delhi the next morning, I was as hoarse and unwell as I was when I started for the north.

As we passed along the Sewlick range of hills we saw many wild apes close to the path. They had long bodies and enormously long tails. They looked at us in a mocking and insolent manner, and following us in threes or fours, from one tree to another, threw stones back after our carriage. Monkeys are certainly the most hideous of all animals that resembles man: a pleasant idea, that suggested to us by Mr. Darwin!

Late in the evening we reached Saharunpore. During the drive I had told the incident of the night when I

was left in the darkness of the bungalow, and had no opportunity to pay my reckoning.

On our arrival we went to the same bungalow and took dinner. The good old Hindu came to me, laughing, and I paid him what I owed him. Captain Gordon entertained us with some very interesting anecdotes of his hunter's life in the wild ravines and abysses of the Himalayas. This hunter is of gigantic stature, and every movement of his body is full of elasticity and power; he has the appearance of the most robust health, and was full of the merriest wit and humour.

Captain G. and the two American gentlemen started for Lahore at one o'clock in the morning. At half-past twelve the gentlemen went to the telegraph office with me, and I let my friends in Delhi know that I should start at midnight, and should arrive there the next day.

I arrived in Delhi at five o'clock in the morning, and Mr. Moll met me at the station. Mrs. Moll and her pretty baby were ill in health from the great heat, and so was I. And yet people called this terrible enervating heat only the beginning of the hot season. Judging, therefore, from what India was in March, it must be an awful furnace in the summer. I rested, if it could be called resting in such a scorching atmosphere, for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Moll were extremely good to me. The poor baby cried a great deal, and I pitied the little angel and her dear mother from my heart. The ayah, a young Hindu girl, also went about in a languid listless manner, and was not of much use to her mistress.

Mr. and Mrs. Moll were indignant at hearing that the Lady Superior had treated me in such a harsh and un-

friendly manner, and had refused to let me see their little daughter. Mr. Moll at once wrote to the Lady Superior and expressed his dissatisfaction in the strongest terms. But the letter was hardly sent to the post when Mrs. Moll received one from her little daughter. "This letter is not from my child," said Mrs. Moll, when she had read the lines through; "a child of seven years old cannot write like this; the letter is the sweet well-considered dictation of conventual smartness." The innocent child told her mother how grieved she had been not to see the dear German lady who had come from her mother in Delhi, but the dear lady had always wished to see her at a time when the rules of the convent did not permit her to leave her lessons. The letter was untrue, for I was close to the child in the chapel, and she was taken away on a sign from the Lady Superior. Throughout the lines of their innocent child Mr. and Mrs. Moll recognised the lying dictation of a nun, and Mr. Moll at once wrote a second letter to the Lady Superior, and told her that he wished his child to learn truth, and to have truth dictated to her, not lies, otherwise he would be compelled to have her sent home. He would have done so at once, but there was no Protestant school in Delhi, and it was not desirable to take her away from the Himalayas in the great heat. The child's letter did not surprise me, for since I had been in the convent at Augsburg, in Bavaria, I have firmly believed that truth is no principle of Catholic convents, and no principle of conventual education. In plain language, the virtue of truth does not exist in convents, and the most beautiful doctrines of Christ are not followed. Convents have their own laws, and only that is said which is to the advantage

of the convent. Much may be found in convents, but truth can never be found there.

The day before I left, my hostess invited the Rev. Father Keegan to tea, and I could not avoid telling him how the Lady Superior at Mussoorie had treated me, and how the poor German nun was deceived and imposed upon.

"That is conventual," said the gentleman, in a dissatisfied tone; "that is quite conventual."

The Rev. Dr. Keegan was, as I have already stated, very liberal minded, and a true Catholic; he thought it no crime to sit at table and pray with Protestants, and I told him with readiness of all the sufferings I had endured through the bigotry and fanaticism of some people I met, and in consequence of the severe rules and fasts in some convents. The conversation was as amusing, as interesting, and finally the Rev. Dr. Keegan spoke of a German convent in Allahabad. He told me the Lady Superior there would certainly receive me better than the Lady Superior at Mussoorie had done. On further inquiry I learnt that the German convent in Allahabad was the same as that about which Madame Amalie von Engel, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, had told me something five years before, when I was her guest. The convent at Allahabad belonged to the same order as that in which I had stayed at Augsburg. Madame Amalie von Engel had been a true and motherly friend to me, and I was very fond of her. I knew that she took great interest in the progress of the convent at Allahabad, and I determined to visit it, so that I might be able to tell her something which would interest her on my return to Frankfort. The Rev. Dr. Keegan recommended me to the Lady Superior, and gave me a

letter to the Jesuit father, the Rev. Mr. Francis, of Allahabad, and another to the Jesuit Father, the Rev. Mr. Cooke, of Bombay.

On the 24th of March I left my good friends in Delhi. The poor baby was ill, and her mother was in great trouble.

My countryman, Mr. R., presented me with two pairs of the beautiful snow-white dancing pigeons, of which one sees hundreds in the Delhi markets.

The pretty little creatures gave me a great deal of pleasure. Mr. R. had clipped their wings, and they could not fly away. I was alone in my carriage, so I let them out of their cage, and they danced about as nicely as possible.

I passed Cawnpore, and wished to avail myself of the opportunity of seeing the chief scene of the dreadful massacre of 1857.

But when I stepped out of the carriage into the full light of the glowing sun, I lost all energy. Fortunately I saw two gentlemen, a German and an Englishman, whom I had previously met in Agra, and I screwed up courage to go with them to the English cemetery. Near the cemetery is the beautiful and melancholy monument, beneath which rest thirty English women and children who were murdered by the Sepoys in the massacre of 1857. I stood for a long time before the monument, and turned away with emotion from the angelic figure holding the palms of peace.

I left Cawnpore the same evening, reached Allahabad early the next morning, and drove to the convent of St. Marie, which is about three miles outside of the town.

I gave the Lady Superior Marie von Hoffmann the letter of introduction from the Rev. Dr. K. of Delhi. The Lady Superior told me that she had lately, with the approval of her spiritual adviser, established a rule to receive no married lady, but as I was not married, she would consider whether she could receive me. I then told her that I was a friend of the Lady Superior Amalie von Engel, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and that my wish to bring her the latest news of the progress of the convent on my return home had induced me to interrupt my journey and to call at the convent. To my great grief I had now to learn that my good friend was dead; the Lady Superior of Allahabad had had news of her death two months previously. I felt very sad, for the dear lady who was gone had shown me much kindness and affection, and in her position as the superior of a Catholic convent she was a Catholic of *rare* qualities and great liberality. I say *rare*, for she loved truth as the highest virtue, and truth in convents is a very rare virtue; besides, she had always spoken kindly to me regarding Protestants, and in her opinions and judgments had shown a very liberal spirit. As my friend was no more, I could tell her nothing on my return home, and I saw no reason for remaining in the convent at Allahabad. I was indeed very tired; the dreadful heat and the night journey had quite exhausted me. But the Lady Superior Marie von Hoffmann treated me very coldly, and her way of speaking discouraged me from staying. My carriage was waiting at the door, and I prepared to drive back to the station. The Lady Superior, however, after keenly examining my appearance, seemed to form a favourable judgment, and

just as I was leaving, she begged me to excuse her coldness, and to stay one day and rest. Whether this sudden change was the result of natural feeling or any egotistical afterthought I do not know. I stayed, and the consequences of my doing so were numerous.

The Lady Superior Marie von Hoffmann took me into a dark, cool room; I fed my dear little pigeons, after which they danced and promenaded about in the bath-room adjoining my room; I took a pleasant bath, ate and drank a refreshing meal, and went to bed.

The Catholic bishop of Allahabad had returned from the council at Rome on this very day, and in the evening a grand reception was given in the German convent in his honour. It was fearfully hot, and the fête did not begin until late in the evening. The entrance to the convent and the building itself were brilliantly illuminated, and on the arrival of the bishop and the priesthood, I heard joyful music and singing. I could not sleep; I dressed myself and went into the garden close to the convent. Nearly all the nuns of the convent were German. Many fellow-countrywomen passed by me, but none of them seemed to notice me; not one of them told me the reason of the nocturnal fête, and I learnt it from the native servants who arranged the lights and looked after the numerous burning lamps about the garden and convent. Here I realized once more that I was the guest of a convent, and treated as a secular lady, unworthy to take part in a festivity of spiritual men and women. As the guest of a family, I was everywhere esteemed and honoured, and took part in all the enjoyments of the family. But in convents it was different,

and as I had already long known the egotistical spirit of the elect children of God in convents before I came to the German convent of Allahabad, this oversight of me at the fête gave me no particular pain.

The next day the Bishop wished to see the German lady, and I asked him if the fête had pleased him. He then inquired why I had not appeared at it, and I told him I had received no invitation to do so. At this remark the Lady Superior, who had brought his Lordship to me, looked very much annoyed.

Unfortunately I cannot forbear from here expressing my great abhorrence of the divine honours paid to the Lady Superior of the German convent at Allahabad, and the servile submission of the poor sisters. Here I saw again how my own fellow-countrywomen, how the poor lay-sisters of the convent who did the menial work, approached the Lady Superior on their knees, and with folded hands. I saw how they kissed her hands, when they approached her, and received the commands of their idolised mistress with heads bent in reverence. Then the mighty lady again stretched out her *sacred* hand to be kissed; the poor sisters kissed it with closed eyes, rose from their knees with folded hands, and bending low, left their goddess. "The same thing here," I said to myself, "as at the convent of the Angelic Sisters at Augsburg," the sister convent of the one where I was now staying. I cannot help feeling indignant when observing the domineering pride, the haughty position attained by Christian women who leave the world and wear the veil of renunciation. What a mockery of the teaching of a humble Christ!

Allahabad, with the beautiful bye-name of the "City of God," contains little of interest; I drove once through the town, and what I saw deserves no description. The town is situated near the banks of the Jumna; the inhabitants, formerly Mahomedans, are now mostly Brahmins. Allahabad is of importance merely as a central point of the traffic of the Eastern, Western, and Northern lines of the East Indian Railway.

In this neighbourhood and on the entire route to Bombay there are a great many parrots; I often saw from fifty to one hundred fly out of a single tree or bush. I carried quite a young parrot away with me from Allahabad, which I had taken out of a nest in the garden of the convent.

The Lady Superior Marie von H. seemed from her manner to gain confidence in me, and she prevailed upon me to remain a day longer. Through her I became acquainted with a German merchant of Allahabad, who introduced me to a friend in Jubbulpore. When I left Allahabad on the third day, the Lady Superior apparently liked me, her language being very sweet and flattering. She offered me a little box of Indian curiosities, and gave me a letter to his Lordship the German Bishop of Bombay, as well as a recommendation to the Lady Superior of the convent of St. Joseph, in that city, and other letters to several spiritual ladies at various convents of the Angelic Sisters in Bavaria. I cannot refrain from adding a word or two respecting the inhuman, cruel rule existing in the German convent at Allahabad and in others, viz., not to receive and give shelter to married women. They are looked upon as beings made impure

by marriage and by motherhood, and unworthy to live under the same roof inhabited by their "virgin" fellow-sisters. Maybe this last paragraph is sufficient to show the inhumanity, the horror of this rule in all its dimensions. Dear reader, be you man or woman, if you love the mother who has borne you in sorrow, what have you to say, what do you feel in reading this? As for myself, I could not express my indignation against the women and men who have established such a rule in any human tongue, and if such a rule did but exist in one convent on earth, this one and all others, for reason of its abominable example, should be razed to the ground.

But, as I have learned in different convents at home and abroad, it is the inhuman, the "wicked policy" of many virgin nuns to exhibit in their look and speech, and in presence of their weak-minded pupils, a "seemingly pious" contempt for married women—in order to win the unmarried for their *so-called* "holy cause." From this we must naturally draw the conclusion, that they abhor their own mothers, who have lived according to the holy laws of God and nature.

Allahabad is about midway on the route from Calcutta to Bombay. The journey to Jubbulpore takes seven hours. The heat was unbearable; every traveller had a bottle of water, but it was so hot in the carriage that the water soon became undrinkable. At every station we had our bottles filled, and fastened them outside the carriage, that the draught might keep the water cool enough for us to have at least one drink before our arrival at the next station. I wore a wet cloth on my head, and sat, quite unnerved by the heat, looking like a mummy. The carriage

was as hot as an oven; my face and hands and my linen travelling dress were burning hot. I was told that there would soon be coffins at all the principal stations of India standing ready to receive the dead bodies of those who should die of the great heat in the carriages, and in the summer the dead are often, as I am told, very numerous. I can easily believe it, after having experienced the March sun in India. I cannot call existing in such heat living, but languishing, and this wretched enervation is not only bad for the health, but for the mind. My hoarseness was again very severe, and an English doctor told me I should not be able to stand the Indian climate much longer, and he advised me to travel to Bombay as quickly as possible, where the sea air would do me good. I had previously had nervous fever in my own home, and a weakness in my throat and voice had resulted therefrom, so that I was liable to become hoarse easily. But I never felt this weakness so much anywhere as in the interior of India. The air there is so dry, that the skin is always quite rough and never moist, so that it loses all elasticity.

My introduction in Jubbulpore was to the manager of Kellner's Private Hotel, who received me very kindly. His wife was an amiable Englishwoman, and her kindness led me to remain a few days longer than I had at first intended, for she wished me to enjoy a good rest and to get rid of my hoarseness. Here, too, I found the house and room darkened, and at the door of every sleeping-room, and in the drawing and dining-rooms, sat or stood servants who worked the punkahs.

NERBUDDA.

The aim of my journey to Jubbulpore was to see the celebrated marble rocks of the Nerbudda river, at Behra Ghât, twelve miles from the town of Jubbulpore. Mrs. K. was kind enough to arrange an excursion to Behra Ghât, and this gave me an opportunity of seeing the rare beauty of the Indian moon, which was now at the full. A moonlight night beneath an Indian sky has its special charms; nowhere is the firmament of a clearer or purer blue; nowhere are the constellations grander than in India. The blue vault of heaven seemed to be higher above the earth there than in any other spot in the East or in the West.

At ten o'clock in the evening our little party left Jubbulpore; and at midnight we stood upon the banks of the romantic river Nerbudda, at the Behra Ghât. An English officer, Captain M., and one of our party, hired a boat, and the gondola left the shore in the most glorious moonlight. Easily we glided over the still water, the high white gleaming marble rocks on either side reflected in its clear depths. The Nerbudda winds through a long unbroken marble chain of hills, the fantastic rocks of which, in the ever-changing light and shade, formed the most deceptive pictures. Here, in the full glory of the moonbeams, rose a stately palace; there, in the shadow, a majestic dome or a tower with a cupola; and the moon shone so clearly and brightly that we could see and read as well as if we were seated near a lighted oil-lamp. A truly solemn silence reigned upon the river, and for some time none of us spoke. Often a sudden bend in the river brought our boat into the full light of the moon, and the effect of the quivering

reflection of the gondola upon the white marble of the rocks was fairy-like. It reminded me of nothing so much as the changing scenes of a magic lantern — the delight of all children. And now, after remaining for a time in the most illusive light, a fresh turn brought us once more into the solemn shadow; here and there a wild bird roused by the splash of the rudder, rose from its nest in the marble heights and hovered, bewildered, about our boat. Truly every pulse of the lover of romance is stirred by a moon-light boating excursion, and my spirit was fascinated by the sweet mysterious beauty of the scene — it made my heart beat quickly, I longed to give vent to my feelings in poetry — but I could not.

The spacious firmament, studded with thousands of gem-like stars, the smiling moonbeams, the gentle ripple of the stream as the gondola cleft its transparent waters, with the dragon-flies skimming the surface of the river, and the images of the silvery marble heights, moving softly in its mirror, set in the framework of the solemn night, combined to form a picture of unrivalled nocturnal beauty. Gently, silently sped the gondola to the end of the stream, and as silently made its way back again. We had cruised about for a good hour altogether, our little vessel passing now through narrow, now through wide passes between the marble rocks. Would that the scene could have been fixed on canvas by some painter's hand, as it was on that night; would that we, our boat, the silvery mountains, the blue diamond-studded sky, and the gentle moon could have been perpetuated for all as for us!

We refreshed ourselves with some fresh milk in a cosy little bungalow on the banks of the Nerbudda, and in the

early twilight our horses galloped back with us to Jubbulpore. An hour after our return, I rode to the station on an elephant, accompanied by Mr. R., who was so kind as to see after my ticket, give me a basket full of provisions, and put me under the care of the guard of the train, that I might not want for fresh water by the way.

I started from Jubbulpore in bright and happy spirits; but the next night one of my dear little pigeons died, a pretty little wife, and the best dancer of the four. The rash little creature had flown into my bath at Jubbulpore, and the water being cold and the pigeon heated, it had taken a chill. I did all I could for it, but in vain; my dear little pigeon died.

The poor bereaved husband went about mourning and looked piteously at me. I was sad too, and I had not the heart to throw away the little corpse. An Englishman, noticing my grief, offered to give my pigeon decent burial, and when the train stopped towards evening, for the passengers to take supper, he went with me to the station garden, carrying the corpse, and we buried my poor little pigeon beneath a rose-bush. So that I had the comfort of having the innocent little creature buried with proper respect.

I noticed but little of interest between Jubbulpore and Bombay; everywhere the vegetation was parched and brown, waiting for the refreshing rain which still held back. The line runs over the plateau of the Ghauts bounding the western coast of India, and is 2,000 feet in height.

In the afternoon of the second day we approached Bombay, and I inhaled the cool bracing salt sea breeze which blew from the no-longer distant ocean. We all roused ourselves from our listless attitudes, and the spirits of the whole party rose perceptibly.

It affords me great pleasure to remark here that the English railway officials all over India were very polite to me, and that the best arrangements are made at all the stations for the accommodation of ladies. In short, I was made very comfortable everywhere. There are private ladies' rooms open day and night, under the care of respectable female servants, at all the principal stations. When a train arrives at night, a lady, instead of being compelled to go to a hotel, can very well remain in one of these rooms; and if she wishes to start in the early morning, or at night, she can go to these rooms in the evening, and wait there until the train starts. Padded sofas are provided in the waiting-rooms, and in connection with them there are dressing-rooms and cool-bath-rooms. Food will also be procured, if required, by the servants in the ladies' rooms. There is no charge for the use of the rooms or for attendance, the servants being in the pay of the railway company, but it is usual for travellers to give a fee to the women who wait upon them.

I have already remarked above that Indian railway carriages are not well kept, and are not made sufficiently comfortable for such a hot climate. These disadvantages were, however, more than made up to me by the privileges I enjoyed as a lady travelling alone. I had now traversed the greater part of India, and was fortunate enough to be

able to say that neither from natives nor Europeans did I ever receive a single insult ; indeed a respectable lady, under English or American protection, is always sure to be respected and well cared for.

A friend of Mr. Ball was a passenger in the same train with me, and when we arrived at Bombay he had my luggage taken to a carriage, and directed the Hindu coachman to drive to the convent of St. Joseph, at Fort Chapel.

The woman who answered the door at the convent took my name to the Lady Superior, to whom I sent my letters of introduction, begging for an interview. I must add that his Lordship the Catholic Bishop of Bombay, who came from Berlin, and the Rev. Father Cooke, both members of the Jesuit order, lived in the same buildings at Fort Chapel, the nuns occupying one half, the fathers the other. The chapel was on the same floor on the right of the entrance.

After I had waited a good hour in the carriage, the Lady Superior had me asked into the parlour, and told me she had not been able to come before, as she had been at prayers. After this excuse she surprised me with the question : " Did not the Lady Superior Marie von Hoffmann, of Allahabad, as she tells me in her letter, give you a large packet of music for me ? Will you give it to me — I have already been waiting for it a whole year ? " I was very much worn out after the long hot journey, and told the Lady Superior the music was in my trunk in the carriage, that I was too tired to get it out at that moment, but would do so as soon as I opened my trunk.

As the Lady Superior said nothing of the further con-

tents of the letter, I ventured to remark, "The Lady Superior at Allahabad told me that you would receive ladies for payment," and I added a request that I should be allowed to remain for a few days, observing at the same time that I had in my possession a letter of recommendation from the right reverend Archbishop of Calcutta, besides letters to his Lordship Bishop Meurin and the Rev. Father Cooke.

The Lady Superior told me, his Lordship was not at home, and that there was no vacant room in the convent. But she gave me to understand that she had another convent under her direction outside the town, and it was very possible that I might be received there on the usual terms. She then apologised for not being able to offer me any refreshment, saying that it was the holy fasting season, she had therefore no stock of provisions by her. Finally she wrote a few lines to the Lady Superior of the other convent, and I drove there. As I reached the carriage, the woman who had let me in came and told me if I should not be received there, to come back again to the Lady Superior at Fort Chapel.

The other convent was several miles off, but I got on no better there than in the first. The Lady Superior—so said the woman at the door—was in *Retreat*; she was forbidden to disturb her, and she would see no one. So I drove back to Fort Chapel, and returned her letter of introduction to the Lady Superior.

It was now four o'clock in the afternoon; I had kept the coachman in my service since twelve o'clock, and carriages are very dear in Bombay. This was, however, but a repetition of what I had experienced in the convent

at Agra, and had I not had the greatest prejudice against hotels, I should have lost all patience with the inhuman rules and caprices of nuns. To tell the truth, my expenses in convents were often as heavy as they would have been in hotels, but, having had one lesson in Japan of what hotel life might be, I had firmly resolved never to enter a hotel again, if I could possibly avoid doing so, and my taking temporary refuge in monastic institutions, when the connecting links between private families happened to be broken, was but the result of that resolution. Of course, no one will suppose I found much enjoyment or happiness during my visits to convents, but I did find in them the shelter I needed, and was shielded from the harsh judgment and persecution of inquisitive and thoughtless men, to which a lady staying alone in a hotel is usually more or less exposed. I am naturally very proud and sensitive, and I became yet more so during my travels; I recognised but too well and too often my position as a single lady, not yet entitled to be called old, so that I did all that in me lay to avoid any offence against propriety, and to escape undeserved censure.

When I arrived at Fort Chapel the second time, the Lady Superior again kept me waiting three-quarters of an hour. I had tasted nothing since the day before, and was suffering greatly from thirst, yet I was afraid to ask for a glass of water. Every humane person, who knows what it is to live in a hot climate, is well aware of what is required by a body exhausted as mine was, and it passes my comprehension how heartless and unfeeling nuns can treat their fellow-creatures as so many of them do. Secular ladies, with a very few exceptions, received me hospitably every-

where, and gave me many a proof of their kind and womanly hearts; they became, and will ever remain, my friends. But amongst nuns I rarely met with true kindness or sympathy; they lead an unnatural life, devoted exclusively to God, or, to speak plainly, to the interests of the convent and themselves, and they become one-sided and apathetic. Such unfeeling nuns, the bitter enemies of the *sacred mission*, the *beautiful calling* of women, should they enter heaven, what cold uninteresting angels they must be! But there is no doubt that virtuous, self-denying, and long-suffering mothers, who love God and the world like reasonable creatures and according to the will of God, who provide society with useful citizens, and give worthy heirs to Heaven, will some day be like the *most beautiful*, the *most glorious*, and the *best beloved* angels before the throne of God.

After I had waited another three-quarters of an hour, the Lady Superior told me she could not receive me without the permission of the bishop, and he had not yet returned from his walk, but she had little doubt I might remain, as I had the highest recommendations, and she advised me to wait till the bishop came in. So I paid the coachman, who demanded five rupees (half-a-sovereign). As soon as my trunk was brought into the verandah, the Lady Superior again asked for the music, and I gave it to her, to do which I had entirely to empty my trunk, tired as I was, for it was at the very bottom.

I remained sitting in the verandah, and, having had no sleep for thirty-six hours, I found it impossible to keep awake. I must have slept some time, for it was already late when I was awoke by a woman's voice, and opening my

eyes I saw the Lady Superior standing before me, who informed me, in the name of the bishop, that he could not consent to my remaining in the convent, I must go to a hotel. This unexpected and heartless order from a man whom I had never seen, and, therefore, could never have offended, was incomprehensible to me, and it brought the tears to my eyes.

It was now eleven o'clock, and a beautiful young English-woman with whom I had a little conversation in the twilight, and who was boarding in the convent, was still walking up and down the verandah. She now approached, and, without showing the slightest fear of the Lady Superior, she said, in a truly independent and English manner, "That is cruel of the bishop; no English gentleman would treat a lady in such a manner," adding, "I much regret that I can do nothing for this lady, for I am myself only a stranger here and a helpless orphan." This beautiful lady who showed me so much sympathy had been engaged to an English-officer of high rank, and had recently come from England to be united for ever with her lover. After a prosperous voyage the steamer arrived in the harbour of Bombay, but as she was expecting her bridegroom with eager longing, the sad news was brought to her that he had succumbed to a fever a few days before. The beloved of her heart, he who was to have been the companion of her life, was no more, and his body was already beneath the sod. The broken-hearted bride had no relations and no friends in Bombay, but through some friends of him who was dead, she had found an asylum in the convent of St. Joseph, where she led a lonely life of tears. She was an amiable

and very highly cultivated lady, and she related her melancholy history to me with evidently a very painful effort. She was awaiting a reply to a letter to some distant relations in Benares, and intended to start for that city in a few days.

As the Lady Superior declared positively that the bishop insisted on my going to a hotel, I ordered a carriage, and I whispered to the English lady that I should not go to a hotel, but return to the station, where I should find suitable accommodation for the night in the ladies' room, and that I should be able to get advice the next day. I had a letter of introduction to the German consul, besides one from an English clergyman of high standing which warranted me to call in person on any Protestant clergyman. Just as I was going to the carriage, a Catholic lady came out of the chapel of the convent, and the kind-hearted English lady complained to her of the insult I had received, and of the unfeeling conduct of the bishop, and she asked the lady to take me to her house. My beautiful friend also whispered to the lady that I was unaffected and truthful, she knew that by my behaviour, and it was very wrong of the bishop to make me leave so late, and to order me to a hotel.

I then told the lady the reasons why I would not go to a hotel, and offered to pay her the highest sum demanded for accommodation in the hotels of Bombay. By this means, the question of payment was quickly settled, and the lady took me to her house, which was in the same street and opposite to the convent. She was a widow with one daughter, and appeared to be in good circumstances. She had a comfortable bed made ready for me,

and I was soon sound asleep. When I awoke in the morning I remembered the bishop's heartless behaviour with fresh pain, and the thought suddenly struck me that the Lady Superior might not be altogether blameless in the matter, for I recollected her eagerness for me to leave the convent, which eagerness was a puzzle to me. My luggage was still at the convent, and, after breakfast, I went to the Lady Superior and asked for an audience of the bishop. As the nunnery and Jesuits' convent are beneath one roof, it was easy for the Lady Superior to take me to his Lordship herself; after going down one flight of stairs from the nunnery, and up another to the Jesuits' convent, she pulled a bell, a servant appeared, and she told him to let his Lordship know that I was there. The Lady Superior then retired, and I was alone in the corridor. In a few minutes the bishop came down from the second story, and I bowed to him. His Lordship then opened the door of a large drawing-room, made a sign for me to enter, and I sat down on a sofa to which he motioned me, whilst he took a chair opposite. I then gave him the letters from the Archbishop of Calcutta, and from the Lady Superior, Marie von Hoffmann, of Allahabad. Having read them all, his Lordship told me that the recommendations were very strong, but that he had heard with regret that I had not treated the Lady Superior and the nuns of the convent with the customary respect; he had, he said, been very much annoyed, for any offence against his nuns was an offence against himself, and this want of respect had been the cause of my being dismissed from the convent and sent to a hotel.

It was now clear to me that I was the victim of the jealous and ambitious nuns, and in reply to the angry gentleman, who addressed me in such a rough manner, I said quietly and humbly that in my long journey I had been brought in contact with people of every rank and position, from the highest to the lowest, but that this was the first time that I had heard such a complaint. "Besides," I added, "I can only render human and not divine honours to my fellow-creatures."

My last remark made the bishop very angry, and his language was most insulting; indeed, some of the bitter words he used in my own language moved me to tears, and I stood up, bowed, and left the room, sobbing, without a word.

Some nuns in India seemed possessed of a mania to invite me to prayer, after they had wronged and offended me. In the court below I found the Lady Superior, who asked me why I was crying, and, like the false hypocritical woman that she was, wished to take me into the chapel with her to pray, but I looked at her disdainfully, and went my way.

The office of Mr. Gumpert, the German consul, was close by, so I went to him and handed him the official recommendation from the German consul at Calcutta. Having read the paper, Mr. Gumpert asked in a friendly manner what he could do for me. I then told him how I had fared in the convent of St. Joseph, confessing to him I had met with a great deal of injustice, and had endured many privations in convents; that I was over-weary of my experience of conventual caprice, jealousy, and bigotry, and I concluded by begging my listener to ask some respectable family to receive me for the term of my

stay in Bombay. Widow W., in whose house I might well have remained, was an extremely bigoted lady, and I was anxious to get out of the atmosphere of bigotry into that of healthy Christianity.

Although Consul Gumpert was a personal friend of the Catholic bishop, my candid statement of my experiences in convents did not injure me in his estimation, and he complimented me on proving myself, by what I had said, to be no bigoted Catholic, assuring me that he was no bigoted Protestant, and added that he knew the German bishop merely in his capacity of German consul as a social acquaintance, not as a religious friend. Consul G. lived alone and had no family, and whilst he was considering what family would receive me well, he thought of the German clergyman of Bombay, the Rev. Mr. Deimler, and at once wrote a few lines to his wife, a very amiable young lady, recommending me to her hospitality.

When I returned to Widow W., after leaving Consul G., I found her in a very bad humour. The first thing she said to me was that she had not a complete but only half a dinner to serve up, for it was the sacred season of fasting, and as a Catholic, I must fast. This, I thought to myself, is in accordance with the orders of the nuns, for I knew the widow was very intimate with them and the Jesuit fathers. I thanked the lady for her half-dinner and assured her that I had not the slightest appetite. At that, the good lady, to my great astonishment, began to pour forth a bitter complaint against me. "I wonder," she said, in an irritable, piteous, and at the same time sanctimonious, tone of voice, "that as a Catholic

you do not know better what your duties are. The Lady Superior complained to me this morning that you had greatly annoyed and insulted our bishop." "With what, and how?" I inquired quietly. "With what?" repeated the widow angrily. "You know well enough that when the bishop opened the drawing-room door, you went in before he did, and that when his Lordship first approached you, you did not kiss his ring. You are a Catholic; and you ought to know that it was your duty to kiss that ring."

"I know," I said, "that Catholics kiss the bishops' rings, for I used to do so myself; but I did not know, and do not believe, that to kiss them is a duty; to kiss a consecrated ring is but an absurd assumption on the part of an ambitious priesthood, and the ring is but one of the many symbols introduced into the Roman Catholic Church, which neither Christ nor any of the Apostles taught us to kiss."

The widow looked at me with angry eyes, and said that she believed and did all that the Church and the priests taught or required, and that the mere thought whether the laws of the Church were right or wrong was a sin. She further declared that priests and nuns are no ordinary men and women; they are (she told me) the elect of God, and in honouring them we honour Him.

The widow wound up her sermon with the further accusation that I had not kissed the hand of the Lady Superior on my arrival at the convent, adding that she was very much annoyed, and I was no good Catholic.

I closed this interesting discussion by remarking that on my entire journey I had never once kissed the ring of an

archbishop or of a bishop ; that I only kissed the hands of Ladies Superior when their owners were women whom I could love and honour, and that although I was no good Catholic, in the sense of the Roman Catholic Church and of priests and nuns, I strove earnestly to be one in the sense of Christ.

In the afternoon I received Mrs. Deimler's favourable answer, forwarded to me by Consul Gumpert, and he promised to call for me himself at Widow U.'s, after office hours, and to take me to the German clergyman's house.

I settled my little account with Mrs. U., and did all I could to part from her on good terms. Towards six o'clock I heard the sound of a carriage, and in a few moments Consul Gumpert was shown in by the servant. He did not remain long, and we drove to the house of the Rev. Mr. Deimler, in Mazagon road, where I received a hearty welcome, and that in my own native language, which has a doubly pleasant sound in a foreign land.

I was now once more amongst liberal Protestants, and far happier than with bigoted nuns. All possible kindness was shown to me, and I soon found out that I was in a happy and contented family. Mrs. Deimler had not long been married, and had as yet no child, but a few months later Heaven granted her a dear little daughter.

I had told Consul Gumpert of my wish to go to Goa, the chief town of Portuguese India, and the very next day he sent me a free pass which he had obtained from a personal friend, the director of a line of steamers running along the Coast of Malabar. Consul Gumpert was also good enough to introduce me to his Excellency Count Januario, the

Governor-General of Goa. The governor had paid a visit to Bombay not very long before, and had made many friends during his stay. He was described to me as an unassuming, upright, highly cultivated, and extremely honourable man.

The steamer had hardly left the harbour, when I was terribly sea-sick, and worse than I had ever been before on any sea. Between Bombay and Goa, I saw nothing either of the sky or of the Malabar Straits, for I did not come out of my cabin at all. On the Monday evening we reached Goa, on the coast of the island of Goa, a neck of land between the rivers Narwar and Mormu Goa. On Tuesday morning, the captain sent my letter of introduction to his Excellency the Governor, whose palace was close to the sea-shore, and opposite to our steamer.

A tasty little sloop soon put off from land and brought two aristocratic-looking gentlemen to our vessel, to whom I was introduced by the captain, the one being Dom Carvalho, the adjutant, and the other Mr. Mercier, the private secretary of the Governor. The former invited me to the palace in the name of the Governor, and in a few minutes I was on my way to the shore, with my escorts. The Governor received me with a very friendly speech, and made me heartily welcome. His appearance was that of a worthy unaffected man, and his manners were entirely free from unnecessary ceremony; in short he was just such a man as the description given of him by Consul G. and others had led me to expect. I was very simply dressed, yet the Governor and his entire staff treated me with as much consideration as if I had been a princess in damask and diamonds. As I knew that the Governor had no family,

and could not therefore offer me, a single lady, any shelter beneath his roof, I told him frankly that I only proposed remaining one day in Goa, and that the director of the Steamship Company had given me permission to make use of my cabin on board the steamer. The Governor accepted this declaration with a few suitable words. I was spared all embarrassing questions, and felt perfectly at my ease.

The household arrangements of his Excellency were entirely under the care of Hindu-Portuguese servants, whilst the officials of the palace were European-Portuguese; amongst the latter there were several very intelligent gentlemen, but not one of them was married, and there was not a single European lady in the whole palace.

At five o'clock in the afternoon a sumptuous dinner was served, of which all the chief officials of the palace partook on the invitation of the Governor. I sat at the right hand of my host, with the adjutant on my other side, and Senhor Riberio, a Portuguese poet, opposite to me. The dinner was *à la française* and the conversation was in French. It was an exceptionally hot day, the heat was most oppressive, and although the food set before me was so inviting, I had quite lost my appetite and could scarcely eat a morsel; a glass of wine, which I took as a cordial, was almost all I could swallow. One great aggravation of the heat in Goa is the impossibility of obtaining ice; the temperature, they say, is too hot for ice to be manufactured on the spot, and it is also difficult to import and preserve it; so that a really cold drink of water, or of anything else, is a very rare treat.

The most interesting portion of the vice-regal palace at Goa, is a long gallery full of fine oil paintings, amongst which I noticed full length portraits of Vasco de Gama, Dias, Albuquerque, Francis Xavier, and Loyola. After dinner, Mr. Mercier, the Governor's private secretary, a most accomplished pianist, gave us a charming little concert. When it began to get dusk the adjutant and secretary escorted me back to the steamer, after I had thanked the Governor for his hospitable reception.

The next day, in the cool early morning, the two gentlemen again came to fetch me, and getting into the Governor's elegant open carriage, I was driven to Old Goa, eight miles from Nova Goa.

The town is on the left bank of the river Narwar, and was founded by the celebrated Portuguese Admiral Albuquerque. In the course of the forenoon we saw all the Portuguese churches of this old town, which is so memorable in the annals of the Jesuit order. Our first visit was to the church of Bon Jesus, in which, on the right of the high altar, we saw the tomb of Francis Xavier, the apostle of the Indies, and one of the great saints of Roman Catholicism. The tomb is only dimly lighted, and it was with deep reverence that I stood before the shrine containing the relics of the great saint, whose self-denying life, and glorious death, must compel the admiration of all who honour the religion of Jesus. A solemn feeling of awe came over me, and kneeling down, I thanked my God with all my heart for having brought me hither safely, and for having given me grace to visit the grave of this great follower of Christ. The mausoleum consists of an oblong pedestal of the finest

Carrara marble, on which rests a brass gilt sarcophagus, in a costly and richly decorated silver shrine. The tomb is in a dimly lighted vaulted chamber, the walls of which are hung with the most beautiful sacred pictures. Unfortunately, however, the mausoleum is a little too dark for it to be possible adequately to admire the full artistic beauty of the rich carvings on the tomb, representing the miracles of the saint, or to appreciate the effect of the mural paintings as a whole.

Francis Xavier (the companion of Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Jesuit order) built the church Bon Jesus at Old Goa, which is one of the first churches of that order. All the churches of Old Goa are in the style of the sixteenth century. The traditions current in India, especially in that part belonging to the Portuguese, respecting the life and miracles of Francis Xavier are innumerable. But the loving reverence in which I have held the memory of the great apostle from my earliest childhood forbids me to introduce these miracles here or to say much about them.

There are many Christians who believe that the saints are endowed with divine power, and are capable of working miracles; others who recognise such divine power in God and Christ alone, and it is to the latter class that I myself belong. Once my belief was different; I prayed to images and looked into their faces, into their eyes with loving earnest faith, as though they were alive and could see and hear me. When I was a little girl I used often to go to the celebrated shrine of the Mater Dolorosa, near the cemetery of my home, and, as it was rather high from the ground, I stood on the very tips of my

toes, that the Mother of Sorrows might see my face and hear better what I had to say to her. Those days are now gone by, but I have knelt and prayed before the most celebrated images of the Roman Catholic world. I have bathed them with tears; I have kissed them and made them offerings of flowers. I have knelt for hours before the miraculous image of the Virgin in the celebrated chapel of Notre Dame des Victoires, in Paris, and have poured out my childish grief to her with bitter tears; I have besought her a thousand times to touch the heart of one so dear to us all, that he might love God, and those who loved him and were so nearly related to him; often and often I begged the Virgin Mary to staunch the tears of my dearest mother, but her miraculous image, surrounded with inscriptions of the most astounding miracles, never heard me. I bought tapers for the Virgin; in her name the priests demanded small contributions for the decorations of her chapel, for the poor, and for their own prayers to the holy Mother; many a franc did I pay from my hard-earned money, but I was always disappointed, no madonna, no saint, no image of the Roman Catholic world has ever heard me. I began to think for myself. I went on thinking, and still continue to do so; and I can now only wonder at my own superstition and credulity, and at the number of divinities I believed in besides the one true God. I cannot deny that the superstition was a beautiful one, and, in times of grief, a comfort to my mind; but it was after all nothing but a pleasing deception. I can never again pray to any saint canonized by the Church of Rome, for I have lost all faith and confidence in them, and, although I honour and love the saints (and

especially the Mother of God) as the pure spirits of heaven, I no longer ask them for anything, or expect anything from them. I now believe in the omnipotence, omniscience, and omnipresence of the one true God alone, and of our divine example, the Saviour Jesus Christ. In God and Christ alone can I now believe, to them alone can I pray, and I am no longer disappointed, but happy. All Christians, however, even those who do not believe in the miracles of the saints, must honour and admire the faith, the self-denial, the patience, the philanthropy, the courage, and the endurance of St. Francis Xavier, who was the noblest and truest follower of Christ of whom the Christian Church can boast in any age.

In no part of the Roman Catholic world had I seen so many ecclesiastics as in Old Goa, in Portuguese India. They form quite a little army, and I believe there are more priests in Goa than soldiers. We went into the sacristy of the cathedral of Old Goa, where I saw no less than thirty-five priests who were preparing for high mass. Most of them, however, were doing so in a manner which testified but little earnestness or reverence, and I could not but wonder that the older priests tolerated such want of respect and such frivolity in the younger.

I could only wonder how so many priests as I saw in Old Goa, healthy robust men, too, could endure to lead such a narrow lazy life, and to be of so little use in the world, for their chief occupation is to attend to daily church ceremonies.

My companions told me that there were as many nuns as priests in Goa, and wanted me to go to some of the nunneries, but I told them that I was tired of convents,

and never went to them now unless I was obliged. We breakfasted in a monastery, and then drove back to the palace of New Goa. The surrounding districts of Goa are infested by venomous reptiles and by tigers, which are a great nuisance to the natives. The tigers are frequently hunted.

It was very hot in Goa, more so than in Bombay, and the heat was of that oppressive kind which is so exhausting both to body and mind. Not a breath of wind stirred; the sea was as smooth as glass; the atmosphere was damp and heavy; on land one could scarcely breathe, and out in the bay, on the steamer, things were not much better; superhuman efforts were necessary to see the little that I saw, for mind and body were, if I may so express it, under the ban of the elements. All I managed to notice, before I went quite off to sleep, on my return from the shore, was the picturesque landscape on either side of the bay; but all nature seemed motionless and dead, and this lifeless scene had a most depressing effect upon me. I felt as if I must sleep, and I slept with my eyes open. The green cocoa-palms and the mango-trees of the beautiful thickets on the neighbouring heights were likewise wrapt in slumber; not a leaf was stirred by a wandering breeze, all vegetation, weary and withered, drooped in dejected inaction. Under these circumstances, my reader will not expect me to have much to tell of what I saw in this state of "living death." To take an intelligent interest in the outer world, one must, above all things, be awake; and I was not awake in the stifling harbour at Goa, but asleep in broad daylight.

The first attack of this lethargy, this *living death*, I

experienced in the Bay of Saigon, Cochin-China, and the second in that of Goa, Portuguese India. In both latitudes I was very sleepy; more like a living mummy than anything else, and if any one were to present me with the whole island of Cochin-China, or with that of Goa, I would not live in either, but would rather be a poor shepherdess in one of the healthy, bracing valleys of my native Rhine.

Thank Heaven we left this spot, fatal alike to bodily, mental, and intellectual effort, on the second day; but of the journey back to Bombay I have just as much and no more to tell than of that to Goa, and the programme of my usual concert when at sea is already too well known for any repetition to be desirable.

How different I felt when I again saw Bombay! There, too, people complained of the heat, but in comparison with that of Goa, the temperature of Bombay was pleasant and refreshing. The Rev. Mr. D.'s pretty villa was situated in such a shady spot, and my little room was so cool and comfortable, that I once more felt alive and awake. The mode of life in the clergyman's house exactly suited my feelings and tastes, for in it reigned quiet simple happiness, true cheerfulness and genuine fear of God. The Rev. Mr. D. is a man after God's own heart, and his wife is a well-bred, virtuous woman. The religion of this happy family was manifested in such a simple, unaffected manner, that their society and happiness was an ever fresh delight to me. Every day, without any external pressure, the whole household voluntarily met to pray, and the good clergyman poured forth his supplications in words dictated by his own heart, never using any book but the Bible.

While I was absent in Goa, the late Secretary Seward, of America, arrived in Bombay, and he had the kindness to send me (through the German consul, Mr. Gumpert) an invitation to join his party, but which, unfortunately, reached me too late. I had missed a similar opportunity to make the acquaintance of this venerable statesman at Batavia, when, through a sudden indisposition, I was obliged to decline the Resident's kind request to be his guest at a dinner, given in honour of Mr. Seward. But on his return from Goa, I had the pleasure of seeing him and his adopted daughter, "Miss Olive Risley Seward;" later, and shortly before his death, I received a very friendly letter, in which the kind gentleman who had shown me so much esteem and sympathy, strongly advised me to give the public the benefit of my—as the veteran called them "extraordinary experiences."

It was now Passion Week, and the sacred season of Easter was approaching. I therefore remembered my religious duties, and, wishing to partake of the Holy Communion on Easter Day, I went to Fort Chapel to confess, as I knew no priests in Bombay, except those of that Institution, who could speak English, German, or French. I was not yet acquainted with the Rev. Father Cooke, to whom the Rev. Dr. K., of Delhi, had given me a note of introduction, for during the few hours I spent in the convent of Fort Chapel, I had had no opportunity of handing him my letter, and since then I had neither cause nor wish to do so. When I entered the chapel, I saw a nun engaged in the decoration of the altar. I approached and asked her if one of the fathers could hear my confession. She went away, but quickly returned and told

me that the Rev. Father Cooke would come, and she then pointed out his confessional. The father came; I confessed to him; and when he had given me absolution, I asked him if he would allow me a question outside the confessional. "Certainly," was his reply, and he came to speak to me. I then gave him my name, and told him I was the German lady who had come to the convent with recommendations to the Bishop, the Lady Superior, and his Reverence himself; and I begged to know if any letters had been addressed to me at the convent. The last word was hardly out of my mouth when he exclaimed in an excited tone: "If you are Miss Weppner, I am compelled to cancel the absolution I have just given you; you have not rendered the honour due to the Right Reverend Bishop and the Lady Superior; you have insulted them, and did not own to having done so in your confession to me. With such guilt upon your conscience, you cannot partake of the Holy Communion;" and, he added, "you have withdrawn yourself from Catholics, and are living with Protestants who hate and despise us." Much more did the father say, repeating that he took back the absolution he had given me, and that I could not go to the Communion, adding to this that he had sent a letter for me which had come into his hands back to the post-office. When he had ended his declamation, I told him that I had sinned neither against the Bishop nor the Lady Superior; that kissing a ring, or a hand, was no command or duty, and that if he took back the absolution, his conduct was not that of one acting in *God's stead*, but a mere *caprice of temper*, and that both the giving and the cancelling of the absolution were worthless. With these words I left the

Rev. Father Cooke, feeling very indignant, and disposed never to enter a confessional again.

Ambitious, revengeful, and implacable priests, such as these, call themselves the followers of Christ, and sit in the confessional in God's stead. Had I come to the Rev. Father Cooke as a hypocrite, and confessed to him that I was sorry for not having kissed the Bishop's ring, and for having failed in respect to the Lady Superior and the nuns; had I told him that I regretted having gone to Protestants, and declared that I would leave the heretics, he would have blessed and absolved me without cancelling his absolution, and I should have been considered worthy to receive the Holy Communion. And whether I lived with Protestants or Parsees, what could it have mattered to the merciless bishop, my countryman, who treated me in such a heartless fashion? It must have been perfectly indifferent to him where I went, when he turned me out of the convent late at night, and ordered me to go to a hotel.

I was anxious to know whether the letter addressed to me at the Convent of Fort Chapel and sent back to the post-office by the Rev. Father Cooke, was still to be had. I therefore went to the post-office, and after being referred a dozen times from one official to another, I was finally assured that my letter was in the dead letter box, and would be forwarded to me by the first post next day.

On Sunday morning, when I came home from church, Mr. Deimler handed me the expected letter, which had been originally addressed to me, "Care of the Rev. Father Cooke, Fort Chapel, Bombay," but that gentleman, who had declined to receive the letter, had scratched out the lines

beneath my name, and written "Left Fort Chapel and gone somewhere else," although he knew very well where I was gone. But then I was with Protestants, or, as *he* would have said, with heretics, and his Roman Catholic prejudices and jealousy prevented him from saying where I was, and dictated what he wrote.

The letter in question was from Angela von Hoffmann, the Lady Superior of the German convent at Allahabad, with whom I had spent two days on my journey between Delhi and Jubbulpore on my way to Bombay, and who had recommended me to the Bishop of Bombay. The contents of this letter astonished me. The Lady Superior, Angela von Hoffmann, after friendly inquiries as to my health and where I was, asked me if I had seen his Lordship, Bishop Meurin, and after several introductory sentences, she went on to say:—

"There is a young lady about twenty-four years of age in our convent at Patna, whose mind is somewhat deranged, and the doctors say that she would recover in Europe. Her father, an opium merchant of Patna, had some time previously offered to pay the travelling expenses of any lady who would accompany his daughter to Europe, and thought one of us might be able to do so. But as we cannot spare any member of our order, it may, perhaps, be a favourable opportunity for you to go to Europe free of expense. The young lady is to be taken to Nymphenburg, from which place she could be sent to St. Zeno, where there is a bathing establishment, belonging to the Angelic Sisterhood, in which guests are received. What do you say to this plan, dear Miss

Weppner? If it is not too late, will you send me a telegram and engage two passages, either both first class, or, if you are disposed to be economical, one first and one second? In any case, however, the young lady must never be left alone, but must share your cabin, &c., &c.

“Yours truly,

“M. ANGELA VON HOFFMANN,

“*Superior of the Convent of St. Marie, Allahabad.*”

I must here remark that the above-mentioned convent in Patna is German, and belongs to the same order as that in Allahabad, both being offshoots of the mother institution at Nymphenburg (Bavaria), near Munich, and the convent at Augsburg (Bavaria), in which the reader will remember I once stayed, belong to the same order of the Angelic Sisters, all of whom are connected with that at Nymphenburg, the mother institution.

I asked Mr. and Mrs. Deimler to read the letter, and tell me what their opinion was, and what they would advise me to do with regard to the request of the Lady Superior of Allahabad. At the time Mr. and Mrs. Deimler had no more idea than I had, that the young lady mentioned in the letter was in a dangerous condition, for the words “whose mind is somewhat deranged,” did not lead me to suppose anything of the kind, and they agreed with me, that I might undertake the charge of a young lady who was, as we supposed, harmless; for we could not imagine that the Lady Superior would dare to ask me to take any one to Europe whose malady was dangerous. We concluded that the Lady in question was a Roman Catholic, as she was now in a convent, and was to be sent

to another, which latter was very well known to me, and one in which I knew the nuns were too scrupulous to receive a Protestant.

The offer of a free journey did not weigh with me in the least, for before I received the letter I had the best prospects of a free passage to Europe. And a free passage given to me by one company or another, would have left me entirely at liberty; whereas, the acceptance of one, under the conditions imposed by the Lady Superior, Angela von Hoffmann, would be to relinquish my freedom and to undertake a most arduous task, even under the most favourable circumstances, and supposing the lady to be a harmless lunatic. My first impulse, to protect the young invalid on her journey to Europe, was the result of pity, and the indulgence of this impulse led to a very romantic chapter in my journey.

"I have no doubt," I said to Mr. and Mrs. Deimler, "that the lady is harmless and easy to take care of, for the Lady Superior knows me. I was quite open with her, and she knows that I was in the convent at Augsburg, which belongs to the same order as those of Allahabad and Patna, in the latter of which the young lady now is. She is aware that I am acquainted with the convent at Nymphenburg, to which the young lady is to be taken. She must be telling me the truth; she could not be so cruel, so heartless, as to deceive me. If the poor girl's father hopes that his child's health will be restored in Europe, I feel disposed to take her with me. It is true, I know neither him nor her, they are both strangers to me; all I know is, that an unhappy sufferer is concerned, and such great kindness has been shown to me on my journey,

that I am glad of an opportunity of myself bestowing upon another some of that consideration which I have myself so often experienced from good and generous people."

With the approbation of my friends, without whose advice I would do nothing, I telegraphed to the Lady Superior at Allahabad on the Monday, telling her that I would take the young lady, and should engage two passages for the ensuing Saturday. But in thinking the matter over seriously in the course of the day, a doubt occurred to me as to whether there might not be some monastic concealment of the truth, some conventual mystery, or some interest of the convent involved in the matter of the young lady thus mentally afflicted. On reading the letter over again the Lady Superior's remark that the father of the lady had offered a free passage some time previously, awoke in me a suspicion of her sincerity. Why, I thought to myself, did she say nothing to me about this young lady when I was in her convent at Allahabad? She said so much about the convent at Patna, yet she did not allude either to the condition of the young lady, or to her father's offer. Patna is not far from Allahabad. I might have seen the father and daughter, ascertained personally the true state of the case, and decided better what to do, than I possibly could now, when 800 miles off. Why, I thought further, was the Lady Superior so cold at first, and then suddenly so friendly? Was it not all done on purpose? Perhaps she had thought even then that I was the right person, and that there was an opportunity to relieve the Lady Superior and nuns of Patna of this unfortunate lunatic. But she would not say anything at the time, in

order that I might have no opportunity of investigating the matter, and it was probable that it had been decided to send me this letter before I left the convent at Allahabad. Perhaps some secret, or the dangerous state of the young lady, was the true reason for wishing to send her away. I know how impenetrably artful nuns and monks are, and that the wisdom of the world is nothing to their artifices and stratagems.

Harassed by my doubts, I sent a second telegram on the same day, Monday, to the Lady Superior at Allahabad, asking her to let me know by telegraph if the lunatic was dangerous, or if she was harmless and easy to manage, observing that only in the latter case could I undertake the charge of her. The fact of its being a conventual affair led me to be cautious, and I gave my address "Care of the German Consul, Mr. Gumpert, Bombay," for I wished everything which passed to be with the knowledge of an official. Tuesday and Wednesday passed by, and no answer arrived either to my first or second telegram.

CHAPTER IV.

ON Thursday Mr. von Helle, an Austrian nobleman and friend of the German consul, took me to the world-famous Caves of Elephanta, in the island of Elephanta. It was formerly very difficult to land on this island, but when the Duke of Edinburgh visited Bombay, an unpretending, but safe landing stage was constructed by the municipality of Bombay, since which everybody who visits the caves can go on shore with as much comfort and security as did the royal prince of England. An easy flight of steps leads up from the beach to an esplanade 150 feet high, about which, as, indeed over the whole island, rise the Palmyra, and other beautiful palms, with their thick shady fan-shaped crowns of leaves, bananas, &c. In the very centre of the esplanade is the entrance to the half dark subterranean temple, which is a gigantic work of human skill. The outer surface of the rock is cut completely away to a height of 30 feet, the excavated space being 300 ft. broad, and divided into four separate chambers. We entered the principal room of the temple, with its richly sculptured columns and grandly vaulted roof, by a stately gateway of rock. The pillars forming the apparent

supports of the spherical dome, but, in reality, hewn out of the same block of living rock, are covered from the base to the very summit with carvings of the greatest regularity and beauty of design ; everything is so exquisitely finished that one would imagine each column to have been added separately, whereas, the whole temple, rooms, doorways, columns, &c., are cut out of one mass of rock. Looking from the principal chamber into the interior of the rock, a second arch is visible, hewn in the living basalt, which gives access to a large inner room 20 feet square, and is the secluded home of various gods. One colossal figure represents Brahma, the triune divinity of India, the symbol of creative power, with his head raised heavenwards, in calm and dignified contemplation, whilst at his feet crouches an enormous lion.

Here, too, are Vishnu, the symbol of sustaining power, slumbering upon a lotus leaf ; and Siva, symbol of destructive power, with a sword in the right hand, and a cobra in the left. Round about this noble group crowd the subsidiary deities of the triune god Brahma, and on the ceiling are sculptured some fifty beautiful allegorical figures which resemble the angels of our churches. All the walls of the chapels and rooms of this rock-cut temple are adorned with allegorical representations of incidents in the life of the Brahminical trinity ; such as the transformation, incarnation, battles, victories, miracles, and so forth.

The Caves of Elephanta were excavated more than one thousand years ago ; they are now, and will probably for ever remain uninjured, for what could destroy the solid basalt walls of this rocky stronghold ? It is true there are

enemies of the Brahminical religion who now and then damage the nose, lips, or ears of one of the basalt gods with a hammer, or menace their fire-proof bodies with cannon, but what, after all, can either weapon avail against the trinity of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva, in the shelter of their basalt rocks? What can disturb the great god of this mighty religion in his solid mountain fortress? Neither the north wind nor the flood; neither time nor man.

In a little chamber cut in the wall of rock on the right-hand side there is a spring of the purest sweetest water, and this was the spot I liked best in the Caves of Elephanta. We had two Hindu servants with us, and whilst we were going over the temple, they got a capital meal ready for us. We took our places in the chief room of the rock-cut cave, and gods, lions, and pigmies looked down upon us and saw how much we enjoyed our dinner. I went and drew some water from the Elephanta spring, which flows from the sacred Ganges, from the Himalayas I loved so well, and which, according to the Brahmins, is wholesome for both body and soul.

Whilst we were still at our banquet amongst the gods, one of the Hindu servants, wearing a white costume and a plain coloured turban, which fell right down over his shoulders, went to the spring in the rocks to draw water, and as he stood at its edge with the jug in his hand, a sun-beam fell upon him from a chink in the rocks. So startling was the effect of the brilliant light upon the bright red turban and the snow-white costume of the dark-skinned Hindu, with the reflection on the water in the secluded nook, shut in by overhanging rocks, that I sprang

up involuntarily and exclaimed, "Stand still ; I must have a copy of that picture."

My companion, Mr. H., was a painter of talent, and he quickly seized his brush and painted the charming scene with masterly skill ; unfortunately, however, I subsequently lost the picture, but perhaps there will be a painter amongst my readers who will again depict everything just as I have described it.

When we returned to Bombay, the tide was low, and we could not wait for it to turn, as the sun was already sinking. Our boat was a long way from the beach, as the water was too shallow for it to approach nearer. Close to the edge of the water, however, stood a number of Hindus, who offered to carry us through the shallow water to the sloop. The proposal terrified me, and I declared positively that I could not and would not allow myself to be carried, but, before I could prevent it, two sturdy half-naked fellows had me on their shoulders. I uttered a terrible scream and tried to jump down, but my bearers were already wading through the water with me seated between them, partly on the shoulder of one, partly on that of the other, swaying from side to side like a slight plank. It required great presence of mind to save myself from falling ; my feet touched the surface of the water, and in order to keep them dry I had to draw myself together like a cat. This of course destroyed my balance, and as the straddling shoulders of the Hindus formed a seat alike uncomfortable and too wide for my small person, I was in the greatest fear of falling backwards or forwards. In my terror I clutched at the naked chest of the Hindus with both hands, and held fast by their black flesh. My

companion was behind me, in a similarly pleasant position, on the shoulders of two Hindus. Our vessel was a long way out, and I so loathed the black flesh of the Hindus by which I held, that as soon as ever they set me down on my own feet in the boat I hastily washed my hands, at which Mr. H. laughed most heartily; and on our voyage back to Bombay he painted me a second picture, which was not however quite so poetic as that of the dark Hindu in the red turban and snow-white costume, standing, water jug in hand, beside the spring in the shadowy rock-cut Cave of Elephanta, with the sunbeam falling full upon him. I, for my part, attempted to draw my companion on the shoulders of the two Hindus; but, as I never had much time to cultivate the art of drawing, I could not well succeed, and by the time we reached Bombay, the three men, under my pencil, looked crippled and ailing, and fit to be sent to a hospital. On Thursday evening no answer from Allahabad had arrived, and I now no longer expected any news, thinking my second telegram to the Lady Superior must have miscarried. At noon on Friday, however, as we were sitting at table the consul's servant brought me a letter, which I opened and read as follows:—

“DEAR MISS WEPPNER,

“Have pity on me, I beg of you, and come at once. The poor creature has arrived, and is *sitting here in my office*. You will *see* and marvel.

“A. GUMPERT.”

I read the letter aloud, and, as I concluded, we looked at each other in astonishment. “A piece of genuine conventual artifice,” I exclaimed, “to leave me to hear unexpectedly of

the arrival of this stranger, without answering my telegram, or giving me any notice; and then not even to inquire where I am, but to take the poor creature to the German consul!"

This gentleman had sent me a carriage at the same time as the letter, and I immediately drove to his office. Directly I entered it, my eyes fell on — oh, what a miserable and pitiable figure! I was really afraid to approach her, and the consul pointed to a chair near to him and opposite to the unhappy creature, in whose long, thin, and deadly pale face, and vacant wandering looks, I read but too clearly the state of her mind. Her unusually large and bright blue eyes, the beauty of which had been perceptibly marred by her mental malady, now expressed nothing but hopeless, heartrending despair. She was very poorly and carelessly dressed, and her whole appearance was that of a neglected, forsaken, suffering and despairing young creature.

I did not even know the name of the poor stranger, for in her letter to me the Lady Superior had mentioned neither it, nor that of her father.

When I spoke to her she looked at me long and fixedly, and answered nothing.

"What do you think of this unexpected arrival?" I inquired of Consul Gumpert, and he replied, "I don't know what to say."

Beside the unfortunate young lady sat a woman who had brought her from the convent at Patna to Bombay. She was, to judge from her appearance and speech, an uncultivated woman, but she had sense enough to profess ignorance as to who the poor girl or her father and

relations were. Her own name was Mrs. Foy, and she told me that she had to look after the little girls in the convent at Patna, and that last Wednesday evening, an hour before she started, the Lady Superior had told her she was to accompany Miss Cosserat to Bombay, and there hand her over to Miss Weppner, at the German consulate, who would take her to Europe. Mrs. Foy, as it appeared, had received certain instructions from the Lady Superior at Patna which she conscientiously endeavoured to carry out. She maintained that she had never seen Miss Cosserat before they started, and that she knew nothing of her father but his name. The Lady Superior had further charged her to tell me that Mr. Cosserat, the young lady's father, was too ill to bring his daughter to me himself, and the woman declared to me again and again that Miss Cosserat was not a dangerous lunatic. But when, dismayed at the deplorable condition of the miserable girl, I asked Mrs. Foy if she would take her back, either to the convent or to her father, she said with genuine pathos, not for any sum of money — not at any price. She then handed me three letters; one from the Lady Superior of the German convent at Patna, a second from the Lady Superior, Angela von Hoffmann, of the German convent at Allahabad, and a third from Mr. James Cosserat, the father of the lunatic.

Through the Lady Superior, Salesia Reimer, of Patna, Mr. Cosserat sent me a sum of money for travelling expenses, which sum was, however, inadequate. Finally Mrs. Foy gave me the certificate of a doctor of Patna, which, unlike the first letter from the Lady Superior, Angela von H., of Allahabad, was enough to make one's hair stand on

end. In this certificate I read more than "somewhat deranged in mind," for the doctor described Miss Cosserat, the daughter of Mr. James Cosserat, of Patna, as a very dangerous lunatic, and he cited several instances of her having not only attempted her own life, but threatened and endangered that of others. He added, moreover, that since the derangement of her intellect, Miss Cosserat had been very fond of quarrelling, very slovenly, and very difficult to manage. She also suffered from sleeplessness, and required constant watching day and night.

All this was very far from encouraging; but Miss Cosserat's most dangerous peculiarity which, alas, I did not myself discover, until too late, was not referred to in the doctor's letter at all. He neither said when and how Miss Cosserat lost her reason, nor that the climate of Europe would restore her to health. From what he said in his letter one would conclude that the young lady had begun to show symptoms of derangement of intellect in her father's house, seven months before, but this was altogether contradicted by the declaration of Salesia Reimer, the Lady Superior of the German convent at Patna, from which the lunatic was brought to Bombay. The doctor made no reference to the treatment of the invalid in the convent mentioned above, and in her letter the Lady Superior said very distinctly that she had had charge of her for three years in the convent, and that she was quite harmless; adding that a German nun, Miss Alexis, by name, who had left the convent at Patna and returned a year ago to that at Nymphenburg, in Bavaria, knew Miss Cosserat. The doctor's certificate and the letters of the Ladies Superior at Patna and Allahabad

were so contradictory, that it was impossible to get at the simple truth amongst them, and at the time neither the German consul nor I found out, as I did, later, in Europe, that the doctor's letter was an old one written a year previously.

In his letter to me, Miss Cosserat's father, James Cosserat, of Patna, mentioned the sum of 1800 rupees for travelling expenses; but Salesia Reimer, the Lady Superior at Patna, through whose hands the money passed, only mentioned 1500. Mr. Gumpert, who read both letters, noticed the difference in the two sums named and called my attention to it. It was easy to see that the father's letter was written under the influence of the Lady Superior at Patna, for her advice alone could have led him to send his poor daughter to the convent of the Angelic Sisters at Nymphenburg, in Bavaria, the mother institution of that at Patna, of which Mr. Cosserat evidently knew nothing. His treatment of the foreign names connected with the Bavarian convent testified to his entire ignorance respecting it. I concluded that the father's letter was dictated by the Lady Superior at Patna, and that the whole affair relating to the poor lunatic was in her hands and those of the Lady Superior at Allahabad.

After Mr. Deimler had arrived at the German Consulate, and we had all taken counsel together, Mr. G. advised me to go to the German Bishop, Dr. Meurin, and ask him if he knew of no suitable shelter for the poor lunatic. I told the consul that I could not and would not go to the bishop, and he understood why not. Like a kind-hearted and feeling man, who pitied the condition of the poor creature, he went himself to the bishop. But when, his

Lordship heard that the unhappy lunatic had been sent to me, his first thought was to pour out a bitter complaint against me; after that, however, much as he disliked me personally, he did what he could to help the poor afflicted creature. He probably knew that he was dealing with some artfully contrived monastic affair, the heroine of which was not, as we had imagined, a Catholic, but a poor forsaken Protestant. Bishop Meurin gave Mr. G. a letter for me, which I was to give to the Lady Superior of the convent of St. Joseph at Bandora. His Lordship told the consul that on the receipt of this letter, the Lady Superior would not hesitate to receive the lunatic until her journey to Europe was arranged.

I had already succeeded in winning the confidence of the poor lunatic a little, and everybody was surprised at the affection she manifested for me. While I was sitting near her in the consul's office, she took my hand several times, pressed it warmly in both of hers, and said, looking round on the people about her, "I like this lady, she looks very kind."

It was late in the evening when we left the consul's office, and as the convent of St. Joseph at Bandora is about five miles from Bombay, we did not get there until nearly twelve o'clock at night.

Mise Cosserat slept the whole way, and did not therefore give us much trouble. The convent was as still as death, and the door was not opened until I had rung several times. I gave the maid-servant the bishop's letter, and begged her to let us come in with the invalid. We had, however, the greatest trouble to get the latter into the parlour; she was evidently much frightened, and refused

to follow us. "This is a convent," she said in a piteous tone, as she looked at the pictures on the walls. "I will not go into a convent; I will not stay here;" and running to the window she tried to open it. At this moment the Lady Superior came in, and Miss Cosserat was so terrified by the sight of her, that she ran into a corner with a loud scream, and hid her face against the wall. The Lady Superior at once expressed her readiness to comply with the bishop's wishes. She was, however, anxious to know when the lunatic would be removed from the convent, but this I could not tell her. I was still too much upset with the unannounced and unexpected arrival and the miserable appearance of my *protégée*, to be able to come to any decision. The *well-instructed* Mrs. Foy was just as reticent and guarded in her communications in the convent of St. Joseph, as she had been in the consul's office. Miss Cosserat remained in the convent, that is to say, she was persuaded to do so with the greatest trouble, and after many complaints. The poor creature begged me, with clasped hands and a most piteous expression of face, to come and see her the next day, and I promised to do so.

It was midnight when I left the convent of Bandora with Mrs. Foy. On the way back to Bombay, I tried to find out from her why the lunatic's father, or one of the many nuns of Patna, did not bring the poor girl to Bombay, instead of a stranger. And, for a moment, forgetting her reserve and her instructions, Mrs. Foy said she did not think her charge's father was ill, but neither he, nor any of the nuns, had wished to accompany the lunatic, and the Lady Superior alone had escorted her to the station late in the evening. She added that the invalid had lost her

mother, that her father was an Englishman, and her grandmother, now a very old woman of ninety-one, was a half-caste native; but she confessed that on the evening of her leaving Patna, she had seen neither the father nor the grandmother. Meanwhile we had reached the Rev. Mr. Deimler's house, where we parted. Mrs. Foy went to pass the night in the ladies' room at the station, and promised to see me again the next day, and hand over to me Miss Cosserat's trunk. But I never again saw Mrs. Foy, and I believe she left Bombay during the night, for she had left Miss Cosserat's luggage ticket at the German consul's office without my knowledge.

After this exciting day it was impossible to sleep or rest. I felt the deepest pity for the poor young lady, and her sorrow-stricken face haunted me perpetually. Anxious thoughts and doubts chased each other through my mind, but, through them all, my heart pleaded for the unhappy forsaken girl, and in spite of all the possible consequences which I pictured to myself, my heart told me again and again not to forsake the poor orphan. True misery never found me unfeeling; and here was the subject of double misfortune; here was a poor suffering creature, her spirit darkened by insanity; a poor feeble woman with no mother; and a father who, judging from his conduct, did not love her; for a father who, with cold indifference, can give over his suffering child to a stranger, whom he does not even care to see or to know, shows no affection, no heart. This father, I reasoned to myself, is a Protestant, yet he wishes and writes that his unhappy daughter should be taken to a Catholic convent in Europe; he, her own father, sends his despairing child, who was

brought up in the Protestant religion, to a fanatical convent far away from him. I asked myself, could a father, could a Protestant, who thus treated his own daughter, love her? and my heart answered *no!* But in any case, I reasoned further, the forsaken suffering child is here; and the unhappy creature whom I had taken to the convent of St. Joseph but a few hours before was with me in my quiet peaceful room at Pastor Deimler's house. She haunted my imagination, she was my waking dream through the long hours of the night. I felt as if she was approaching my bed, and pressing my hand she pleaded for my love. "I am forsaken," she said, with a hopeless, despairing look; "no one loves me, my father wants me to go — to go to a strange and distant land, and I have no mother; have mercy upon me, stranger; pity me; love me!"

And *I*, fully realising the sorrows of a child deprived of a father's love, *I*, to whom Heaven gave the best of mothers, whom I would soon be able to embrace, and *I*, the happy stranger, who had met with goodness and kindness in every country of the earth, could I forsake this unfortunate child, this orphan, whose mother lay in her grave, whose father repelled her, and who had no friend in the wide wide world?

"*No*; I cannot," I said to myself; "I will show the same kindness to this unhappy child which others have shown to me. It is my duty. I will pity her, and will endeavour to love her as my own sister, for the poor orphan is God's child. I will place her under the protection of Heaven, and am not afraid of the future. The good angel who led me to her will lead us both further in security and peace." While reasoning thus, the sudden thought

flashed through my mind that perhaps, instead of bringing the insane Protestant lady into a Roman Catholic convent, I could find for her a home in a lunatic asylum, where possibly she could be cured. The hope of doing this encouraged me, and I fully decided to take under my protection the poor forsaken one. I did not sleep at all that night, and I was quite worn out when I joined Mr. and Mrs. D. the next morning. When my friends became aware of the firm resolve I had come to to undertake the charge of the poor creature, and I had confessed to them my true motive for that resolve, the Rev. Mr. D. spoke to me very seriously, urging me to consider well the difficulties of the task and the risks I ran in undertaking it. He added, moreover, that even with the most conscientious economy it would be impossible to pay the expenses with the paltry sum sent to me by the father. The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Deimler had come from Bavaria to Bombay not very long before, so that the good clergyman could tell me exactly what the journey would cost, which I did not know before. According to his estimate the sum forwarded to me would not even be enough for the fares for two by rail and steamer, and nothing would be left for the indispensable incidental expenses. "And," added Mr. D., "suppose the lunatic should be ill in body, or the state of her mind become so much worse that you could not manage her, and had to call in the assistance of others, what *could* you do without sufficient money? You ought to have at least 500 rupees more, and even then you would not have enough, supposing you were detained long by the way."

Salesia Reimer, the Lady Superior at Patna, had come

from the very place to which Mr. Cosserat was sending his daughter on her advice, and, as I believed, at her wish, and she therefore knew well enough what the journey would cost. At all events, it seemed to me that she was the prime mover in this little drama, and had a notion of doing a little economy with Mr. Cosserat's money; whether she did so for his sake or that of the convent, it was impossible to say, for, in spite of the inadequacy of the funds entrusted to me, she evidently expected me to have something over; and the prudent lady, in the name of Mr. Cosserat, told me to give the balance to the Right Reverend Mother in God, the Lady Superior of the convent at Nymphenburg, on my arrival there. She appeared to have full control over the financial part of the business, and was very parsimonious. However, she knew how to tone down this frugality and this inadequacy of cash with honeyed promises and flattering words, and there was nothing to wish for in her elegantly written letter, which ran as follows:—

“MY DEAR AND HONOURED MISS WEPPNER,

“Pray pardon me, a stranger, for addressing a few lines to you. Angela v. Hoffmann, the Lady Superior at Allahabad, has to-day informed me by telegram that you are so very good as to be willing to take Miss Cosserat to our convent at Nymphenburg. You will be doing an act of great mercy, and Mr. Cosserat pays the expenses of the journey with the greatest pleasure. If, however, you should be able to obtain a free passage, he wishes you to have something for your kindness. He sends 1500 rupees for travelling expenses, and the balance which remains of

it he desires you to hand over on your arrival to the Right Reverend Mother in God, the Lady Superior at Nymphenburg. Mr. Cosserat also desires to receive an account of all you lay out on the journey.

"I must ask you to excuse the state of Miss Cosserat's wardrobe; unfortunately there is no one to take any care of this poor creature. Her grandmother is ninety-one years old, and incapable of seeing after anything. Most earnestly do I beg of you to have patience with the poor invalid. God will richly reward you for your goodness and patience. And wishing you a pleasant journey,

"I am, dear Miss Weppner,

"Yours very truly,

"SALESIA REIMER, *Lady Superior.*"

This Christian lady herself confessed that no one took any care of the poor creature, and asked me to excuse her miserable wardrobe. Yet, as Mrs. Foy had told me, the unfortunate lunatic's father was a wealthy opium merchant. Moreover, she came from a rich convent, the Lady Superior of which had money of her father's in hand; but for all that, his poor child was worse dressed than the lowest maid-servant. In the letter quoted above, the wealthy opium merchant expressed the generous wish, through the Lady Superior at Patna, that I should have something for my trouble, but that "something" was to be deducted from the money for my travelling expenses, in case I should obtain a free passage. This wish was, however, followed by a request to give the balance of the money, which was rather too little than too much, to the Right Reverend Lady Superior at Nymphenburg. The letter was

truly conventual, and worded with the greatest care. The Lady Superior urged me to economy. I was to supplement the insufficient sum and "something" for myself by getting a free passage, so that the greater part of it might accrue to the wealthy convent of Nymphenburg. The Lady Superior, for purely egotistical reasons, looked after Mr. Cosserat's interests with the greatest duplicity; and, as she knew very well that it would be impossible that there should remain "something" for me out of the parsimonious sum entrusted to me, she enlarged on the rich reward which God would give me, although the balance of the money must be given to the Right Reverend Lady Superior at Nymphenburg.

But how could the clever and thrifty administratrix of Mr. Cosserat's affairs have supposed that any captain, agent, or director, of a steamship company was likely to give me a free passage, which would involve the reception on board of a lunatic as well?

My friends, who meant me well, and looked at the matter from a less self-interested point of view, tried to convince me that I was the tool of an avaricious father and egotistical nuns, all of whom had their own private ends to serve in the cleverly calculated consignment to me of the poor lunatic. For if one of the nuns of the convent from which Miss Cosserat came had escorted her to Europe, her father would have had to pay for the voyage there and back of two nuns, as it is a rule of the order of the Angelic Sisterhood that no nun should travel without a companion, unless travelling *incognita* in a secular dress, which, as I learnt later on, is adopted in particular cases by spiritual ladies on errands outside

their sacred walls, which errands require discretion and prudence. If Mr. Cosserat had engaged a European lady or a native ayah to take his daughter from India to Bavaria, he would, in either case, have had to pay a good fee in addition to the travelling expenses to Europe and back to India, for without a liberal compensation, no one would undertake such an arduous task. The Lady Superior at Patna probably knew plenty of native ayahs, but they would all be ignorant of European languages, and could not be trusted to accompany Miss Cosserat from the heart of India to the convent of Nymphenburg in Bavaria; so that I had appeared at Allahabad in the nick of time. The poor young lady had to be sent away, and I was to serve as a friend in need.

For all this, however, I had my own opinion and feelings in the matter. I had no desire to serve the hard-hearted unnatural father, or the selfish Lady Superior at Patna, or the rich convent of Nymphenburg. My one thought was how best to assist the poor creature, and all my efforts were for her benefit. Since that sleepless night after her arrival I had been constantly cherishing the hope of bringing her, not to the Catholic convent of Nymphenburg, but to some medical establishment in Europe, where the poor young lady could be cured and restored to the world and to society. Whether my hopes would be realised, time will show; meanwhile to return to my narrative. The very day after Miss Cosserat's arrival, the German consul went to the superintendent of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, and asked him for two passages from Bombay to Suez. But the superintendent told him that he could not take the responsibility of

receiving a lunatic as a passenger, and he refused to give her a ticket. This was on Saturday morning, and one of the vessels of the Peninsular and Oriental Company was leaving Bombay the same afternoon for Suez. On Sunday Mr. Gumpert came to see me at Mr. Deimler's, and told me he had not the slightest hope of getting a passage for Miss Cosserat. Consul G. was himself an agent of the Austrian Lloyd's Company, whose vessels run between Bombay and Trieste, but the captain of the boat about to leave had told him positively that he could not undertake the responsibility of a mad passenger.

On this Sunday, I heard a German sermon and German hymns for the first time on my journey round the world. This treat was provided for the Germans of Bombay by the worthy Mr. Deimler, with the active co-operation of the German consul, who sympathised in all praiseworthy undertakings connected with his own country-people. I could not refrain from complimenting the last-named gentleman on being the first German consul whom I had seen in a church or heard pray since I started on my long journey. It must not, however, be supposed that there is a German church or chapel in Bombay; so far as I know, there is not yet a German brewery or club, and a church is never thought of until after these buildings have been erected, and sometimes not even then. The Rev. Mr. Deimler performed service in an English church, and there being no German hymn-books, Mrs. Deimler and I supplied the deficiency by making some dozen copies of the hymns selected. The congregation had the appearance of one united Christian Church, which our greatest theologians

are now endeavouring to form. Amongst the worshippers, besides myself, were two Catholic gentlemen, one Mr. Von Helle, the other Count Waldstein (of the celebrated race of Wallenstein), who was afterwards guest of the Viceroy of India, and witnessed his tragical end.

On the Sunday in question we three Roman Catholics thought and believed that the God and Saviour to whom the rest of the congregation were praying was our God and Saviour too; and no doubt our belief was shared by the various members of the different sects who joined in prayer with us. Were all Catholics and Protestants as tolerant as those I saw assembled in the English chapel at Bombay on that Sunday, the unity of the Christian religion, so earnestly striven after and longed for by the great and learned Dr. Von Döllinger, the head of the Old Catholic party in Germany, would already be achieved. There is but *one* God, but *one* Christ, and He taught but *one* religion; why, then, have we so many different Christian sects?

On Sunday, Mr. Gumpert forwarded a letter to me, and asked for Miss Cosserat's "pills." He said he could not quite understand what it was the Lady Superior at Bandora wanted, and to avoid mistake he enclosed a letter from his Lordship Bishop Meurin. As this gentleman had some share in the history of poor Miss Cosserat, and as I have his letter by me, I will copy it here. The letter is dated, Fort Chapel, Bombay, April 18th, 1871, and is as follows:—

"MY DEAR MR. GUMPERT,

"The Lady Superior of the Bandora convent wishes

for 'more powders' for Miss Rachel Cosserat. I suppose the lady who took her to Bandora knows something about these powders. As I do not know where she is, I must make these powders a *State affair* for the consul of His Imperial Majesty of Germany, and request his kind help. When is this poor Miss Rachel to leave? The poor nuns write that they cannot leave her alone by day or by night. I expected her to leave on Saturday night, but it seems you could not settle with the P. and O. Company. If there is yet a great delay to be expected, would you not prefer sending her to Colaba (a lunatic asylum near Bombay)? I leave it to you, but remark that the poor nuns must not be taxed too much. If you can procure the powders immediately, I can forward them to the Bandora convent.

"Yours very sincerely,

"R. C. MEURIN, *R. C. Bishop.*"

There is no doubt that the bishop knew well enough "where the lady was," for Mr. Gumpert had told him I was the lady in question, and he knew well that I was staying with the Protestant clergyman, Mr. Deimler. But the great man had a grudge against me. It was too wicked, too dreadful of me not to have shown due respect to his Lordship and to the female inmates of the convent. The bishop could not forget or forgive my having refrained from kissing his consecrated ring, or for having treated him and the Lady Superior like ordinary mortals, instead of like the elect of God. I had not confessed this enormous transgression. I had not asked the pardon of either of the offended dignitaries, and I was, moreover, staying with Protestants. How could the bishop be

expected to stoop to writing direct to such a woman at a Protestant's house? The pills in question had been sent to me by Salesia Reimer, the Lady Superior of Patna, through Mrs. Foy, with directions to give one to the invalid when she was very restless and sleepless. I was surprised that the recipe for them had not been given to me, and I purposely left only a few with the Lady Superior at Bandora, putting the glass case containing the others in my bag. I had a strange dread that the pills might be hurtful to the poor lunatic, and I had them tested by an English doctor, who said they were unwholesome. I therefore took no notice of the Lady Superior's request, and thus saved the bishop the trouble of sending the pills to Bandora. I subsequently showed them to the doctor on the steamship *Golconda*, and he confirmed the opinion of his colleague in Bombay, and pronounced the pills to be very dangerous for the invalid, a slow poison, in short, which would weaken the strongest nerves and ruin the most robust constitution, and it was his firm belief that the pills were the chief cause of the poor girl having become such a skeleton. Mrs. Foy, who had brought the invalid to Bombay, administered a dose of the pills to her in the German consul's office, and I noticed the rapid effect on the long drive to Bandora, during which, as before remarked, she slept soundly, her features unnaturally distorted, and looking like a ghost. When she awoke, she was completely exhausted, and we had to lift her from the carriage. Since that evening I had had a horror of the case of pills, and after the doctor on board the *Golconda* had tested them a second time, I threw the pills, case and all, into the sea.

Although the poor lunatic had only been five days in the convent at Bandora, it was easy to see, from the bishop's letter, that the nuns were already tired of her. The bishop actually ventured to propose to the consul that she should be sent to the lunatic asylum at Colaba. Yet his Lordship must have known that Mr. Gumpert had certainly neither the right nor the power to act on such a suggestion. The bishop was, however, too cautious to make any allusion to the father's and Lady Superior's neglect of duty and carelessness, nor did he give the more sensible advice that the poor creature should be sent back to the place from which she came. No, she was to be forwarded from one place to another, to be hurried from the convent at Bandora to the lunatic asylum at Colaba, there to remain only until a passage could be procured for her. The ecclesiastical gentleman had also the prudence not to meddle at all with the conventual affair in which the unhappy young lady was so unfortunately involved; he knew how to advise, but never came forward to do anything himself.

It was a significant fact that amongst all the monks, priests, and nuns in the convents of Fort Chapel, at Bombay, and St. Joseph's at Bandora, none took a single step in her interest. Doubtless they knew more than the German consul or I did of the fate of the Protestant lunatic, and of the cause of her sufferings. They all knew with what eagerness her departure was waited for at Patna, but, for all that, they made no sign, and took no apparent share in anything, playing their parts with the most consummate duplicity and diplomacy behind the scenes, where they could not very easily be observed.

As I had the bishop's letter in my possession, I went to Bandora, to see Miss Cosserat, and to tell the Lady Superior I could not give her the pills she asked for, as they were bad for the invalid. She inquired when I should start with the lunatic, and, on my saying I did not know, she replied with diplomacy that Miss C. was very quiet, and scarcely required any watching. "If that be true," I rejoined, "what the bishop says in his letter to the consul must be false," and I produced the letter bearing his Lordship's seal, and showing it to her, added, "You can see for yourself what he says." At this, the Lady Superior was confused, and in her embarrassment, she let slip the words that the history of Miss Cosserat appeared to her very mysterious, and no doubt must greatly annoy the bishop. She then begged me not to lose courage, or to forsake the unfortunate lunatic, for my pity for her, she added, was an act of the greatest mercy. After this speech she took me into Miss Cosserat's room, and there I found the poor creature lying asleep, half naked, on a large wooden table. The nun who watched over her told me she had not slept all night, and that it had been impossible to persuade her to leave the verandah and go to bed. Presently the invalid awoke, and her wild look and wandering eyes made my blood run cold. She sprang from the table, fell upon my neck, and cried: "Oh take me away from here; this is a Catholic convent, I hate the nuns; take me away!" Then ensued a terrible scene, and I did not know how to get away. The poor creature's entreaties tore my heart, and when I got back to Mr. Deimler's house in Mazagon Road, I was still weeping. I could think of nothing but the fate of the unhappy young lady,

and I was in a state of perpetual excitement. At the time it was very hot, and my efforts in behalf of my poor *protégée* kept me out of doors a good deal. I lost my appetite, and my kind host and hostess tried in vain to persuade me to consider my own health, and not to allow my compassion to carry me completely away.

But my interest in the poor invalid and my pity for her increased rather than diminished, and I clung yet more fondly to the hope of taking her to some medical establishment in Europe, and thus do the best for the young lady that could possibly be done for her. It pained me to the quick to think of sending her back to the convent at Patna; my heart pleaded for her incessantly, and I yielded to its voice; but all the time I did not know the most dreadful feature of her condition.

On Thursday morning I went to call on Mr. Noelke, a merchant from Hamburg, and agent of the Italian line of steamers running between Bombay and Trieste. He had already heard of me from his German friends, and received me with the greatest politeness. I related to him the distressing circumstances under which the poor lady was sent to me, telling him how sincerely I pitied her, and how firmly resolved I was to protect her. I then earnestly entreated Mr. Noelke to give me a cabin for the invalid and myself on the steamer which would start for Trieste the next Saturday, adding, that the passage-money was all ready at Mr. Gumpert's office. Mr. Noelke's reply was well meant, and merits my best gratitude, but it was not what I hoped it would be.

"Miss Weppner," he said, "no matter what sum you offer, or may offer, I cannot, I dare not, give a lunatic a

passage. Give up, I beg of you, the dangerous task you have undertaken, and if pecuniary motives have influenced you in making this great sacrifice, you can easily be assisted. I am prepared to do anything for you personally which is in my power. I will negotiate with the company, and you shall go to Trieste free of expense. What you propose doing," he added, "would be too much for a strong man to risk, and you are but a weak woman." I listened to all the kind-hearted man said; I strove to crush down my pity for the forsaken stranger, and for a moment I wavered. But once again my heart prevailed against my own interests, and, whilst thanking Mr. Noelke for his sympathy and kindness to me, I told him that the young lady's unhappy fate had affected me too deeply for it to be possible to forsake her for any selfish reason. "I honour you for it," he replied, "and if you change your mind, the offer I made to you is still at your service."

I returned home and wrote a letter to the Director of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, who had already refused to give the German consul a passage for the lunatic, and begged him to grant me an interview. But as I had little hope of securing a passage, in spite of all my efforts, I sent a telegram to Mr. Cosserat, at Patna, in the evening, to prepare him for the possible return of his daughter. This telegram, as I expected, conveyed by no means welcome tidings; at least, so I judged, from the fact that I received no reply from the poor girl's father. On Wednesday morning I drove to the chief office of the P. and O. Company, and when the director received my card, he came and invited me into his private room. I

then told him in a few words how I was circumstanced with regard to the poor stranger, and showed him the letters and telegrams from her father. He saw at once that there were no self-interested motives, on my side at least, and said, "This is a strange and mysterious case, and the sum sent by the father is far too small to cover the expenses of the voyage to Europe." I here remarked that the money for the passage to Suez was waiting at the consul's office, and that I had no doubt the poor lady's father would forward the rest of the money required as soon as he knew that I had succeeded in obtaining a passage for his daughter.

The director, as he told me himself, was a Catholic and a friend of the bishop, whom he had seen lately, he said; but the latter had told him nothing about the poor young lady, and he was very much surprised to hear that she was a Protestant, and had come from a Catholic convent. I had, however, all but won over the director, although his now awakened interest, as I could guess from his manners and speech, was rather more for the bishop, the nuns, and the convent, than for my poor *protégée*. All this I knew and felt, but I was also sure he was disposed to favour me, for he commended my compassion and disinterested kindness, repeating, "I am a friend of the bishop, and I will see what can be done," so that when I left him I was almost sure that he would grant the passage.

On Saturday of the same week I had an opportunity of hearing the beautiful opera of *Sakuntala*, which was acted in the Sanskrit language in a Hindu theatre, by the students of Elphinstone College. Mr. Gumpert was anxious that I should see a native opera, and the president

of the college had sent him tickets for two reserved seats. The conductor of the native orchestra was Mr. Gumpatroa Zaoba, and the singing sounded very powerful, distinct, and clear in the Sanskrit language. I had heard that Sanskrit much resembles German in pronunciation and force of expression, and I now found that I had been rightly informed. It is true I did not understand a word, but the enunciation of the singers was extremely pure and resonant, and I enjoyed *Sakuntala* in the Sanskrit opera more than *Mignon* in the Italian. In India, as in China, men play the parts of women. *Sakuntala*, the beloved of King Dushyanta, was a handsome Hindu youth of about twenty years old, and it seemed rather unnatural to me that a male goddess should recline on a bed of roses, as I have witnessed in the third act. A Baboo, who spoke English well, sat at my left hand, and he translated the most important parts of the opera for us, and pointed out the different characters on the stage.

When I returned home from the opera, Mr. Deimler gave me a letter from the director of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, which ran as follows : —

“ *Bombay, April 24th, 1871.*

“ *To Miss MARGARETHA WEPPNER, care of the Rev. Mr.*

“ *DEIMLER, Gunpowder Road, Mazagon, Bombay.*

“ With reference to your application for a passage for an invalid lady by the mail steamer to leave for Suez on Saturday next, I have to inform you that the same can be granted on consideration of its being engaged that the in-

valid lady referred to by you be not allowed to leave her cabin during the voyage.

"I am, Madam, Yours faithfully,

"GEORGE F. HENEY,

*"Superintendent of the Peninsular
and Oriental Steam Navigation Company."*

On Thursday morning I drove to the consulate, and Mr. Gumpert telegraphed at once to Mr. Cosserat, at Patna, telling him that a passage had been granted to his daughter, and explaining to him that the money sent for travelling expenses would not be sufficient, but that 500 rupees more would be required. He requested Mr. Cosserat to send that sum, and also to write me a letter, legally authorising me to be his daughter's guardian on the journey to Europe, &c. Mr. Gumpert warned me that I might have difficulties, and that, if so, a letter of authority from the lunatic's father would be most useful.

In the afternoon Count Waldstein came and escorted me to the native bazaar, where we inspected a very rich collection of the far-famed Indian sandal-wood, and ivory ware. Many of the articles exhibited are inlaid with the most artistic designs in mosaic, ebony, and ivory, and are of exquisite finish, showing both the admirable patience and the rare talent of the natives. I bought a lovely little basket of sandal-wood, ebony, and ivory, inlaid with the finest mosaics, and a very beautifully carved sandal-wood glove-box. I also added a very interesting collection of terra-cotta figures to my curiosities, which faithfully represented the various castes of India, including a pious Brahmin, with his earthen water

vessel, starving himself to death with fasting; a snake charmer, with various Hindus, Parsees, Indian princes, Baboos, artisans of all kinds, male and female servants, &c. For a short time after my return home this series formed a very beautiful group in my museum at Frankfort.

The numerous races in Bombay are a peculiar and interesting sight. Nowhere, not even in Shanghai, Hong-Kong, Singapore, or in any of the seaports and commercial towns of the East, are the differences between the races so striking as in Bombay. In Calcutta, the port opposite to Bombay, on the other side of India, there are but two distinct races, the Hindus and the Europeans; whereas, in the bazaar at Bombay, there are, besides Hindus, many half-caste Portuguese from Goa, as well as Persians, Arabians, Syrians, Turks, and Greeks from the Levant. Amongst the southern races I recognised Malays, Chinese, Javanese, and Siamese; and I also met with several typical members of the races with which I had become familiar in Northern India, such as natives of Cashmere and Affghanistan, Sikhs, &c. Amongst the races in Bombay the natives of Madagascar are the swarthiest. The Hindus and Parsees, although they both belong to the Caucasian family, differ greatly alike in physiognomy, complexion, customs, and style of dress. The Hindus are the darker of the two.

One leading characteristic of the different races and sects of Asia, is that they all have their own peculiar costumes; whereas in Europe and America all classes of English, French, Italians, Spanish, Portuguese, Scandinavians, and the civilised races of North and South America follow, to a certain extent, the same fashions, all

males being dressed alike, and all females in costumes resembling each other in a greater or less degree, so that a certain uniformity of style is insured. The Oriental races each adopt a distinctive costume, and present so varied an appearance, that even a stranger, with some slight attention to details of dress, can distinguish one race from another without any of that study of physiognomy and of manner necessary to the recognition of Germans, French, English, &c. To the Israelites alone did God give the distinction of being easily recognised by the type of their features in every nation under heaven.

But any stranger travelling in the East, and provided with a faithful description of the distinctive costumes as worn by the various races, might, without any knowledge of their features, easily distinguish the natives of every different country.

The Japanese have to follow a legal etiquette in their mode of dressing the hair; the Chinese wear a pig-tail, the Malays a hood, and the Javanese and Sundanese are "shock-headed Peters" (*Struvel-Pieters*); the Hindu wears a turban, the Parsee a mourning hat, and so on.

The chief differences between the Hindus and Parsees are that the latter have no distinctions of caste, and eat animal food of all kinds. Unfortunately the women of both sects occupy, as I was told, a very degraded position, and are certainly not yet looked upon as goddesses in society. Yet if we look into the history of India, we find this contradicted in many instances. The Parsees are the first merchants in India, and what the enterprising and

energetic Jews are in the trade of Europe and America, that are the fire-worshippers in the East. The Parsee temples in Bombay are very simple, the only consecrated object being the fire which is always kept burning on the altar, and is typical of the sun, the Parsees' god. I must here remark, however, that I once met a Parsee who told me that his god was the Supreme Being, and that he did not pray to the sun itself, but worshipped his Creator and honoured his God through its medium.

When I returned from the bazaar I found a telegram awaiting me from Mr. Cosserat, telling me that the bank was already closed at Patna, but that he would send me the 500 rupees, as requested by the consul, the next day. It was significant that the gentleman in question chose to reply immediately this time, and the news of the approaching departure of his poor daughter was evidently welcome intelligence. He appeared, however, to be in a state of great excitement, for the next day he sent me a second and a third telegram.

Now, as Mr. Cosserat had deigned no reply to any of my unpleasing communications, I thought it only right to send him an explicit letter, in which I upbraided him for his cold, heartless, and mysterious conduct; and I also made some severe remarks on the uncandid, egotistical, and inexplicable share taken by the Lady Superior, Salesia Reimer, in his private affairs.

The lunatic's father now seemed to understand that, in spite of my being so many hundred miles away, I had some slight comprehension of his mysterious behaviour, and of his intimate relations with the spiritual mother of his forsaken child, as he now, for the first time, sent me

a feeling and grateful telegram. Whether he was sincere in what he said I do not know, for the first humane answer vouchsafed to me by this extraordinary father came after he had heard that his child was about to leave Bombay for Europe, and would not return to Patna.

The answer referred to was as follows:—

“Miss Margaretha Weppner, care of the German consul, Bombay. — Telegraphed very hurriedly last night to save the post. Have to-day written you a registered letter, ‘Care of the German consul,’ requesting you *most earnestly* to take charge of my daughter to convent at Nymphenburg, Bavaria, and thanking you warmly for your kindness, giving you all the authority to act for her as a parent over a child. Please send reply.

“JAMES COSSERAT.”

The man was evidently much excited; for two hours later I received a second telegram, which, except for the alteration of a few words, was exactly the same as the last. The next telegram was a bank-order for 500 rupees, which Mr. Gumpert cashed, and took into his keeping, with the sum previously sent, until the day of our leaving. On that day, Friday morning, I received per telegram the registered letter of authority mentioned by Mr. Cosserat, which ran as follows:—

“MY DEAR MADAM,

“I beg to authorize you to take my daughter, Miss Rachel Susanne Cosserat, a lunatic, to the convent at Nymphenburg (Bavaria). I beg to give you all due authority for that purpose, viz., that of a parent over a

child, to take and control her in every needful way. Please let me hear of her having sailed, by telegraph.

"I am, my dear Madam, Yours truly,

"JAMES COSSERAT,

"*Father of the above-named*

"MISS RACHEL SUSANNE COSSERAT.

"*To Miss WEPPNER, care of the*

"*German consul, Bombay.*"

Mr. Cosserat appears to have been dissatisfied with this letter, and may, perhaps, have felt that my behaviour to his daughter was free from all personal interest; for, after that, he wrote me a second registered letter, which I received on Friday afternoon, and in which he, for the first time, expressed any fatherly feelings for his poor daughter; but whether those feelings were sincere I cannot say. He was evidently in a very uncomfortable state of mind, and having lacked the moral courage to do what was right at first, he was now striving to remedy and amend his own actions. I append a copy of the second registered letter:—

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"On receipt of your telegram, I wrote very hurriedly the first registered letter; but now I beg to answer more fully, and to thank you most kindly for the trouble and consideration you are good enough to exercise in my daughter's behalf. I beg you to be good enough to take my daughter to the convent at Nymphenburg, in Bavaria, and I do so *most earnestly*, as the only hope of a return for her to sound reason by a change of climate and the kind-

ness she will receive there by the nuns, and as an act of the *greatest* kindness and *charity* on your part. I beg to give you all the authority of a parent over my poor child, to whom you are so good, and to *entreat* your kind consideration for her unfortunate state. If you will add to your noble kindness by informing me of her having left Bombay, and also of her safe arrival at the convent of Nymphenburg, I shall consider it an additional favour.

"Believe me, my dear Madam,

"Yours sincerely,

"JAMES COSSERAT.

"To Miss WEPPNER, care of the

"German consul, Bombay."

"This letter," I said to my hostess, "is dictated, if not by the heart, at least by the conscience, of my correspondent. "But how strange it is," I added, "that this Protestant fathers should find the only hope of the recovery of his lunatic daughter in the far-distant Catholic convent at Nymphenburg! If he is a sensible Protestant, in full possession of his faculties, he does not believe what he writes to me. It is evident that the Lady Superior Salesia is at the bottom of the whole affair; she is the man's *regent*, and directs everything he does." I had guessed rightly, for I had scarcely read the second letter when a servant of the German consul brought me a telegram, the contents of which offended me greatly and made me very angry. This telegram, although nominally from the lunatic's father, was dictated by Salesia Reimer, and it was easy to see that the most private affairs of this extraordinary Protestant gentleman were known to the

wise and pious, or, we should rather say, the egotistical Lady Superior.

This truly monastic *Catholic* lady, this very economical, and, as seemed to me, *unfeeling woman*, who had sent the poor young creature from her wealthy convent in rags and tatters, who wished, for her father's sake, that she should travel free of expense, and that my trouble, my kindness, and my patience should be rewarded by Heaven, did not forget to look for a material benefit, and an earthly payment for the advantage of the convent. And, in her piety and monastic wisdom, she did all that words could do to get as much as possible out of the affair for the convent, as betrayed by the last telegram. She had, it seems to me, represented to the father that it was not certain that I should get safely to the convent at Nymphenburg with the invalid and with the money. She inspired him with distrust of me, so that not a single rupee might come into my hands beyond the rigidly estimated sum for travelling expenses. This clever woman, who had the lunatic's father completely in her power, had calculated on the advantage of the order of the Angelic Sisterhood in every contingency, even in the event of the possible death of the poor young lady, and she had hit upon a shrewd expedient for guarding against what she distrusted.

When Mr. Cosserat was assured that his daughter would leave Bonabay, he laid aside his strange silent mask. He had recovered, as I could easily guess, from the emotion evinced in his last letter, and now spoke out about his desire of economy on his daughter's journey. The German consul had hardly received the 500 rupees, when I was astonished by the receipt of a telegram, an indirect

missive from the Lady Superior, Salesia Reimer, in which Mr. Cosserat reminded me in offensive terms of suspicion of the two separate sums of rupees I had received from him. He requested me to give an account of them to the Lady Superior at Nymphenburg, and finally, for his own satisfaction, and as a safeguard against my want of honour, he strove to arouse my self-interest by telling me that he had handed over a sum of money to the Lady Superior, Salesia Reimer, at Patna. This lady, as I was informed by his message, had already forwarded the money to the Lady Superior at Nymphenburg by the last mail, as prepayment for the board and care of his daughter after her arrival, and that in case I should deliver her safely into the hands of the Right Reverend Lady Superior at Nymphenburg, that lady would give me a small reward.

I showed this mean suspicious telegram to Mr. Deimler, and, with his approbation, I at once sent Mr. Cosserat a clear and outspoken reply by telegram, which, although as shortly worded as possible, was too long to transcribe *verbatim*, but the contents of which were briefly as follows:—

“MR. JAMES COSSERAT, *Blankipore, Patna.*

“SIR,

“You are, as I understand, the father of the unfortunate young lady whom I have decided to take with me to Europe, and whom it is my firm resolve to watch over with all the kindness in my power. I have received from you the money for travelling, the whole of which, until the moment of writing, is in the care of the German consul. In the event of my accepting this money,

as the means of travelling with your daughter to Nymphenburg, I cannot undertake to render an account of the sum received to any other person than yourself, and I wish to be exempt from all obligation to a second or a third person. My transaction, if such a disinterested arrangement can be called a *transaction*, is with the father of my *protégée*, who provides the money for the journey, and not with the Lady Superior at Nymphenburg. I know the self-seeking spirit of monastic women, and shun having any money dealings with them. Once more I declare to you *positively* that I will render no account of *your money* and of the expenses on my journey to the Lady Superior at Nymphenburg, nor will I receive from her the small reward you promise me on the safe resignation of your daughter into her hands. If money and self-interest were the motives of my conduct to your forsaken child, I should demand a certain remuneration for my trouble before I leave this place, and your empty uncertain promise of a small probable or improbable reward would not suffice me. I am not your servant, and if I were, even a servant would find the care of your daughter, under such conditions, arduous enough. Your offer of a free passage has no weight with me, for I could get one without giving up my freedom. I take charge of your child out of the purest compassion, which you seemed to recognise in your telegram of yesterday, and not for the sake of my own personal interests. You know that this is true; and you know also that my disinterestedness and this opportunity of sending your daughter away is to your advantage. But under no circumstances, as I wish you to understand, will I be a dupe of suspicious selfish nuns. I must, in any

and every case, retain my independence. If you do not agree to the above stipulations, let me know by telegram before three o'clock to-morrow afternoon, Friday, for at three o'clock to-morrow the cabin must be paid for which is engaged for me and your daughter on the steamer *Golconda*, leaving Bombay for Suez on Saturday. I can take no notice of any intelligence forwarded after that time.

“MARGARETHA WEPPNER.”

I was now uncertain what would ensue, and this uncertainty made me dissatisfied with myself, for I felt that it would be a sin to forsake the poor creature now. But my compassion was once more put to the test, and counterbalanced my wavering will. On Friday morning I read an account, in a Bombay paper, of a terrible tragedy. A young madman, an English officer, who had been taken on board ship to a neighbouring island, under the care of two friends, had murdered one of them with a knife in a most horrible manner. Once again was all my dread aroused of the dangers to be met on my journey; but once again before my imagination rose the image of the miserable pleading figure in the convent at Bandora, whom nobody pitied, nobody loved. Once more I indulged myself in the hope of being able to take her to some place where she could be restored to health. I crushed down all the dreadful pictures of the possible perils before me, and I seemed to hear the voice of my guardian angel saying, “I will not forsake thee; do not thou forsake her.”

At three o'clock on Friday afternoon no telegram had

arrived from Mr. Cosserat, although there had been time to send at least a dozen. He had, of course, taken counsel in Patna with the Lady Superior, Salesia, and his not replying at once was premeditated, and a matter of shrewd calculation.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the Secretary of the Peninsular and Oriental Company sent to Mr. Gumpert to inquire if I did or did not wish to take the cabin on board the *Golconda*, which would start the next day. At the same moment I arrived at the consul's office, and as he had received no telegram, he handed over 1000 rupees to me, and with it I paid for a cabin for the lunatic and myself from Bombay to Suez, obtaining a receipt for the money. At the same time I sent a letter to my fellow-countryman, Mr. Noelke, thanking him for the free passage he had offered me, and telling him that I should start the next day with my *protégée*. On Friday night, at one o'clock, when I was sound asleep, the consul's servant came with a telegram from Mr. Cosserat, which one of the women servants brought to my bed. I read the telegram, and tried to master my indignation, and to go to sleep again. But it was of no use. I was too much excited; the cunning of the unknown man and woman in Blankipore, Patna, who now for fully three weeks had worried me continually, mortified me too deeply. I sat down, and once more read all the letters and the fifteen telegrams which I had received from this unknown man, and having done so I had still no notion whatever as to the sad lot of the poor lunatic. I did not know with whom I had to deal; but whoever it was took good care not to throw the faintest light on the origin of the unfortunate

girl's sufferings and her unhappy history. I was working in the dark, and the only tangible thing in this mysterious and obscure affair, the one unmistakable fact, was my poor *protégée*, the miserable figure in the convent at Bandora.

At breakfast I showed Mr. Deimler the telegram I had received in the night. "Premeditated again," exclaimed the worthy man; "for if not, why did he not telegraph before three o'clock on Friday, as you requested him to do, instead of in the dead of the night, when it is too late to make any change? I advise you to take no notice of it. You have had too much trouble and worry already, and it is high time that you should compose yourself to begin the difficult task you have set yourself with calmness and self-possession." The telegram sent by Mr. Cosserrat, late the night before, was very *abrupt*, very mean and very shrewd. Feeling sure, after the receipt of my last message, that I should pay 1000 rupees for the cabin engaged, at three o'clock on Friday, unless I heard from him before, he waited until many hours later, and then telegraphed to me requiring an impossibility. The unknown man wanted to know whether I would take his daughter to Europe or not, as, if not, I was to give the whole sum which I had received from him to the Catholic Bishop of Bombay, or to the Lady Superior at Bandora. This lady, he said in his telegram, had been requested by Salesia Reimer, the Lady Superior at Patna, to take care of the invalid until some one could be found to escort her to Europe. For all that, however, he knew well enough how matters would stand when I got this telegram, for at the end of it he expressed a hope that I should start with his daughter, and begged me to let him know by

telegram whether I did so. But my patience, which I had hitherto been able to keep throughout this involved affair, was now exhausted. It would have been the simplest thing in the world for Mr. Cosserat to telegraph to the Catholic Bishop of Bombay, or to the Lady Superior at Bandora, and ask them to get back the 1000 rupees from the P. & O. Company, and the rest of the money from the German consul. But this he was cautious not to do, and I was driven into a vortex of annoyance, in which all the trouble was flung upon me. The company was by no means bound to return the 1000 rupees to me on the very day the vessel started. I knew the cabin I had engaged had been refused to others since Monday, the day on which the superintendent had promised it to me. The Bishop of Bombay, who, no doubt, had received tidings and telegrams from Patna, made no sign until the steamer was just leaving the harbour. And the Lady Superior at Bandora, who, as the last telegram informed me, had been requested to keep Mr. Cosserat's daughter in the convent, denied that this was so, and *entreated* me to take the poor invalid away. Every one wished to get rid of her, and to send her a long distance off, for Colaba, the lunatic asylum, was close to Bombay. But none of those concerned, neither her father, nor the Ladies Superior at Patna and Bandora, nor the Bishop of Bombay, although he suggested her removal there, made the slightest attempt to have the poor creature taken to Colaba. It was easy to see that she was not to remain in India, or to be taken to any asylum, but only to the convent at Nymphenburg, in Europe. To me, who looked at this complicated affair with feelings of

compassion only, it seemed better that the poor creature should be taken away from the loveless home of her early childhood. And in my earnest pity I hoped that the many distractions which I intended to provide for her on the journey in countries cooler than India, might affect her spirits, and bring about a salutary change in the young lady's mind. My will and my intentions were good, and it was my firm resolve to do everything for the unhappy creature which love and pity could dictate.

On Saturday morning, at ten o'clock, I drove to the convent at Bandora to fetch my *protégée* to start on her journey to Europe. I found her waiting for me, with the Lady Superior at the gate of the convent, holding a little bundle in her hand.

"Are you come to take me away from this convent now?" she said, giving me a long, pleading look from her usually rigid eyes, and I replied with a smiling "yes." I asked the Lady Superior, who was extremely amiable and friendly, whether she had received any news from Pâtna. She said no, but that the bishop had informed her the day before that I should start to-day with the invalid. Whilst she was speaking, the lunatic began to tell me a dreadful ghost story, assuring me, with terribly distorted eyes, that there were horrible ghosts in all convents, and that they were all *alive*, and wandering about by day and by night. There was a German Jesuit Father in the convent at Bandora, who had several times offered to give me letters to priests in Cairo and Alexandria, so that I might, if necessary, be able to get suitable accommodation for the lunatic in those cities. The father now came, wished me a pleasant voyage, adding that what I was doing

would merit the reward of Heaven, and the amiable Lady Superior seconded him in this expression of opinion. I then reminded the reverend father of his promised letters for Egypt, but he said that he had no authority to give them to me, without the permission of the bishop. The amiable Lady Superior, however, who was ready to do anything in her delight to get rid of the poor lunatic, offered to ask the bishop for these letters herself. It was, she said, while wiping her tearless eyes, the case of an unfortunate creature, and his Lordship would be certain to grant her request. She sent for two orphan girls, asked me to pay for a carriage for them to Fort Chapel, from there to Mr. Deimler's, and then back to the convent, and told me that in two hours at the latest the letters of recommendation from the bishop should be delivered to me at my friend's residence. I had no confidence in the words of the Lady Superior, or in the bishop's kindness, but I thought I would see if he had forgiven me, and would act like a Christian in this emergency, so I gave the orphan girls three rupees for the carriage, and one rupee for their trouble. They then drove off to Fort Chapel, with the Lady Superior's letter, whilst I returned with my poor *protégée* to my friends in Gunpowder Road, Mazagon, Bombay. At one o'clock we dined, the poor lunatic sitting amongst us, but she soon became very restless, and left the table. She wandered all over the house, moaning, and complaining so piteously, that I at once began to realise what I had undertaken, for I could not leave her for a moment. Three hours passed by, and the orphan girls had not appeared with the bishop's letter, and I may as well add at once that I never saw them again, so

that I had thrown away four rupees. I might, however, have known from experience, that the bishop was not the man to behave in a noble and Christian manner. I felt very sad, when parting from the worthy clergyman and his good wife, for whom I had conceived the greatest affection and esteem during my stay with them. Mrs. D., as she looked at the miserable creature, who she knew would bring me constant anxiety and peril, seized my hand, and pressing it warmly, exclaimed, sobbing, "God protect you!" and then gave me a hearty kiss, a true German kiss.

I now left the peaceful, happy home of the clergyman, and, accompanied by him to the steamer, I commenced my fatal journey. On our way to the harbour, the invalid was very wilful, so that my heart sank within me, and it would be impossible for me to describe what my feelings were. A small boat took us from the beach to the steamer *Golconda*; the kind-hearted Mr. Deimler, noticing my nervous anxiety about the invalid, said many cheering words, and urged me to consider, not only my *protégée*, but myself, that I might retain sufficient health and strength to fulfil my difficult task and my duty towards her.

Our boat now lay-to at the side of the *Golconda*, and it was hard work to get the refractory patient up the steep steps of the vessel. The purser and doctor, who had received notice of the arrival of the lunatic passenger, tried with kind words to lead her to my cabin, but the condition that she should never leave it was broken before we left the harbour of Bombay. Miss Cosserat was not to be persuaded to stay in the cabin, and fearing that I should be blamed if the stipulated condition was not fulfilled, I

wanted to shut myself in with her, but the doctor, a kind-hearted man, said to me in a most sympathetic manner: "You shall not be a prisoner, Miss Weppner; I know what your relations are with this poor creature, and I can only marvel at your courage in undertaking such a task; your conduct is a true sacrifice, and you shall not be robbed of the little freedom you can enjoy with the charge of this unhappy lady. So far as is consistent with my duty, I will do all in my power to lighten your responsibility." The doctor then himself took the invalid on deck, and I sat down with her in the stern of the vessel, which was gradually becoming fuller and fuller of passengers. The poor lunatic was the observed of everybody, but she herself noticed nothing, and judging from the sad and hopeless expression of her face, she was in a dark world of her own, and did not realise where she was. Presently she rested her feeble head against my shoulder and seemed to sleep.

Mr. Deimler manifested the greatest sympathy and consideration for me. He had come from Europe on the *Golconda*, and being acquainted with the staff of the vessel, he now went from one member to another, urging them to do all they could for me on the journey. The anchor was weighed, Mr. Deimler said his last kind words, and returned to his boat. He had hardly left when Consul Gumpert came up to me, and having introduced a friend of his, who was to be a fellow passenger to Europe, he handed me an open letter from "Angela von Hoffmann," the Lady Superior at Allahabad, of whom I had heard nothing since the day when Mrs. Foy had arrived at the Consul's office with the lunatic. The letter was addressed merely to "Miss

Weppner, Bombay," but, as I could see, had been opened by some one. I asked the consul how this open letter had come into his hands, and he said it had been sent to his office but a quarter of an hour before by the bishop, and that if the starting of the *Golconda* had not been put off for an hour I should not have received the letter before leaving Bombay.

"A curious monastic web," I exclaimed; "everything is pre-arranged to the very last moment." I then looked at the date of the open letter, which was "Allahabad, April 23rd." It was now the 29th of April, and it takes thirty-six hours only for letters from Allahabad to reach Bombay; indeed, I had received Mr. Cosserat's letter, dated from Patna, the 26th of April, on the 28th, and Patna is farther from Bombay than Allahabad. The letter in question had therefore arrived at Fort Chapel three whole days before it was forwarded to me. And either the Jesuit Father, the Rev. Mr. Cooke, had received it and given it to his superior, Bishop Meurin, or the Bishop himself had received it, kept it in his possession until the time for the departure of the *Golconda* had, as he suspected, gone by, and then, in order to appear conscientious, had sent the letter to the consul, whose office is near to Fort Chapel. It was strange, too, that all my other letters and telegrams relating to the poor lunatic had been addressed to me at the German consul's, whereas this was directed to "Fort Chapel." The letter contained some stale news, and a communication which I was not intended to receive before I left, and which had, therefore, been kept back by the wise bishop until the last moment. My correspondent informed me that Mrs. Foy, on her return

from Bombay, had told her that I had asked her to take the young lady back to Patna, which she had refused to do. And therefore she (Angela von H.) had immediately requested the Lady Superior at Bandora by telegram to keep her in her convent until some one could be found to take her to the convent at Nymphenburg in Bavaria. It was clear that the bishop had a motive for not letting me have this letter before I left Bombay, for if he had, I could have given the Lady Superior at Bandora a positive *démenti* to her assertions, that she had never received any message requesting her to keep the poor invalid in her charge.

On every one of the last three days I had asked her if she had heard anything about keeping poor Miss Cosserat in the convent, and she always said no. The bishop, whom she had asked for the pills, and who actually had proposed to the German consul to remove the lunatic from the convent to Colaba, was, of course, aware of all that went on. Had the right reverend gentleman, therefore, given me this letter at the proper time, instead of keeping it in his hands for three days, I could have convicted the Lady Superior at Bandora with having purposely withheld the truth for the sake of getting rid of her unhappy charge. The steamer *Golconda* did not leave until an hour and a half later than the time fixed, and the German consul remained beside me and Miss Cosserat until the last moment. And when his friend had left us, he informed me of another equally astounding and diplomatically-premeditated piece of news, viz., that the bishop had received a telegram in the morning from the Lady Superior at Patna, asking him to receive the sum of money in my

hands and the lunatic from me, in case I decided not to take the latter to Europe.

Since the morning, when he received the telegram, the bishop had had time to let me know its contents fifty times over; but he chose to wait until it was impossible to alter anything. I now understood why the two orphan girls, sent by the Lady Superior of Bandora, to Fort Chapel, did not come back to me. I had not the slightest doubt that the bishop would have received the sum of money from my hands if I had brought it to him. But I am doing no injustice to this exalted priest, this merciless servant of God, who treated me so harshly and uncharitably, when I say that I felt him to be the last man in all India to make a single effort in behalf of a poor neglected Protestant, or to make any attempt to provide for her suitable accommodation. His silence, and his action behind the scenes, was a piece of wise diplomacy; and he knew better than to take any public steps in connection with the monastic drama of a lunatic Protestant. Probably I shall never see the father of my poor *protégée*, but he certainly is the most singular and incomprehensible of all Protestants whose acquaintance I have made, either face to face, or from a distance, by mail and wire; for, so far, I had never heard of any Protestant who had as his regent a Lady Superior of a Roman Catholic convent, and requested a Roman Catholic bishop to take charge of his lunatic child and his money.

Before the German consul left me, he told me the bishop had requested him, by a note sent in the morning, to have the letter back in which he had asked for the pills. I told Mr. Gumpert that the letter was in my

trunk, and that I could not, at that moment, leave my poor *protégée* to look for it; moreover, I observed that it was no longer the property of the bishop, but of himself, to whom his Lordship had written for the pills, and that he, the consul, had given it to me.

Mr. Gumpert now rose to go; but, before we parted, the same words burst from the lips of both: "An incomprehensible and involved affair from beginning to end, in which the one tangible fact is this pitiable figure." With this remark, the consul pressed the hand of the poor lunatic. I thanked him again and again for all his kindness to her and to myself, and shaking me by the hand once more, he said, "Good bye, may Heaven protect you;" adding, with a jesting smile, "and next time you go to a Roman Catholic bishop, I hope you will not neglect your Roman Catholic duties, and forget to kiss his consecrated ring."

The steamer had now taken in its entire freight, all the passengers had come on board, the last signal was given, the *Golconda* was off and steaming rapidly along the coast. We soon lost sight of the Indian peninsula, as we sped on our way towards Aden, on the south-west coast of Arabia, which was to be our first stopping-place. We were now in the Indian Ocean; it was a glorious night, and I remained seated where I had been when Mr. Deimler and Consul Gumpert had left me. There I had taken my dinner; but the poor lunatic had refused to touch anything, and still leant against me, looking now at the clear, bright moon, and now into the deep blue sea. Presently, however, my patience was put to a long and severe trial, for my charge got up, went to the side

of the vessel, and gazed with hopeless, despairing eyes into the rolling waves. I endeavoured, with the kindest words, to persuade her to come with me to our cabin, but all in vain. She was pale and weak, and becoming tired of standing about, she laid herself down on the hard deck, refusing to take a chair. A sailor then attempted to carry her to the cabin; but she became very violent, and struck both him and me. The stewardess, a young Englishwoman, had declined to have anything to do with my *protégée*, and would not venture near her. She was attentive enough to me personally; but not once, throughout the whole journey, could she be persuaded to watch over Miss Cosserat for five minutes only. One of the stewards, however, an obliging and trustworthy English man, had received orders from the captain and purser to do what he could to help me, and this he did with the greatest readiness, and with rare patience.

It was now one o'clock in the morning, and Miss Cosserat still remained obstinate, and did not move from where she had first lain down. I was therefore compelled to fall in with her humour, and to spend the night on deck. This was a new experience in my travels, for I had never slept in the open air, except once in the half tumbled-down rhinoceros stable in the primeval forest in Java, and then I had done so by my own free will.

The moonbeams fell full upon the deck, and upon the pale face of the half-slumbering invalid, and as I was afraid they might be hurtful to her, the good captain, at my request, was kind enough to order the whole of the stern of the vessel to be covered in with sails. The steward then brought up two mattresses, which were

placed in a shaded corner behind the rudder, and this spot was my resting-place for fourteen nights—that is to say, only when in the intervals of watching and wandering about I was able to take a short rest.

For a long time the patient declined to go to bed; she was very stubborn and treated me insolently; but, at last, after I had plied her with the gentlest entreaties at my command, she yielded to my wishes and lay down. My bed was quite close to hers; but I could not sleep. How often in this long night did I look silently up into the beautiful sky, praying for patience and strength! Now and then my poor *protégée* flung up her arms, or gazed round about her with terror in her great blue eyes; and sometimes she would seize my hand convulsively, and relate visions so awful that they made my blood run cold, and in all of which her father and the Roman Catholic nuns at Patna were the most prominent figures.

In the morning, I felt more tired and exhausted than I had felt the night before, and leaving a sailor to watch over the invalid, I went and refreshed myself with a cold bath out of Neptune's lap.

If it had been difficult to get Miss Cosserat to go to bed, it was equally difficult to persuade her to get up again. It was altogether impossible to get her to eat and drink, to go to bed and get up, or to dress and undress at regular hours. The poor creature could not distinguish between day and night; and, worst of all, she had lost all sense of decency and cleanliness. She was wandering in a confused chaos in a *living-dead* world, the creation of her own disordered imagination. My journey from Bombay to — (the reader will learn where in due time) was a

melancholy and terrible journey. I had to realise, with many and bitter tears, what it means to watch over a female lunatic, who no longer knew or could govern herself; and that at sea, on a steamer, surrounded on all sides by the deep, and containing some hundred passengers besides ourselves. In addition to all this, I was again visited by the fearful scourge of sea-sickness, during which I found it extremely difficult to watch over the poor invalid. Only my Heavenly Father, who knows everything, He alone knows my anxiety, my dread, and troubles, and my tears and prayers in the fearful voyage from India to —.

But for my sustaining faith and confidence in a higher Power, but for invisible comfort and support, it would have been impossible to persevere and endure to the end.

With the exception of one German merchant and myself, all the first-class passengers were English, all of whom were ladies and gentlemen, and more or less refined. But for all that, this cultivated company divided themselves into various cliques, and the distinctions of their rank and position were observed with as much strictness, and the same freezing pride here at sea as on land. The forbidding demeanour and contemptuous look of some of them, formed an insuperable barrier between the different higher classes of this Christian company. It was, indeed, painful to me, to observe how some of the most prominent passengers glared at others, that were one degree or two of caste below them, like sworn enemies. Sometimes it happened that one of those high-caste Christians met a brother of lower caste by going up or

down the narrow staircase, where it was difficult to back out. The poor, frightened high-caste man, in such an emergency, would do his very utmost to crush in the wall, in order to keep at a respectable noble-blooded distance, while the inferior gentleman and fellow-passenger was passing his holy body. The one evidently shunned the other like an infectious disease.

O Christianity, is that thy teaching? This inhuman pride and mutual contempt among Christian men of intellect—is this the obedience to the commandment of our divine teacher? “Thou shalt love thy God,” &c., “and thy neighbour like thyself.”

Once, when observing such *mal à propos* encounter and the zoological shyness of two finely-dressed passengers, the thought occurred to me, what would be the demeanour of these proud and sensitive Christians, should Heaven, in its anger, send a tempest to destroy the frail vessel that carried the brother foes, and plunge them into eternity? Would they, when on the brink of life, forget the foolish notions of the superiority of their blood? Would they, when facing death, and when descending into one common grave, shun or recognise their despised Christian fellow-men? I more than once grew tired of observing that detestable pride, that most inhuman, most Pharisaical and indurating of all qualities, accompanied as it usually is, with that (to say the least) sickening stiffness, both of which are calculated to destroy the charm of social intercourse. I never, on all my travels, had had an opportunity to view and to study such a cold and unsociable company, as the one on board the *Golconda* between Bombay and Suez. An English

lady, a first-class passenger, I saw sitting with the exception of her meal times for *thirteen* long days on a bench on deck the steamer, and she was never given one single opportunity of conversation. She seemed a perfect lady, but looked very dull, yet none of the many lady-passengers felt the charity to pity her in her lonely state, and I, myself, being compelled to take continual care of my poor lunatic *protégée*, had not the time to break her painful silence with a friendly word. What savage customs of Christian refinement! The poor lady could not introduce herself to anybody, and nobody had the kindness or the courage to introduce her to any one, so in the midst of every one she sat a sad, speechless traveller. Should this poor lady, situated under equally silent circumstances on any other steamer, on any other sea, circumnavigate the globe, she would, I am afraid, learn and gain very little from social intercourse on her circular trip.

Yet all the ladies and gentlemen on board the *Golconda*, with the exception of a few men and women of rank, showed the most considerate sympathy for me in my arduous watching over Miss Cosserrat, who required every moment of my time. But some high-caste passengers thought it beneath their high-blooded dignity to pity an unfortunate countrywoman, and the inhuman coldness and pride which they exhibited, when meeting the poor lunatic, was very hurtful to me. I could never leave her, unless some one else was good enough to relieve me, and as she had no notion of order, I was obliged to break through all my own rules and to accommodate myself entirely to her humour. The worst features of her case were her

constant hankering after suicide, her sleeplessness, slovenliness and love of quarrelling. If she did not worry me with one of these peculiarities, she worried me with another. I never had any peace, for even when she was asleep I had to watch her, and sometimes I spent the whole night in following her from one part of the ship to another. I became, in fact, a compulsory night wanderer, for she had hardly lain down before she would start up and generally run to the side of the vessel, whilst I, close behind her, would take hold of her arm gently, and beg her to come back. Then she would become impatient with me and scold me, and she but rarely obeyed me. Now, perhaps, she would stand about five minutes at the bow of the ship, then suddenly dash away to the unprotected machinery, and with a loud wild laugh, ringing out through the silent night, threaten to fling herself amongst it. Nothing but my most careful watching prevented her from doing so, and, on one occasion, she nearly succeeded in accomplishing her purpose, for I had not strength enough to hold her, and she wrenched away her arm from my detaining hand with angry rage. I screamed for help, and a sailor hurried to us, seized the invalid and carried her away. Another time, when the doctor was watching her, she made a similar attempt. She generally took up her position in the most dangerous parts of the vessel, and her favourite spots were quite at the edge of the steamer, close to the machinery, or at the edge of the skylight, which on account of the great heat had to be left open. Now this skylight had a very narrow rim, and Miss Cosserat would seat herself upon it in such a very insecure attitude that we were in momentary dread

that she would fall into the saloon. All entreaties to her to move were in vain, and if I approached her, she would wave me away with threatening gestures. One or another gentleman, however, would generally come to my assistance, and the poor creature was overreached by some sudden manœuvre and carried away. Often, when my patience was too sorely tried, my courage failed me, and unablé to keep the tears back I wept and said, "I cannot bear such another day or such another night;" but the sight of my unhappy patient herself, and the kindness and sympathy of the passengers always restored my courage.

The night was the worst time, for if I snatched a short nap, in my open bedroom beneath the vast canopy of heaven, I was never really comfortable; compelled to be prepared at every moment for a sudden march, and constantly surrounded by the guard on watch, I could never be much at ease, or have such comfort as I could have in my cabin. Sometimes in the depth of the night poor Miss C. took a fancy to scold me, and often she woke me up on the mere pretence to give me a good scolding. As soon as the day began to dawn the entire deck was washed, and the faithful steward, who was always at my service, came and took my bed away, but the one which my patient used was never moved. The kind, obliging captain, to humour the poor creature, and lessen my trouble as much as possible, gave me full freedom, and allowed the lunatic to lie down on her bed whenever it pleased her.

It was indeed a formidable undertaking to get Miss Cosserat to come to the cabin every morning and allow

herself to be washed and dressed. She had a fixed notion that it was the latest Paris fashion to wear a stocking on the left foot only, and she held that for the right foot firmly in her right hand, day and night, and nothing could induce her to give it up. She had a mania, too, for following me closely, directly I attempted to leave her, and she tried to annoy me in every possible way. Sometimes one or another of us was able to put a stop to her intolerable persecutions, sometimes not. She tried to destroy everything in my cabin which could be destroyed, and I was obliged to hide everything of value from her. No mischief, no cunning, was beyond her reach. One day she tore my gold watch and chain out of the band of my dress, and with one spring she was at the open window, about to throw them into the sea. Fortunately the doctor came in at this moment, and I had caught hold of part of the chain; but the watch was already hanging out of the window, and it took two men to open the hand in which she held the rest of the chain. Finding herself disappointed in her craving for destruction she was very angry, and the rest of the morning I was really in danger. She was sly enough to get my keys out of my satchel behind my back and to hide them away; she then threw herself on the sofa in the cabin and pretended to be sleepy. The doctor told me to go and get my breakfast, and he would have me called when she woke. The doctor's room was next to mine, and by leaving the doors open he could hear what she was about. But as soon as I was gone and the doctor had retired to his cabin, she softly shut and bolted the door, opened my trunk, took out a pair of scissors, and cut up everything she had on.

She also took all my things out of the trunk, scattered them about, cutting up some which were of value. At last the doctor heard a noise as if she were trying to open the window. He hurried out of his cabin, but finding the door of mine locked, he could not get in, and the carpenter had just broken open the door when I came back. I found my room in the greatest disorder, and the lunatic was so wild that the doctor made me a sign to go away. Weak and suffering as she appeared, the unhappy creature had broken a strong cross-bar, which the carpenter had fastened across the window the day before, and she expressed her intention of flinging herself into the sea. On this occasion the poor creature was so terribly violent, and put out such an amount of muscular power, that it took three men to master her. Her fearful excitement lasted an hour, and she so exhausted herself by her exertions, that she finally sank down, death-like and motionless, and was lifted up by the men and placed on the sofa, where she lay for three hours in a state of unconsciousness resembling death.

The invalid ate and drank so little, that it was a marvel how she sustained life. As I could not take her to the general table, an extra table was laid for us in the saloon. I often got her as far as the table, but then off she would run, and if she was persuaded to sit down, she played the maddest pranks all the time we were at the meal. Of course, I never gave her a knife, but cut up everything as for a child. With food with which other people would eat salt, Miss Cosserat chose to eat sugar, and she put salt into tea and coffee. She often poured a quantity of water or vinegar over the food I had prepared for her, and

always put some of this "soup" on to my plate before she began to eat it. The doctor wished me to give her wine or beer with her food, that she might at least take something nourishing, but she always spilt everything of the kind over my meat and vegetables, the table or the floor. When we thought her in a dangerous humour, one or another gentleman would join us at table to prevent her doing me any harm, for although Miss Cosserat was not the least afraid of me or any other lady, she stood in awe of men, and sometimes obeyed them.

On the fifth day of the voyage a great misfortune befell me. One of the dear little dancing pigeons I had brought with me from Delhi to Bombay, had laid three eggs, which broke the shell the very day I left Bombay. Mr. Deimler's servant had brought all the little creatures carefully on board the *Golconda*, and as I had no time to look after them myself, I put them under the care of a sailor. The mother bird and her mate having a rare talent for dancing, they often afforded the passengers great amusement, and on the day in question they had been figuring away beautifully on the upper deck.

But a first-class passenger had an ill-tempered dog, and what must the surly brute do, but eat my five dear little pigeons? On the fifth night of my journey, the mother, the father, and the three little ones, all fell a prey to his fangs, and only the poor widower, whose little wife had died of a cold between Jubbulpore and Bombay, was left to me. The sailor who had charge of the pigeons was not to blame for their death. The basket in which they were kept was at a good height from the deck, but the horrid dog clambered, bit through the wooden bars of

their cages, and murdered the innocent creatures in the cruellest manner. Some parrots,—two belonging to me and the others to an English lord,—were witnesses of the horrible massacre, and began to scream piteously, bringing the sailor on watch to the rescue, who came just in time to snatch away the last pigeon from the murderer; for all the others it was too late. The next morning nobody liked to tell me what had happened, for every one knew how much store I set on my pretty dancing pigeons. The news was passed from one to the other, each declaring that he could not be the one to break it to Miss Weppner. At last the doctor sent my faithful steward, but he came into my cabin four times before he could screw up courage to communicate the dreadful intelligence. When he came in for the fifth time I asked him if he had lost anything, for he looked into all the corners in an embarrassed manner. “An accident has happened,” he replied, with a sad expression, “and as no one else will tell you, I must.” I looked at Miss Cosserat on the sofa, and saw that she was well, and then, getting frightened, I said, “Are my pigeons dead?” “Yes, miss; only one is still alive; a horrid dog has murdered all the others.”

The poor creatures were only pigeons, but they were so beautiful and innocent, that I loved them dearly, and when I heard of their terrible fate, I could not refrain from tears, and although I was ashamed of my weakness, my emotion was not to be conquered. An Englishman on board told the doctor I must have a very tender heart, and that if I had not loved the pigeons so much, I should probably not have shown so much feeling and pity to a poor suffering fellow-creature who had no claim upon me.

The gentleman to whom the vicious dog belonged which had killed my pigeons, a wealthy English lord, was very sorry indeed, and said he would gladly have paid ten pounds if it had been possible to buy me some other pigeons. The wife of an English general, who had come from the North of India with her husband, expressed the warmest sympathy for me in my loss, and as a small compensation presented me with an old snuff-box, and another little box, also very old and beautifully painted, both of which had been given to the general by a native of Cashmere. I thus came into possession of the most ancient curiosities of the world; for the general told me the snuff-box had belonged to Adam! and was made of molten lava. The old case, the paintings on the lid of which must now be about 6000 years old, was recognised by a dealer in antiquities as Eve's jewel-box! On the lid of this box figure Adam and Eve, both with faces of a Jewish type, and both with long and beautiful hair falling from their heads to their feet. Adam is standing under an apple-tree, and Eve is seated on the ground, offering him an apple.

The English general's wife, who gave me this interesting present, was always very good to me; she called me her pet, and as she knew I had very little rest at night, she often watched over my poor *protégée* during the day, and sent me to enjoy a few hours' sleep.

We passed the island of Socotra, connected in my mind with the legend of St. Francis Xavier, between Bombay and Aden. I was told by the officers that the natives there are no better than savages, although they are professed Mahomedans, and speak the Arabic language. We were now in the Arabian Gulf, and on the morning of the 5th of May we

saw the distant mountains of the Arabian coast. Miss Cosserat was asleep, and a kind passenger gave me some information respecting the geography of the surrounding districts. On our right was the poetic land of Yemen, Arabia Felix, the land of light and beauty; on the left we passed Soumala, a portion of Africa stretching from Mozambique to Abyssinia, and inhabited by wild negro aborigines whom no efforts have yet succeeded in civilising.

In the dim distance some passengers managed to make out the rock struck by Moses to obtain water for the murmuring Israelites. The surrounding country consists of barren mountain peaks and sterile deserted plains, without a green bush to be seen anywhere.

We anchored in the harbour of Aden, where we remained until the next day. The doctor and many of the passengers advised me to go on land for a few hours. I was very much pulled down and out of spirits, which was no great wonder, being day and night with a lunatic, and having her piteous figure for ever before me. My nerves were already very much shaken, and I was suffering a great deal from the breaking through of all regular habits and from want of sleep at night. The doctor indeed was afraid that I was going to be ill, and he offered to take charge of the invalid for me, so that I might have a change by going on shore. The German merchant and some English gentlemen accompanied me to the town and the fortifications of Aden, and pointed out to me the celebrated reservoir in the artificial basin at the foot of some mountains. Aden is in the 12th degree N. lat., and the heat is so terribly great throughout the year that the English residents maintain there is only

a paper partition wall between it and the infernal regions. The town itself stands on the site of an extinct subterranean volcano. The whole promontory to the summit of the highest mountains has evidently been subjected to the action of the subterranean fire which raged beneath it some hundreds of years ago. The basin thus hollowed out by Nature is about six miles in circumference, and the lofty rocks surrounding it rise to a height of 1500 feet, and are of a glowing red colour. Beneath the burning sky of Aden Nature seems to have exhausted her own creative power in her violent volcanic convulsions. She now lies, one would think, motionless and dead—and nothing springs from her deathlike bosom.

Unhappy country! comfortless Aden! apparently forgotten even by Heaven, and unvisited sometimes for three years at a time by *Jupiter Pluvius*, the ungracious god, who, with unpardonable neglect, heeds not the cry of the parched and thirsty land for his life-giving streams!

But how do the inhabitants of this purgatory obtain the water necessary for their existence? The previous owners of the town excavated twelve great cisterns in the hard ground at the foot of the mountains, in which they collect the rain water from the surrounding circle of hills. And there are times when it suits the humour of *Jupiter Pluvius* to fill these cisterns with a sudden tropical shower-bath. The tanks are constructed of granite, and in spite of their antiquity, they are in a very good state of preservation. At the time of my visit there was but a small store of water, and Heaven only knows when the god of rain will again have pity on Aden. When the supply

is absolutely exhausted, the English Government manufacture potable water from sea water, which is condensed by steam, and sold at the modest price of one penny per gallon, for the use alike of Christians, Jews, Turks, infidels, and natives.

Aden is the most miserable and unromantic-looking spot I ever saw in the whole world. Imagine tropical heat, and not a green leaf anywhere! It was evening when we drove back to the town from the reservoirs; the ruddy hills were bathed in the glow of the setting sun, and it seemed to me as if a fire must be raging and struggling within the mountains, so that I almost expected to see the flames burst forth as from a crater. Pardon my remark, but truly, truly, O my God, nothing has been wasted in Aden — no art, no beauty, no rose or nosegay, nothing in fact which could please any lover of nature.

In this comfortless Aden, I became acquainted with a species of humanity so very ugly, that to this day I find it difficult to believe them to be God's children. The chief races represented there are the Abyssinians and the Soumalans, and it was the latter that chiefly attracted my attention. They have thoroughly black skins, red woolly hair, vividly yellow eyes, but snow-white teeth, and well-cut lips. The Soumalan women are the slaves of their black lords, who in spite of their rare ugliness, are called the *beaux* of Africa.

We had now left the Eastern and Southern world, and were on the borders of the West and North. With the exception of a few low-caste Hindoos and several Parsee merchants, I saw no more of the many races I have mentioned as frequenting Bombay. No Mongolian or Malay

beauties, or Confucius, Tauist, or Buddhist temples, no Siva, or Kali, no sacred storks, cows, pigs, or gorillas.

I did not hear a single fabulous name in Aden; imagination there, I suppose, was incapable of the production of a "Sakuntala" or "Kabir." The people of this desolate spot possess no hero, like the poet of the "Mahābhārata," to sing the praise of women. Great Jupiter Pluvius, I beseech thee give fresh water to this desert land! for as it is the inhabitants of a purgatory can well dispense with gods and goddesses—such an atmosphere begets no myths, and in Aden, as I suppose, fancy and love and song are alike unknown.

The mercantile classes of this "ever thirsty" place are Jews, Arabs, and Turks, and there is an English garrison. The natives offered us ostrich feathers and eggs, and Arabian straw baskets, &c., but they asked such a high price for them, that they found few purchasers amongst the passengers of the *Golconda*.

The Soumalans, like the Malays, are practised divers, and exhibited for sale several branches of coral which they brought up fresh plucked from the bottom of the sea.

Aden is the gate of India, and is a coaling station for all vessels passing between England and India, or *vice versa*, whether they go *via* the Red Sea or the Cape of Good Hope.

It took us scarcely two hours to see everything worth visiting in Aden and its environs, and I returned to the *Golconda* at sunset. I was met with the news that Miss Cosserat had been very troublesome, but that she was now in bed and asleep, the doctor and the general's wife watching over her. It was a long, a very long night to

me, for when I went to bed the invalid chose to get up, and she wandered about the steamer like a somnambulist until the next morning, and I, like a faithful watch-dog, was constantly at her side. Since she left Bombay the poor creature's condition had become worse, and the doctor said the sea air excited her and was bad for her.

We passed through the "Gate of Tears," in the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb with the last gleam of the departing moon, and we were now in the Red Sea, with the coast of Arabia on one side, and that of Abyssinia on the other.

I had dreaded the passage through the Red Sea more than any other voyage, and for months I had looked forward to it with shrinking. The future had now become the present, and it was a great relief to find everything just the very reverse of what I had expected. I had frequently been told in the East that it was dangerous to pass through the Red Sea between March and October. I had also heard that not rarely passengers were suffocated by the great heat, and that to prevent deaths on board, and renew the atmosphere, vessels sailing with the wind had sometimes to be steered against it. I passed through the Red Sea in the month of May, but I experienced none of the evils foretold, and so far as the actual voyage went it was the finest I had had. I had no complaint to make against the sea itself, or the atmosphere; for the former was smoother than the Atlantic, more peaceful than the Pacific, more beautiful and less unruly than the Yellow Sea, and even cooler than the Indian Ocean. Moreover, the Red Sea is of a beautiful soft green colour, and throughout our trip its surface was merely broken into gently gurgling ripples by a cool soft breeze, and was un-

troubled by waves or billows. The sea bottom is extremely rich in beds of red coral, which are very prejudicial to navigation. It is possible that the Red Sea may owe its name to these beds of coral; a name perhaps bestowed by Moses, Abraham, Jacob, or Esau. The natives of the African coast are still quite savage; those of the Arabian are said to be half wild, so that there is still plenty to do in the way of civilisation on both sides of the Red Sea.

Not only was I not suffocated during the passage, as I had expected to be, but I was very comfortable, and so cool at night, that I was afraid of catching cold, for no amount of persuasion could induce Miss Cosserat to sleep in the cabin. At times the lunatic became quite unmanageable, and was so obstinate that no one could conquer her; but after such periods of exceptionable violence she would be very quiet, and lie as still as death. All the passengers agreed in blaming her father, who must well have known her condition, for sending no servant with her, for after all I was but a feeble woman, unequal to cope with a raving lunatic. I was in a state of perpetual dread, afraid of the present, afraid of the future, unable to get any real refreshment, even in sleep, for my nerves were always on the stretch.

One day Miss Cosserat had a brief interval of sanity. She was sitting on deck, with a pretty little curly-headed child playing near her, when she suddenly asked for a pencil and paper. They were given to her and she rapidly drew a faithful and beautiful portrait of the child. Every one was astonished at her skill, but she had hardly finished the picture before she tore it into pieces. She had a mania for destroying all which

came into her hands, even her own work. Another day she embroidered a very beautiful cross on fine white silk, but as soon as it was done she sprang up in a fury, and flung it into the sea. Once, after a dreadful scene, she got her Protestant prayer-book, and prayed aloud; then, suddenly, as if seized with terror, she gave the book to me, threw herself upon her bed behind the rudder, and appeared to be in the greatest distress. She poured out a bitter complaint against her father, in terms so heart-rending that they brought the tears to my eyes: "He never loved *us*," she moaned; "he shut me up in a convent," adding, in piteous tones, "Mother, oh, mother, where are you?" Now she gazed fixedly up into the sky, now she shut her eyes, and hid her face in both hands. For a time she suffered terribly, but presently she became sufficiently calm to talk again about her father, whom she always called the "cruel man," and spoke of with hatred and scorn. One day, she said, a carriage drove up to her father's door in Blankipore, and her father took her to the carriage, in which sat two nuns, who invited her to go for a drive. But instead of that, they took her to a convent, and she never saw her father's house again. She was, she added, "a long, long time in the convent, and saw many terrible things there, but the nuns had often told her God would never forgive her if she betrayed those terrible things to others. One day a woman took her out of the convent; it was in the night, and the Lady Superior drove with her and this woman to the railway. She saw neither her father, nor her sisters, nor her aunt, and the woman brought her to Bombay.

What surprised me most, however, was that on this

same day Miss Cosserat told me all that had happened in Consul Gumpert's office at Bombay. She knew the consul's name, remembered all the smallest details of the day she was there; and she added, with an angry look at me, "You, Miss Weppner, you took me back to a convent, back to the dreadful Catholics, who for years have tortured me with their — religion." She then became fearfully excited, and it was really awful to listen to the things she said of her father and the nuns in her ungoverned rage.

It appeared strange to me that the poor lunatic always suddenly became silent when I asked her any question relating to her mother. She would sigh deeply, and hide her face, her only way of expressing her evidently terrible suffering, for the poor creature could not weep, and was denied the solace of tears.

After the day she told me all that I have said above, she often recurred to the same subject, and she related some very mysterious things. She entertained the most intense hatred for her father, the nuns, and everything which she called, in an ironical, scornful tone, "Roman Catholic." "Just think, Miss Weppner," she said once, looking painfully distressed, and wildly distorting her eyes, "how unjust, how absurd, of a Protestant father to poke his children into a Roman Catholic convent!" She often asked me if she was going back to the convent at Patna, manifesting the greatest terror of all such institutions, whilst the mere mention of the convent at Patna, of her father, or of the nuns, excited the most passionate anger.

As far as I could gather from what my patient said in

her lucid moments, she was either born in England, or had at some time or another gone to England from India. She told me repeatedly she had been at Scarborough, and had had a sea-bath there when she was a little girl of ten years old, and she called this time, spent at that place with an old aunt, the only happy time in her life.

When I told her that I would take her to Cairo and show her the Pyramids, she smiled and said that she had already seen them on her journey from England to India, and that she would be glad to see Cairo and Alexandria again. She did not, however, know who brought her to India, nor did she say anything of the old grandmother mentioned in the Lady Superior's (Salesia Reimer's) letter, and who Mrs. Foy had told me was a half-caste Indian woman. For all that, no one who saw Miss Cosserat thought that she could be of Anglo-Indian origin; and all the English passengers on the *Golconda*, for instance, said she must be of the purest English blood, and that was also my opinion. No woman throughout Europe has a finer complexion than hers; her features, too, were beautiful; she was tall, and of dignified bearing, and, in spite of her lunacy, it was evident that she had had a very superior education. Her movements and manners, when she was in a quiet mood, were refined and graceful, and everything pointed to the conclusion that she was the heroine of a drama which had its origin in an East Indian convent; for as we know, many an English romance, sometimes true and sometimes fiction, begins, is carried on, or ends in the East Indies.

On the 13th of May we approached Suez, and we could already make out, although imperfectly, the mountains of

Sinai and Moab, which have been so celebrated ever since the time of Moses. A chain of hills, of a reddish yellow colour, divides the Gulf of Suez from that of Akaba. Suez, like Aden, is a melancholy spot, and whilst the latter rises from volcanic rocks, the former is built on a grey and desolate sandbank. No plant is to be seen far or near, but only sterile ruddy hills, contrasting painfully with the clear blue sky! What a marked difference between the Asiatic and African coast; how luxurious is nature there, how poverty-stricken here!

In Suez, a yet more wretched spot than Aden, it not only does not rain even once every three years, it never rains at all! Jupiter Pluvius does not know of such a place as Suez; here Heaven sends down no refreshing rain, and the desolate, comfortless scene, beneath the scorching sunbeams, had a depressing effect upon my nerves and spirits. Miss Cosserat, too, had become very weak and listless, and I really did not know how to act for the best. The doctor of the *Golconda* thought that not only the lunatic but I myself required a few days' rest and recreation, and I was told that it was still cool enough in Cairo for the enjoyment of a few days' repose. We had reached Suez towards evening, but my patient was too excited and irritable for me to venture to avail myself of the night train to Cairo, which is one hundred and thirty miles, or seven hours' distant from Suez. I decided to spend two or three days with Miss Cosserat in the former city, and whilst there to obtain the advice of an experienced European physician.

CHAPTER V.

ALL was now life and motion on board the *Golconda*, and at seven o'clock the passengers, several hundred in number, started by special train for Alexandria; some going from there *viâ* Brindisi, others *viâ* Trieste, to different countries of Europe. Most of them, however, were bound for England. I was the only person without a through ticket, as the Peninsular and Oriental Company of Bombay, not knowing how things would be with the lunatic when she reached Suez, had refused to give me tickets to take us any farther than that town. It was very uncertain how I was to proceed on my journey, and this uncertainty caused me the greatest anxiety. I hoped, however, that the journey by land, and the pleasant distractions I intended to provide for Miss Cosserat might have a favourable effect upon her condition, and I comforted myself with the thought that I should have no difficulty in securing a passage to Trieste from Alexandria. The captain of the *Golconda* was very good to me to the last moment, and allowed me to pass the night on board, that I might be spared the difficult task of transferring Miss Cosserat to a hotel in Suez. I shall

never forget the painful attitude of my poor *protégée*, when all passengers left the *Golconda*; she took my hand, saying, in a lamenting tone, "Miss Weppner, have all friends forsaken us?" The next morning two English gentlemen, who had come to Suez from India as agents of the government there, and were returning on the *Golconda*, accompanied me to the railway station in Suez. It took me two hours to wash my patient and dress her properly; indeed, the lady passengers on the *Golconda* had said that it would be easier to dress twelve babies than one Miss Cosserat, for with a baby one can do as one likes, but with a lunatic one must do what one can and what she chooses. As usual, one stocking was not to be got on, but was held in the right hand, she persisting in saying that this was the latest Paris fashion. Since we left Bombay she had not once put on or taken off her boots herself, I always had to do so for her; and how I fared during the operation was witnessed by my scratched face and hands, black and blue from kicks.

I gave the steward, who had served me so faithfully, a gratuity, which, had my purse permitted it, I would gladly have doubled; but I had no reserve fund for incidental expenses, and was obliged to economise my resources.

With a sinking heart I left the *Golconda* and stepped into a boat with Miss Cosserat, who carried her Prayer Book in one hand, and her stocking and a little travelling bundle in the other. She was not dressed as I could have wished, and I felt ashamed of her, but the kind and sympathising Englishmen tried to console me by saying I had done all in the power of patience, and that I could not accomplish impossibilities. On our way to Suez, my

companions pointed out to me a portion of the Suez Canal, the great work of Ferdinand de Lesseps.

When we landed, we heard that a train would start for Cairo in a quarter of an hour. What must Miss Cosserat do? Regardless of the scorching heat of the sun, she stood wildly laughing in the middle of the road, declaring she would not go a step farther, and to get her to the station, we were compelled to use force, all other means having failed.

Meanwhile, a large crowd had collected, which followed us to the railway carriage. This public exposure, before curious bystanders, was exceedingly painful, as I was the object of every one's attention, as well as the poor lunatic. But how often I had to go through a similar experience, which was far worse in reality than it had been in anticipation! so that positively herculean strength of mind was required to preserve equanimity and patience. The two friendly gentlemen had hardly taken our tickets, and seen after our luggage, before the train was in motion, and I was obliged to leave my one pigeon and my parrots behind me. The parrot, I had taken out of the nest at Allahabad and brought up myself, was now a well-grown bird, and beginning to speak German, whilst another, which I had bought of a Hindu sailor, spoke Hindustani. The one remaining dancing pigeon was to be a present for my mother, and the parrots were to be given to my brother. The gentlemen who saw me off, were kind enough to take charge of my little aviary at Suez, and to forward the little company to Alexandria, and I found them in good condition on my arrival in the latter town. There were several French gentlemen in the carriage with us, who

were so good as to get me some soup and meat at an intermediate station. Miss C., however, would take nothing; throughout the whole journey she lay with her head on my shoulder, and my right hand clasped tightly in hers, so that it was only with the help of others that I could get anything to eat myself.

Fifty miles from Suez, we passed Ismailia, the finest town of the Arabian desert. It was here that Ferdinand de Lesseps began the first works of the Suez Canal in 1859, and his was the first house erected in Ismailia. In the course of about seven years a French town of 15,000 inhabitants gathered round it, containing many fine buildings, and wide, well-kept streets and thoroughfares. The city, with its splendid green gardens, presents a most imposing appearance, contrasting favourably with the white wastes of sand on every side. It was here that the Khedive Ismail Pasha erected a stately palace for the accommodation of the royalty and nobility of Europe, invited by him to the fête in celebration of the opening of Lesseps' great work. Here, too, the Empress Eugénie picked the last roses that bloomed for her upon the throne of France, for it was in Egypt that she enjoyed the last and greatest triumph accorded to her during Napoleon's smiling period of power.

When I arrived in Cairo I was sorely annoyed; for, throughout the whole of the East, there is no race so wild, and rough as the Arabs. The lower classes of Japan, China, the Malay Archipelago, and India, are tender lambs and polished gentlemen compared to the lower classes of Arabia, who are wolves and churls, without the slightest notion of the respect due to women, and by no Asiatics

had I been so insolently treated as I was by the Arabs at every turn.

There were a good many Arabian coachmen waiting at the station with their carriages, and I had hardly got out of the train with Miss Cosserat, before one man seized one thing, and another seized another of my effects, and ran off with them to their different carriages, so as to secure the job of driving me to town. Soon all my small possessions were scattered about, and Miss Cosserat was so weak that I could not leave her. What was to be done? Fortunately the kind-hearted French gentlemen had not forgotten me; and when they had seen after their own luggage, they returned to the platform, and asked what they could do for me. I told them, with tears, in how savage a fashion the Arabs had taken everything from me; and, to get my property back, my kind friends had to use their sticks. Then the coachmen all came, and demanded *baksheesh*, but, instead of it, the gentlemen administered a second dose of blows, which they took without resistance. The street Arabs, all of whom behave in the same impudent manner, are as accustomed to blows as to breathing fresh air.

With the help of the French gentlemen, I was soon seated with my charge in an easy open carriage, and the coachman was ordered to drive me to the German consulate. But no good fortune awaited me there; the consul himself, to whom I was officially recommended by Mr. Gumpert, of Bombay, was not at home. I sent a letter into the consulate by the coachman, as I could not go myself, Miss Cosserat being asleep with her head on my lap. Presently, a young gentleman, with a hard ill-

favoured countenance, a certain Mr. Von Schimmelpfennig, who was the consul's deputy, came to the carriage and asked me in a haughty, insolent tone, what I wanted with him. I replied that I had a poor lunatic under my care who required medical aid, and I begged him to tell me of an English or German doctor, whom I could consult, and from whom I could hear of a suitable place where the invalid could be received for three or four days. The haughty Mr. Von Schimmelpfennig then inquired if the young lady was German, and, on my saying that she was English, he added roughly, "I owe nothing to her then; you, only, are recommended to me, and what you demand of me is not for your service!" He then cast an impertinent glance upon the poor invalid, and said, in a contemptuous tone, "This *apparent fool*, as I think I can see, is a gentle impostor of the fair sex." "What did you say?" I exclaimed indignantly. "She is an impostor," he repeated, with a satirical smile, "and you are probably the same." For the moment I scarcely knew where I was, for since the days of the little German king in the North of China, I had never heard the epithet of impostor applied to me, and the scoff at my poor unfortunate *protégée*, who was more like a corpse than a living being, cut me to the quick. I made no secret of my scorn of my high-born countryman, who in spite of the aristocratic "*von*" in his name was far from being a gentleman, and I told him, in the plainest German, what I took "his grace" to be. Meanwhile a gentleman, who likewise belonged to the Prussian consulate at Cairo, approached the carriage. He had a kind and sympathetic expression, and he looked at me and the sleeping invalid in a friendly

manner. "I am, I said to him, "recommended by the Prussian consul in Bombay, to the Prussian consul in Cairo, and this young gentleman dares to call me and this poor creature, impostors. In the name of humanity," I added, weeping, "I entreat your pity and your protection." The gentleman I appealed to remonstrated with his colleague, and both became very angry with one another. "You have no humanity whatever," said my champion to the high-born Teuton, "and chivalry you never knew and never will know. You are an ill-mannered, unfeeling man. How do you suppose these ladies wish to impose upon you? what could be more genuine than the touching pleading of the one, and the suffering form of the other? Dry your tears, madam," he added to me; "I will befriend you."

The first "gentleman," the one who had spoken so insolently to me, was a young diplomatist from Berlin; but the second was an Austrian, in the service of the Prussian consulate at Cairo. The high-born donkey, I really can call him nothing else, now left me, with an angry, surly face, whilst the Austrian gentleman went into a neighbouring building, returning, in a few moments, accompanied by the English consul. I described the dreadful condition of my patient to the last-named gentleman, and showed him my letter of authority, and the certificate of the doctor at Patna. However, he read neither the one nor the other, but said I had been recommended under the seal of the German consul at Bombay to his colleague at Cairo, and he had full confidence in me, and much regretted that Mr. Von Schimmelpfennig had insulted me. After he had taken counsel with the

Austrian gentleman as to what had better be done, the latter got into the carriage with me and accompanied me to the French hospital. There he spoke to the matron, and asked for a first-class room for the invalid. That lady told me it was not necessary for me to stay with my patient, and my companion also thought it would be better for me to be relieved of the invalid for a few days and to leave my *protégée* under the charge of the sisters of the hospital. He added that he would take me to an Austrian family, where I should find better recreation than in the company of a lunatic. I insisted, however, on remaining in the hospital, and not leaving Miss Cosserat, for I thought it wrong to do so without a serious cause. The kind gentleman therefore left me, saying he should inquire the next day after me and the invalid.

As Miss Cosserat refused to go up the stairs of the hospital, a male attendant was called who carried her into a room, where she lay herself down on the stone floor. It was absolutely impossible to undress her, and it was only after the greatest trouble that we got her into bed. She would eat nothing, and, as it was thirty-six hours since she had taken any food, I was afraid she would die of exhaustion.

In the evening the doctor came, but the patient would not see him, and when he took her hand, she struck him violently in the face, and behaved in the wildest manner. Her rage became so ungovernable, that the doctor had to leave without getting the very slightest satisfaction out of his visit. It is true he sent her some medicine and ordered her a bath, but she took neither the one nor the

other. She treated me, and the man who was to carry her to the bath, so shamefully, that we gave up the arduous task. In the night her imagination was haunted by the most terrible visions, and she screamed and groaned in a dreadful manner. Several times, when I did close my eyes, she came to me with heartrending lamentations, and pointed to the menacing spirits which were following her. I got up and tried to convince her that there were no spirits where she pointed, but she would not believe it, and squeezed herself close to me, trembling in every limb. I was quite exhausted with talking to her, and trying to calm her, and, in the morning I was hoarse and felt very unwell. A hot wind, such as is of frequent occurrence at this time of year in Egypt, was blowing over Cairo, and the atmosphere was heavy and oppressive.

Although I paid first-class terms for myself and the invalid, and looked after the latter myself, which it was the duty of the sisters to do, not once had any one the kindness and consideration to relieve me at night, so that I might get a little rest. A French sister, whom the matron had appointed to wait on Miss Cosserat, came in and out of the room, but she did nothing, and all the trouble was left to me. The fact was the sister had become too much accustomed to pain and suffering, and she treated the invalid in a business-like, indifferent, and peremptory manner, which proved that she had lost all womanly tenderness in the routine of her calling. She, evidently, no longer knew the meaning of tender tones of pity, or the soft language of a sympathetic heart. It was painful to me to witness her unfeeling superficial

mode of treating the invalid, for whom she cared no more than for the beads of her rosary, as was shown by the nervous impatience with which she sprinkled the bed and the room with holy water and then ran away. In nothing that she did, did she show any feeling, heart, or dignity; work and prayer were alike mechanical.

The doctor, a Frenchman from Paris, showed me much kindness, and had the greatest patience with the invalid. He came twice every day, and seeing that I was sad and out of spirits, he amused me with interesting and witty anecdotes. He also gave me an exciting book to read, and told me to divert my thoughts, as much as possible, from the contemplation of the miserable lunatic.

It was so cool on the third day that, by the doctor's advice, I took my charge into the open air. The Austrian gentleman, alluded to above, was a friend of the Austrian consul, and in compliance with the orders of the latter the dragoman of the consulate, an Arab, accompanied me. I had a comfortable couch prepared for the invalid in a large open carriage, and we drove together to the pyramids at Gizeh. A fine road, planted with shady trees, which the Khedive had built in honour of the Empress Eugénie at the time of the opening of the Suez Canal, leads through the valley of the Nile to the foot of the pyramids. For level roads to be made, royal travellers are necessary; for ordinary mortals, no wharf is built, such as that erected for the Duke of Edinburgh on the island of Elephanta, and no road is laid down such as that made from Cairo to the pyramids for the Empress Eugénie. However the wharf and road constructed for a prince of royal blood, and for the ex-Empress of the French, are now the common property

of all pilgrims, whether of high or low degree, who visit the Caves of Elephanta, in India, and the pyramids at Gizeh. I tried to call the attention of the invalid to this gigantic work, and spoke to her of the beautiful Sphynx she would soon see, but she took no notice of anything I said. Our carriage now stopped before the great pyramids of Gizeh, but as soon as I pointed them out to Miss Cosserat, she covered her eyes with both hands, and not once did she look up at them, saying, they were a cold mass of stone, impeding the air. I too, I must confess, could not see much to admire in this imposing building; and, although it is a colossal work, it cannot be called beautiful. It is as I thought a useless, monotonous pile of stones, and that is all. I did not go into the royal chamber inside the pyramid, for it contains nothing worth seeing in the way of idols or relics. I admired the second and smaller pyramid and the beautiful Sphynx more than the first and great pyramid. Long did I gaze up at the colossal image, whose features are so old and so unfathomable, yet so expressive and so noble. But all record of this beautiful Sphynx is lost in the mists of the past, and the history of the world reveals nothing of her origin, or of her meaning. The Sphynx is sixty feet high, the head alone being twelve feet, and the nose four feet long, whilst the mouth is two feet across. The face and nose are a good deal injured, and the features can no longer be distinctly made out.

The surrounding districts of both monuments are desolate and barren; nothing but sand, sand everywhere. If I am not mistaken, the great pyramids of Cheops are six miles from those at Gizeh, but I did not care to go

and see them, for, as yet, no royal or imperial road leads to them. As we were driving back by the Nile to the European convent, poor Miss Cosserat suddenly remembered a time gone by, for she pointed to the river and said she had seen the Nile on her journey to India.

The drive in the pure air did the invalid good. She ate a hearty dinner, and slept much better the night after than she had done before. This happy result of our first excursion induced me to make another attempt the next day; my Arabian escort came to fetch us early in the morning, and we drove to the site of "On," called Bethshemeh (Heliopolis), ten miles north-east of Cairo. I did not see much of interest on our drive, except an obelisk of red granite, sixty-eight feet high, the hieroglyphical inscription on which gives the date 2080 B.C. Ancient ruins are scattered round about the obelisk, but whether they are the remains of the Temple of the Sun, or of the city of Heliopolis, my escort could not tell me. I told Miss Cosserat that it was here that St. Joseph found his wife Mary; here that the Temple of the Sun once stood, and where Jeremiah had prophesied, and that Plato had lived here, but she replied brusquely that she had read all that and knew it as well as I did. My escort was a Coptic Christian, and therefore a member of the most primitive Christian sect, for the creed of the Copts dates from the first century of our era, and its professors endured the most terrible persecutions under Diocletian, many of them suffering martyrdom. Although the Coptic sect is gradually becoming extinct in the rest of Christendom, there are still, as my escort informed me, 140,000 Copts in Egypt.

On our way back to Cairo, the good dragoman took us into the so-called Mataria Garden, which, according to Coptic tradition, was the temporary shelter of Mary and Joseph and the child Jesus, when Herod's cruel edict drove them from Bethlehem to Egypt. Our escort pointed out the tree beneath the shady branches of which the Holy Family rested, and a stream at the entrance of the garden in which the Virgin washed the swaddling clothes of the Infant Christ.

No one will be disposed to question the generosity of the Khedive, after hearing that he presented the Empress Eugénie with the tree beneath which the Holy Family rested, and the moral value of which is incalculable.

In the Mataria Garden there is a small thicket of lemon bushes, which yield a small prettily-shaped fruit, exactly resembling the lemons of Goa in India.

As we drove back from Mataria to Cairo, we passed whole troops of pilgrims from Mecca, making for the gate, and when we approached the town, we found preparations being made for the reception of the Princess Valide, the mother of the Khedive, Ismail Pasha, who, in accordance with an old Egyptian custom, salutes the pilgrims on their return from Mecca.

The encampment of the pilgrims extended for miles beyond the gates of the town; weary camels were resting on the ground, and the confusion incident to the constant arrival of fresh parties of dirty men and animals was accompanied by whirlwinds of dust and sand.

The effect of the whole was that of a scattered military encampment, and there were no outward signs of the piety of pilgrims returning home. Miss Cosserat plainly ex-

pressed her aversion of them, and said the "Mecca pilgrims were very dirty gentlemen."

Sometimes I thought the poor creature was roused from her intellectual lethargy; but, alas! I was always disappointed; it was merely for a few moments that a faint glimmer of reason lit up her disordered mind, which was soon wandering again in the dark realms of insanity.

The night after our second excursion, and the following day, she was in a desperate plight, and went about our room in "nature's dress," lamenting bitterly. When I tried to put something round her she flew into a terrible passion, and I was in so much danger from her, that I screamed for help. Fortunately the doctor of the hospital was close at hand, his thundering voice terrified her, and she ran and hid herself in bed, none of us venturing to approach her.

Of course it was impossible to take Miss Cosserat out on the day in question, but the doctor wished me to have some fresh air. I complained to him that neither the matron nor any of the Sisters of Mercy had given me the slightest assistance, and that, in spite of the liberal terms I was paying for the invalid, I had to look after her day and night, no one seeming to think that I was tired and required rest. Thereupon the doctor sent for the sister who had the attendance of our room, and asked her if she could not, or would not, see that I was exhausted, adding that she was treating me badly, and he reminded her of her duty. She seemed to feel that the doctor was right, looked ashamed of herself, and, for that day at least, she partially fulfilled her duty.

My Arab escort then came and took me to the citadel,

and to several of the most celebrated mosques of Cairo. The citadel, which rises to a height of 300 feet above the sea level, commands an extremely fine view, and from it I overlooked the whole city, and could see the pyramids of Gizeh in the distance, and trace the course of the Nile down to Memphis.

The city of Cairo contains many imposing buildings, the effect of which, built as they are on gentle declivities, is very imposing, and has earned for Cairo the rank of one of the finest of modern cities.

Cairo contains 300 mosques, and the splendid tombs of the Mamelukes are among its finest buildings. They are mostly built of white marble, adorned with oil paintings. The monuments to women are covered with a sculptured marble veil, and the sign of the tomb of a man is a "tarboosh" at the head of the coffin.

In the museum of Cairo I was particularly struck with the numerous mummies. I bought a few small specimens and various primitive coins of the dirty street boys, who follow strangers about with the most pertinacious impudence.

My escort, the faithful Copt, took me to the Coptic convent of St. George, part of which is very old, much older, of course, than the beautiful modern city of Cairo. In the old portion there is a cave which serves as a Christian place of worship, and in which Coptic Christians believe Mary, Joseph, and the Infant Jesus lived during their exile in Egypt. My guide pointed out to me certain ancient paintings and sculptures, representing the birth of the Saviour, and the stay of the Holy Family in the cave. This grotto is divided into three parts, in the first of which is the baptismal font of the Copts, whilst in each

of the other two parts are to be seen three footprints of the Redeemer.

The tombs of the Caliphs, which are very numerous, although I only saw one, are outside the gate of Triumph called Bab-el-Nini; and I may add that the last resting places of the Mohammedan rulers, and the old Mamelukes, are equally neglected and ruinous.

Cheops, Sesostris, and others as great as they repose in no romantic spot. From their gloomy death-chambers, these great ones of the past look forth upon nothing but a deserted wilderness of sand. I do not envy these princes their last homes, and it is my hope that I may sleep in the peaceful cemetery of the romantic valley of my native Rhine, where my slumbers will be sweeter than those of a Cheops or Sesostris in the dreary desert of Egypt.

On the evening of the fifth day, to my great dismay, I heard and saw that small-pox was raging in the hospital. The patients occupying the rooms on either side of mine had it, and, what was more, I was separated from the next room by a tapestry partition only, which extended but half-way up to the ceiling. Without knowing it, poor Miss Cosserat and I had already been five days exposed to the atmosphere and noxious exhalations of the dangerous disease of small-pox, and it was by a mere accident that I found it out. Miss Cosserat had been wandering about the long corridor of the hospital, as was her wont, and she went into the room next door to mine on the right. I followed her to get her back, and the behaviour of the sister in charge awoke my suspicions, for she placed herself before me to prevent my seeing where my charge was. I approached nearer, however, and saw Miss

Cosserat sitting on a bed, in which lay a sick woman, of the nature of whose disease there could not be the slightest doubt. I was terrified and disgusted, and hurrying back to my room, I was taken sick and vomited. I had now the greatest fear that I should catch the small-pox, and I blamed the matron and doctor for having told me nothing of the presence of this disease. The doctor, who was well aware of what would be the probable result of my horror and dread, asked me if I had been vaccinated. Fortunately I had had the operation performed seven months before in Shanghai, and the doctor comforted me by telling me that there was no fear of my taking the complaint. I had the pleasure, however, of being compelled to take a strong emetic, &c., and Miss Cosserat, noticing how sick I was in the night, advised me to die, and become a beautiful angel in heaven, adding that when I was dead she would bury me in the ever fresh Nile, and that then she would take a donkey and ride through the dark world alone. When, contrary to her expectations, I was still alive in the morning, she was very disappointed. She coaxed me most tenderly, begging me again and again to die and to become, as she styled it now, a "beautiful German angel" in heaven. She was quite in earnest about it, and said she would coax me to death, after which she would love me more than ever. She then went up and down the room in deep meditation for a long time. Presently she came to me, and kissing me for the first time, said that I was the dearest woman in the world, and that as I had not died, she had decided to take me with her through the dark world. She then talked over the journey with me with

great solemnity, and, with the most significant expression of face, finally seating herself on my bed, and demanding pen and ink, and paper. I gave her what she asked for, and she then wrote a letter with the utmost speed, and begged me to give it to a servant, and tell him to take it to the post at once. I went outside the door of my room, opened the letter, and read :

“ *British Consul, Cairo :*

“Pray send us two donkeys, and tell us the way through this dark world. A naughty British subject.

“ RACHEL COSSERAT.”

The letter was addressed to the British consul of Her Majesty Victoria. I put it in my pocket, and returned to my room to find that the writer had already forgotten its contents and their importance; but about five weeks afterwards, when in Bavaria, she asked me if the British consul had sent the two donkeys. Now that I knew of small-pox in the hospital, it was my duty to leave it, with my *protégée*, and, although the doctor told me that she was still too weak to travel, and required a longer rest, I took my departure the very next day. After I had asked the matron why she had not told me about the small-pox, she declined to see me, and I found that here, as elsewhere, spiritual women must have their own way in everything, and others must hold their peace, whether they are right or wrong. The Sisters of Mercy also deserted me entirely, and the doctor was the only person who recognised and acknowledged that I had had cause to complain.

I had the very greatest trouble to get Miss C. ready

for the journey to Alexandria, and "angelic" patience was necessary in dressing her. Again and again she took off her dress and boots, and went to bed. She drove me to tears, she drove me to the most earnest entreaties, and I begged her with kisses to obey me. I tried everything which love and kindness could dictate, and when she asked me for my best silk as a travelling dress, I let her have it, for the sake of bringing this four hours' toilette to a close, and getting away from the hospital.

At eleven o'clock arrived my escort, whom the Austrian gentleman sent to me every day, and I asked him to take us to the station. I must here remark that the confessor of the Sisters of Mercy at the hospital, Father Wenzeslaus, a German Capuchin monk, had shown great compassion for me and the poor lunatic. The good father was very anxious about our further journey; he told the Archbishop of Alexandria, who was then in Cairo, about us, and his Grace had authorised him to recommend me to the secretary of the archiepiscopal office in Alexandria.

As I was sitting in the carriage with the lunatic, Father Wenzeslaus came and brought me the letter of introduction, telling me to go direct to the archiepiscopal palace in Alexandria. Neither the matron nor any of the sisters, however, appeared to wish me and my poor charge good-bye. The matron did not, however, forget her own interests, for she sent me a most extortionate bill, which she had no right to do, as the payment for receiving the invalid was not her concern, but that of the directors of the hospital. I felt indignant, and showed the account, which was for seventy-five, instead of fifty francs, to Father Wenzeslaus. The monk

owned that the matron was wrong, adding, however, that she was a self-willed, irritable woman, and he could not interfere, but I must appeal to the commissioners of the European hospital. To do that, I should have had to spend another night in Cairo, and as I did not choose to go to a hotel with the invalid, I paid the unjust reckoning, and left the hospital. May the injustice of the pious lady to two unprotected strangers bring her abundance of blessing.

In order to secure further official protection to me, the English consul at Cairo gave me a letter to his colleague at Alexandria, which the Austrian gentleman brought to me at the station in person. He was still, it appeared, on very bad terms with my high-born countryman, who had so grossly insulted me, but whom, however, I did not see again.

At the station I had a great deal of trouble with the Arab officials, who not only showed no compassion for the poor lunatic, but treated us very insolently, demanding that I should pay for an entire *coupé*. My Arab escort, however, brought the matter to a happy termination by a liberal *baksheesh*. I was also obliged to give a good round sum to the guard of the train, and, after many annoyances and expenses, I at last found myself in a cosy little *coupé*. I now handed my Arab escort a fee for his faithful service, but he declined, and only after repeated persuasion could he be induced to accept it. This simple Christian, who had grown up amongst the rough Arabs, was more of a gentleman than the high-born Mr. von Schimmelpfennig, who had enjoyed the advantage of being educated in the highest school of Prussian nobility.

On this particular day Miss Cosserat was very frightened, and throughout the whole of the long journey from Cairo to Alexandria she remained with her face hidden, and her head resting on my shoulder. I got very tired of the weight, but prudence urged me to avoid disturbing her and rousing her anger, so I was obliged patiently to submit to what could not be altered.

On the way, the approach of the train of the son of the Khedive was announced, and, to oblige this princely mortal, our train had to wait no less than three hours and a half for him to pass by. The consequence was that our train was very late, and it was already nine o'clock when we reached Alexandria. How much I missed my faithful escort ! for I felt very helpless and forsaken. Miss Cosserat was sleeping lightly, so I laid her head down on the cushion of the bench and asked the guard to take care of her for a few moments, which the unfeeling man would only do on payment of a fresh *baksheesh*. I asked for the inspector's office, and screwing up my courage, I entered it. The inspector was an Italian, but spoke French and English. I described to him how and with whom I had come to Alexandria, and begged him to tell me of some obliging man, who, for a reasonable fee, would look after my luggage, and help me to get the invalid taken to the town. The inspector then asked me where I proposed going, and I showed him the address of my letter of introduction, and told him I hoped to get admission to the European hospital, through the private secretary of the archbishop. After a little consideration, my interlocutor said he would have my luggage taken to a carriage and would himself accompany me to the arch-

bishop's palace. I pointed out to him the carriage containing the invalid, and hurried back to her. I found her sleeping and woke her up. The inspector then came, called one of the men employed at the station, and, with his assistance, brought the poor creature to the carriage. I was soon rolling rapidly along to the palace of the archbishop accompanied by my new protector. Miss Cosserat looked about her on every side with timid wondering eyes, and then up to heaven. Presently she furtively took my hand, and said with a half smile, "It is not quite so dark as it was, Miss Weppner, we are in England; I see that from the beautiful stars, they are the stars of England."

The Italian gentleman looked long and fixedly at my unhappy charge, whose death-like features were more ghostly than ever in the pale moonbeams. At last he said to me, in French: "Madam, I do not know what it may be which binds you to this poor soul, but I pity and admire you. I am a man, but I have not your courage, and I could not undertake such a task as yours."

When we arrived at the archbishop's palace, my companion rang the bell, and as no one answered, he rang again and again, but all in vain. The Sisters of Mercy lived close to the palace, so we drove to the hospital. The porter there, however, came and told us that the invalid could not be received without the recommendation of a consul or a priest. As the hospital and palace were only divided by the convent garden, my escort asked the porter to take a letter to the archbishop's secretary, but he refused to do so, declaring that the reverend gentleman would receive no one after nine o'clock, and it was now nearly ten. What

was to be done? I could not take the lunatic to a hotel, a circumstance which had never occurred to me while in India.

The Italian gentleman then ordered the coachman to drive to the house of a friend of his close by, and this friend told him of a French lady who was not rich, and who, he said, would be glad to give us a room for the night. We therefore went to the house specified. The French lady showed me several rooms, and I chose the largest, which contained two beds, for which my hostess said the charge would be ten francs for the night. When the invalid had been taken to her new quarters, the Italian gave me his card and said he would go to the archbishop's secretary the next morning, and then come and tell me what that gentleman could do for my charge. I thanked the inspector for his kindness and he withdrew.

Miss Cosserat was very weak, she laid herself down on the hard floor, and I did not succeed in getting her to bed. The thought that the poor creature had no comforts, prevented me from going to sleep, and in the morning I was very much exhausted, for it was a long time since I had had a thorough rest, and the want of it told upon me more and more. At breakfast, the French lady came in and asked me if we were Americans or English, and I told her that the invalid was English and I myself German.

"Are you a Prussian?" exclaimed the woman, with a glance of fury.

"Yes," I replied. This single word acted like poison, and to my intense astonishment, she related to me with growing anger, the terrible manner in which the Germans had treated her son in the war.

"My son," screamed the woman, "was taken to Prussia as a prisoner and '*les chiens allemands*' let him starve and did not give him so much as a bit of dry bread." I gently tried to calm the excited mother, and said that even if what she had told me was true it was no fault of mine, and that I was very sorry her son had been treated so.

"What!" she shrieked passionately, "you choose to doubt what I say; *les chiens allemands* are savages!" I now expected nothing less than that the woman would seize hold of me and illtreat me, but, at that moment, there came a knock at the door; I cried "Come in," and, to my great relief, in walked the Italian. The Frenchwoman now broke out into reproaches against him like a Communist *pétroleuse*, accusing him of having brought a Prussian into her house, and declaring that I should pay dearly for it. Not ten but thirty francs should she demand for my night's lodging, and ten francs extra for the coffee and tea. The Italian remonstrated against her unjust demands, and vindicated me from her foolish and groundless charges. "What!" replied the woman to my protector; "shall I let a Prussian go without revenging myself on her? No, certainly not; and if I had known before breakfast that she was a *tête carrée*, I would have made her some coffee which should have fully satisfied my revenge." The last words roused the indignation of the Italian, and he said, "I shall at once go to the French consul and demand his protection for this lady. She shall pay you no more for her room than the sum you asked last night in my presence."

But matters now grew worse, for the malicious woman called her husband, and he rushed in, accompanied by the

servant of the house, both of them fanatical enemies of the Prussians. Miss Cosserat appeared to understand my dangerous situation, for she thrust herself timidly between the excited Frenchman and the woman; took my hands, and said, "Miss Weppner is good, I tell you; I love her, and I shall kill everybody who illtreats her." At this, the savage woman, and the coarse men, who did not understand the language of the poor lunatic, laughed diabolically and used the most shocking words.

Under such circumstances, the Italian could not, of course, leave me to go and demand the interference of the consul, and the end of this Communist attack was that I paid what the Frenchwoman demanded, and we then immediately left the house.

As a guarantee of the unjust exaction, the men had taken away one of my trunks, and when the servant carried it to the carriage, he asked for a fee. This was genuine French revenge. I was to experience a little of everything on my journey.

The Italian could find no words to express his indignation, and wanted to go to the French consul before anything, but I dissuaded him, as I should not have got my money back, and I thanked Heaven that I was quit of the dangerous woman. If my protector had not arrived in the nick of time, who can tell what would have become of me? and the poor lunatic would have been no better than a dead witness. The very same day I heard of the atrocities being committed in Paris by the Communists, and the "*pétroleuse* women."

The archbishop's secretary was also a Frenchman, but he received me with genuine cordiality, and he, and my

chivalric Italian friend, went with me and the poor lunatic to the French hospital. The reverend gentleman showed the matron the letter from Father Wenzeslaus, which the archbishop had signed with his own hand, and she then asked me if I was prepared to pay the ordinary charges for staying in the establishment. On my replying in the affirmative, she told me what she should demand per day for me and the invalid, and added the condition I should sleep in the same room with my charge and take care of her at night myself. Although it was easy to see that the matron was treating me without any pity, and with a view to her own interests, I agreed to the conditions, for I knew well enough that the state of health and mind of my poor *protégée* left me no choice, and that I must submit to the exactions of others.

My Italian friend now left me, after I had thanked him most earnestly, and I went with Miss Cosserat into the room assigned to me on the first floor of the large hospital.

The costume of the Sisters of Mercy in Alexandria was very different from that of the sisters in Cairo. The members of both institutions have the same calling, but do not belong to the same order. The sisters in Cairo are called "Sisters of St. Marie," and wore a secular, rather than an ecclesiastical, dress; whereas those in Alexandria patronise the well-known grey habit with the broad white collar and high stiff cap. Miss Cosserat cast terrified glances at the matron and sisters passing to and fro, and begged me, in a whisper, to take her away from the Catholics, for she could not live with nuns. The matron did not speak English, but she had caught the

word Catholics and asked me if the lunatic were a Protestant, on which to my great astonishment, the patient herself replied in good French, looking defiantly at the questioner, and stamping her foot, "*Oui, madame, heureusement.*"

Our room was very small, with only one window, and no furniture but two iron bedsteads and a wash-stand, but, although I had not so much as a chair, and had to sit on my bed, first-class terms were demanded. Indeed, I had never in my life occupied such wretched quarters as I had done since I had had to take refuge with my lunatic in European hospitals, for even amongst the most primitive Eastern Asiatics, I had always at least had a chair to sit upon. Moreover, it was in Egypt that I for the first time entered a hospital. I told the matron I should at once make arrangements for my further journey to Europe, and that I hoped I should not have to remain long in Alexandria. To my great relief, the archbishop's secretary had assured me that there was no infectious disease in the hospital.

My wretched and comfortless room, and the coarse meagre fare, were neither of them calculated to increase my physical strength or to raise my moral courage, and it pained me to see that the miserable scanty portion of food dealt out to the lunatic was weighed and measured by one of the sisters. In spite of the liberal terms I was paying, I felt as if we had both become beggars, for I had never before tasted such watery tea and coffee, such watery soup, or such watery vegetables. In the morning and evening we had nothing but the weakest coffee and tea, and a piece of dry bread. I went to the

matron, and told her such slender diet would pull down the invalid very much, and I reminded her of the high terms I was paying. But she informed me that the payment was rather for being received at all, and for our separate room, than for anything else. I asked her for a table and two chairs, that we might, at least, enjoy what was given to us with a little more comfort, but her answer was that it was not the rule of the hospital to provide tables and chairs, as the patients generally sat upon their beds and ate the portions provided for them, and, although I was no patient, I must conform to the rules of the hospital and be content with what was given to me. I do not think, however, that the matron insisted upon this meagre fare for all the people in the hospital who were not patients, for her own figure was the very impersonation of an ecclesiastical woman who does not forget the necessities of the body, and I subsequently had an opportunity of convincing myself that she and the Sisters of Mercy kept a princely table.

Before my visit to Egypt I held the order of the Sisters of Mercy in the highest honour, and the calling of its members appeared to be the purest, the most beautiful, the noblest, and the most praiseworthy of any Christian calling, and I still think that the order is a serviceable one to mankind. Many a sufferer has met with gentle and sympathetic treatment in a hospital; many a one has found a noble woman's soul in one of these sisters, and has been nursed by her with Christian love, to recover under her treatment, or to die easily and happily, consoled by her prayers. Many a homeless sufferer, too, who found no Christian sympathy, but only cold mechanical nursing in

the hospital in which he was received had, at least, a secure and suitable place in which to meet the merciful Angel of Death, who rescued him from the miseries of life, and from the unchristianlike scenes of which he was a witness in his death-chamber. Thousands of such sufferers who died in the lonely rooms of hospitals are now in eternity, and no record tells the world what they endured in their last hours, shrouded as it is beneath the deceptive veil of Christian love. In the register of eternity alone are engraved the complaints brought before the Judge from such Institutions sealed with the holy name of Jesus. How much injustice, cruelty, impurity, and wrong-doing goes on in that most holy and most beautiful name in these fatal rooms, the battle-fields of death! All my fair illusions as to the purity and Christianity of the order of the Sisters of Mercy were destroyed by my experiences in the hospitals of Cairo and Alexandria. There, I not only heard, but personally witnessed much which had not the very slightest claim to the title of "beautiful calling" or "Sisterhood of Mercy." And the order which I held so pure until then, I cannot hold as an entirely pure Christian order since. How guilt-stained will many of these deceitful Sisters of Mercy appear before the throne of God, how many witnesses against them, who breathed their last before their eyes, will rise up in the day of judgment!

The world in general knows too much of the bright, too little of the dark side of these so-called Christian Institutions. I say so-called, for but few of these numerous Institutions are really and truly Christian. But few of the many women who join the order of the Sisters

of Mercy do so out of pure Christian love. Many, and amongst them are some of those I met in Cairo and Alexandria, are driven to take refuge in a convent by worldly disappointment, where they vent the spleen of an embittered spirit on the poor suffering and dying. Such women are never contented, never happy, but always bitter, irritable and gross, and woe to the invalid who falls into their clutches. The mere act of taking the deceptive and so-called sacred veil, is a delusion, a crime against humanity, and a great sin before God ; for they do no deeds of mercy, they do but take their revenge for a disappointed life on poor suffering and dying people. The image before their eyes is not in all cases that of their spiritual bridegroom, Christ, to whom they have sworn faith and chastity, but that of some worldly bridegroom, to whom they promised eternal love, but who has deceived them and whom they have left behind them in the world. Devotion to Christ, the oath of allegiance to Him, is but a false pretence, and alas, how often is Christ, the chosen bridegroom, thus sinned against ! The ecclesiastical marriages are the greatest deceptions of the Roman Catholic Church, and are an imposture on the unenlightened bigoted classes of mankind. But Christ is not deceived by them, and in heaven the bridal nuns are estimated at their true value. Many of those who leave the world and become the brides of Christ in convents, enter on a second *mésalliance*. And how audacious, how absurd it is to call in the pure spirit of the Christian Church in such a transaction ! It strikes me that the Sister of Mercy, who took me and my poor *protégée* under her ecclesiastical wing in the hospital at Alexandria, and waited upon us in our wretched room,

was a false sister of mercy and a false bride of Christ. She was a Frenchwoman of a very ill-tempered, irritable and jealous disposition, who was as much feared by all the patients as thunder and lightning. Miss Cosserat, with the discrimination often shown in lunacy, called her a tyrant and a reptile. This sister was always in a bad humour, but she only quarrelled once a day, for the simple reason that she never left off quarrelling. She treated my poor charge harshly and roughly, and used to push her miserable portion of food before her, much as if she had been a dog. Miss Cosserat, although a lunatic, had soon found out the evil nature of this pious-looking nun with her long rosary and numerous medallions. Children and fools, they say, speak the truth. One day she tore off her cap, and said in plainest French, "You are a hypocrite; you are no sister of mercy, for you treat us like dogs." This time, at least, a lunatic spoke truth, for I should have treated a dog better than the nun did my *protégée*. She never had a kind word for the poor weak invalid, and when she was out of humour, she would drag her about, as if she did not recognise her to be a fellow-creature. The consequence was that Miss Cosserat bolted our door on the inside, and refused to see the wicked sister.

The heaviest work of the hospital was attended to by the patients who were getting better and expecting their dismissal. The Sisters of Mercy were ladies waited upon, and not sisters in attendance at the hospital. Each of them had her female servant, who obeyed her orders, and the sisters themselves did, so to speak, nothing for the poor invalids. When the doctor was going his rounds, however, each one hurried to her post and seemed very

busy, but as soon as he was gone, rooms, invalids, and everything else were handed over to the weakened convalescents, who, by way of recreation, had to be the hard-worked servants of the hospital day and night; for by day the sisters did little for the invalids but give orders, and, at night, they did nothing at all. They all slept in the upper story of the hospital, and on the lower story, containing the invalids, a female patient watched over the women, and a male patient over the men. This one female watcher had charge of several large wards, all full of sufferers, so that it was impossible for each patient to have the necessary care and attention. The cleaning of the wards was also done by weak and miserable convalescents, the nuns standing idly by with their rosaries in their hands. I was once a witness of how little the Sisters of Mercy know how to perform their duties. One day, a poor lunatic, who was very quiet, was brought to the hospital, and to save themselves trouble with her, the sisters shut the poor woman up in a room, and left her to herself. She soon began to cry out piteously, now for this, now for that, but she was allowed to call for hours without any notice being taken of her. Then she became hoarse, thumped at the door, and finally broke her window. Until then the sisters remained deaf, but, as soon as she had worked herself into a frenzy, they put on her a strait jacket. The little the nuns did for the unfortunate patients of the hospital was done in a mechanical, impatient manner. All mercy, pity, womanly tenderness, and Christian love was wanting, and everything was done as a matter of business, without heart or feeling.

Amongst the numerous French nuns in the hospital

there was one German, with whom I struck up a friendship, confessing to her my opinion of the hypocritical life led by her fellow sisters. My countrywoman was evidently sincere herself, and she once said to me with tears in her eyes, "The veil does not make the nun; there is no injury and no suffering which I have not endured amongst these hypocritical women, and," she added, "there is no crime under heaven, which is not committed in convents. My lot is irremediable, but all things have an end, and God knows all that I have here suffered and endured."

As soon as the matron found out that the German nun visited me in my room, she forbade her to do so, and the poor thing was compelled to obey.

It was easy to see that living amongst nuns made the condition of poor Miss Cosserat worse, for the very sight of them roused her to fury. She had just as much horror and fear of priests as of female ecclesiastics. One day I succeeded in dressing her, and took her with me into the garden of the hospital, out of which a little door led into the archbishop's palace, with a seminary containing a good many priests in connection with it. These priests perform divine service in the chapel of the hospital, and are the confessors and ecclesiastical advisers of the Lady Superior and the nuns. There was a good deal of traffic through this little door, nuns and fathers passing backwards and forwards frequently, and, on the day when I was walking in the garden with Miss Cosserat, a priest came in by it, but as soon as she caught sight of the black-robed figure, she ran timidly away, and I could never persuade her to go into the garden again.

Immediately after my arrival in the hospital of Alex-

andria, I went to the office of Baron H., director of the Austrian Lloyd's Company, for a passage to Trieste, but he was not to be persuaded, and said he could not grant my request at any price. He appeared to doubt my assurance that the lunatic had done no passenger any injury between India and Suez, and his great dread was the danger to children on board. He was afraid Miss C. might seize some child and throw it into the sea. There was nothing for me to reply to such apprehensions. I could but promise to watch my charge well and conscientiously, but it was impossible for me to guarantee the safety of all passengers, knowing myself to be in constant danger. This difficulty of getting a passage rendered my dreary stay in the hospital all the more dreary, and I was at a loss what to do and how to leave Egypt. Forsake my *protégée* I could not, my heart revolted against the very thought of it; and God would certainly have forsaken me, had I forsaken this poor orphan child. Miss Cosserat became worse and worse, and the Sister of Mercy who had charge of our room and visited us three times a day to deal out our portions of food became crosser and crosser. The sister did not however do any actual work in our room, our food and drink was brought in by the poor convalescents, and she merely appeared to measure it and give it to us. Miss Cosserat, of malice prepense and with inconceivable cunning, did all in her power to rouse the anger of this irritable sister, so that she was always out of temper, and not once did she show any patience or forbearance with the lunatic. Of course the sister's malignity only increased my patient's hatred of her, and, to make matters worse, Miss C. always wished me out of the way, because

I tried to make her keep her hatred within due bounds. She knew exactly the hour at which the sister would come, and, as it approached, she would try, either by force or stratagem, to get rid of me, and if I did not do what she wished, I had to suffer for it. Water, soup, coffee, tea, and everything else was thrown over me or into my face, and she would try to drive me from the room with blows and kicks. If I went away or left her under the care of one or another of the poor convalescents, for a sister never took charge of her, I found everything in confusion on my return. What no one else could have destroyed, she found means to ruin, and there was really no suffering short of death which she did not inflict upon me. Often in my misery and despair I fell upon my knees, and with streaming eyes prayed to Heaven for patience.

At last, one night, I was in such great danger, that I decided on a step which procured for me a few days' rest and change. I had been to the office of the P. & O. Company which runs vessels between Alexandria and Brindisi, where, however, I had also failed in my endeavour to procure a passage. A young girl had looked after my *protégée* during my absence, and had been careless enough to give her a pair of scissors. Miss Cosserat proceeded to cut up everything she could lay hands on, including some of the bedclothes, and every article of dress she had on, even to her boots. She then strewed the pieces about the floor and poured water over them. The young girl went and called the sisters, who, if they had been doing their duty, would have watched over the lunatic themselves, when all this would not have happened. For all that, however, they were now beside themselves with rage, and

they locked the poor creature in her room, taking away the key. When I came back to the hospital I found her lying on the hard floor, with no clothes on. I treated her as tenderly as possible, put on her a night dress, and she got into bed and went to sleep. In the night, however, she got up and looked for her boots, and not being able to find them, accused me of stealing them. I tried to convince her that she had cut them up herself, and showed her the pieces. She then called me a liar, seized me by the hair, kicked me violently in the stomach, and then stood upon me with both feet. I felt suffocated, but I managed to get hold of both her hands, when she lost her balance and fell. I screamed for help and sprang out at the door. The sisters, as previously stated, all slept on the floor above, and none was near to give any assistance in case of need. But a poor woman, who was watching the patients, heard my cry of distress and came to see what was the matter. I had pain in my stomach and chest, and the woman gave me a drink of cold water, and rubbed my bruises with arnica. Meanwhile, Miss Cosserat had torn up all her body linen, and was lying quietly in bed. It was now only two o'clock in the morning, the moon was shining brightly, and suffering, weeping, and afraid to lie down again, I slowly dressed myself. The good woman who had come to my assistance took my place and urged me not to go near the lunatic for a time, and I went down into the garden. I wandered about the flowers, complaining silently to my Heavenly Father, and pondering on the miserable life I was leading in the hospital, and I came to think that perhaps my charge was weary of me, and that a short separation from her might mollify her, and recon-

cile her to me. I had an intense longing for a change, and a former wish to see the Holy Land of Palestine came over me again.

I therefore went to the English consul, whom I had already seen several times, and who had shown me the greatest sympathy. He knew of all the letters and telegrams which I had received from Mr. Cosserat, the lunatic's father, and was about as well acquainted with my patient's sad state as I was myself. At my request James Lane, Esq., English Vice-Consul and Judge in Alexandria, accompanied by Dr. Makee, also attached to the English consulate, had visited Miss Cosserat at the hospital. The lunatic was in an extremely weak state, and I thought it would be prudent to make the English authorities acquainted with her condition, that I might have their official support and legal justification in case of the worst. I was the guardian of the lunatic, and her death might have placed me in the most difficult and suspicious position.

I told all my trouble to the English consul, explaining to him how the entire care of the invalid fell upon me alone, and that I never got a night's rest, which had quite exhausted my strength. I expressed my opinion that the lunatic was tired of me, and that a short absence might perhaps reconcile her to my presence again, whilst a good rest would restore my strength and courage. I expressed my wish to be relieved for a few days from my cares and duties, and to be able to travel to Palestine meanwhile.

It was easy to convince the consul and the other gentleman that my complaints were well-grounded, for

they had personally witnessed what I had to endure, and the matron of the hospital had told them that there was not my equal for patience in the hospital, declaring in French, "*Elle a une patience angélique.*" Nor could any one who saw me have a doubt of my weak state of health, and the consul at once expressed his readiness to be responsible for the lunatic during my absence, he having previously read the letter of authority from her father, James Cosserat, giving me a legal right, in case of necessity, to do what I now proposed. When the matron of the hospital heard of my design, she manifested the greatest fear lest I should not come back again, and talked a great deal of the possibility of my dying on the journey to Palestine. But her real and sole anxiety was lest she should have to look after the lunatic without payment, and I therefore fully reassured the merciful lady on that point. She sent two nuns with well-disciplined tongues to the English consulate, who took care of the interests of the hospital better than all the advocates in the world could have done, and, in their presence, I handed over to the consul a sum twice as large as would be required to defray the expenses of the poor lunatic until my return. At the same time I placed in his hands a sealed packet containing the letters and telegrams, with the balance of the money sent to me by Mr. James Cosserat, of Patna. The Lady Superior and Sisters of Mercy then made me a solemn Christian promise to take good care of the poor lunatic day and night; how they fulfilled that promise I shall presently relate.

When I told Miss Cosserat that I thought she did not love me any more, because she hunted me out of the room

so often and so unkindly, and that, in accordance with her often repeated wishes and orders "to go," I was now going to do so, and would leave her for a few days, she began to lament bitterly. But her sorrow, like her love, was of a peculiar nature, for she presently said, embracing me closely, and with a long deep sigh, "Alas, Miss Weppner, how I do love you ; how I should like to kill you ! Come back soon."

And yet, judging from her clamorous grief after I left her, I cannot but believe that the poor creature did love me, somewhat after the fashion of some poor mother bereft of reason, who, in her madness, tries to destroy her own child and those who are dearest to her. Indeed, in spite of all the insults and ill-treatment I received from her, the lunatic often gave me infallible proof that she was sensible of my kindness and patience, and that she loved me.

I left several affectionate little notes with the matron, and begged her to give them separately to my poor *protégée* from time to time, in case she should mourn over my absence and long after me.

CHAPTER VI.

THE journey from Alexandria in Egypt to Palestine in Asia Minor is only a short trip. Although, as a Prussian, I had been rather roughly treated in Alexandria, I now, on the other hand, received a favour on board a French steamer, and my voyage from Alexandria to Jaffa and back only cost me the terms for first-class board for three days each way.

The Rev. Father Placide Belge, the archbishop of Alexandria's private secretary, a generous Frenchman, recommended me in the name of his eminence to the Franciscan Fathers at Jaffa and Jerusalem. How relieved I felt when I started on my journey alone and unencumbered. But the remembrance of my poor *protégée* was intensely painful to me, and I could not get rid of the presence of her miserable figure before me; hundreds of times I was back again with her in imagination in the wretched uncomfortable room in the hospital at Alexandria. The poor creature's shadow followed me everywhere; her image haunted me day and night, and the thought that I had not yet been able to secure a passage to Europe was an ever-present trouble to me.

In spite of the bright clear sky, the Mediterranean Sea was pretty rough, and for a change I had a visit from my old friend Neptune, who once more shook me most unmercifully. But, enough of that! Since I left the peaceful house of my good friends in Bombay, I had not slept well, or free from anxiety, and a few hours of unbroken sleep were a charming novelty to me, making me feel like a new creature.

After a voyage of twenty hours, we reached Port Said, where it was very hot, and, as I knew we should touch there again on our way back, I did not go on shore.

On the morning of the third day, after leaving Alexandria, we landed in Jaffa, where disembarkation is generally very difficult and often dangerous, the steamers being compelled to anchor a long distance from the land, on account of the rocks and the shallowness of the water. Generally the breakers are so wild and powerful, that the greatest caution is necessary to get the passengers safely to land in a little boat; and, but a short time before, an American family, father, mother, and two daughters, who had come from Alexandria by the steamer, had met their deaths in the waves which capsized their boat on its way to the shore. The breakers were very powerful on the day I landed, and it was not without danger that we reached the beach.

I intended to rest for one day in Jaffa, and as the matron of the hospital at Alexandria had given me a letter of introduction to the Lady Superior of a French convent in Jaffa, I found a guide who took me there at once. The Lady Superior was a most polite and energetic Frenchwoman, and said she would immediately make

arrangements for me to have a comfortable rest. She then told a nun to take me to the Franciscan Fathers. I did not know what she meant by that, but I supposed their permission was necessary before she could receive me. I followed the nun from the convent to the monastery of the *Pères Franciscans*; my guide went straight to the *Père Supérieur*, and that gentleman came and told the porter to get a room for the lady pilgrim (for me in fact).

What! I exclaimed, in dismay, am I to sleep in a monastery of monks? and I ran away from the *Père Supérieur*, and the nun, down the steps of the entrance, into the street, as fast as I could, fearing that some monk might by force take me into his arms, carry me to a cell, and lock me up.

The nun ran after me laughing, seized me by the dress, telling me that female pilgrims were received in all the monks' monasteries in Palestine, and assuring me that the good fathers treated ladies very well, she had never, she added, heard a complaint. I replied, that I had no doubt the fathers would be kind to me, but that I had never before heard of such hospitable monastic gentlemen. At that the nun opened her eyes wide, and said, I was in Palestine. I now understood why the Rev. Father Placide Belge, the archbishop's secretary in Alexandria, had given me letters to the Franciscan Fathers in Jaffa and Jerusalem, of which letters I did not of course make any use.

The *Père Supérieur*, a short man with a long beard, stood at the gate of the convent, looking after me, and laughing at my fright, whilst I disputed with the good

nun who wanted to take me back to the monastery, which I firmly resisted. The father now called after me aloud, saying, "Come, child, we receive you with the best of heart." I returned his call with "No," and I begged the nun to show me the road to the residence of the German consul, and she was kind enough to accompany me there herself. When we arrived she told the consul, laughing heartily all the while, how I had run away from the *Père Supérieur*. The consul was an Armenian, and, though a German representative, understood not a word of my language. I therefore asked him, in English, if it was true that female pilgrims were received in monks' monasteries, and he replied with a smile, "Yes; hundreds and thousands of female pilgrims lodge at the Franciscan monastery;" adding, "you probably come direct from your German home, and have never heard of such a thing."

"No," I replied, "I do not come direct from my home; I have come through Europe, America, and Asia, but I never heard of this anywhere but here."

The consul then said I was in Palestine; and in Palestine it is an old and well-known custom for female pilgrims to be received by the Franciscan Fathers, although this custom had often been unfavourably criticised. But there was no other place of reception for pilgrims in Palestine than the Franciscan monasteries, and they were therefore lodged without distinction of sex. The French nun understood English, and she listened with an amused face to every word the consul said, and kept on asking me if she should take me back to the *Père Supérieur*? I replied No, very positively, but thanked her for her kindness in

accompanying me thus far, and smiling she took her leave.

I then showed the "Armenian German" consul an official letter of introduction from the German consul in Alexandria, and he offered to take me to the "American settlement," where some German Protestant missionaries live, and where I should very likely hear of an opportunity of going on to Jerusalem that same day.

The consul then took me at once to Mr. H., a German missionary and colonist, who promised to see about my journey, and not to let me go, except under the most reliable escort.

In the house of the German colonist I met three American gentlemen and a Greek doctor, who had come to Jaffa on the same steamer as myself, and were now about to start for Jerusalem. I had not spoken to any of them on the steamer, so that I did not yet know them. But I soon became acquainted with them through the introduction of my fellow countryman, and they unanimously declared that it would be a pleasure and an honour to them to protect me on the trip to Jerusalem, and to bring me safely back to Jaffa.

Horses, saddles, guides, &c., were engaged, and at five o'clock in the evening we mounted and rode off. But oh, misery! I was no sooner in my saddle than I began making the most painful grimaces. Woe, woe, to tender European bodies; woe to the sensitive European bones which have to ride on Arabian saddles! They are even more barbarous and sharper than the sharp, barbarous Japanese saddles, and I advise every tender European pilgrim who goes to Palestine and wishes to ride, or rather who *must* ride, to take a European saddle with him, and not to trust his

tender body to an Arabian one. There are no means of transport between Jaffa and Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, &c., but horses and donkeys. Sedan chairs are very dear and are but seldom used, and there are no carriages, carts or post-chaises in this mountainous district. It would be just as easy, however, to import and to use such vehicles here as in the mountainous district of Java, where the roads go over much higher mountains than any in Judea between Jaffa and Jerusalem. The view of Jaffa, whether from the harbour, or from behind the town, is extremely picturesque. It is built on sloping rocks in the form of an amphitheatre, and the fortifications consist of a strong rampart with a half-filled moat, and a good many cannon.

The interior of the town has a melancholy and monotonous appearance, for the streets are narrow and extremely dirty. There are two gates, both opening towards the East. The inhabitants are a mixture of Latins, Greeks, Armenians, Maronites, Protestants, Jews, and Mussulmen.

Jaffa, formerly Joppa, is one of the oldest towns of the world, and according to tradition, it existed before the flood. It was in Joppa that Noah built his ark, in accordance with the command of the Lord; from Joppa, that Jonah embarked and fled to Tarshish; and to Joppa, Hiram, King of Tyre, brought the wood from Mount Lebanon which King Solomon used in the building of the Temple of God at Jerusalem.

Festus took possession of Joppa, massacred the natives, and burnt the town; the Jews, however, rose against the Romans and rebuilt it, but they, in their turn, were given

over to pillage, for Vespasian besieged the Israelites, slaughtering them all, and converted the town into a citadel round which a new city soon sprung up, which, from the reign of Constantine, until the inroad of the Arabs, in the year 636, was the seat of the Roman episcopate.

Captured in 1099 by the Crusaders, Jaffa became the seat of a bishopric; and, when besieged by Saladin, it was rescued by Richard Cœur de Lion. Later it was a dukedom in the possession of Duke Henry Madel, a brother of Saladin, who had all the fortifications of the town destroyed. But after it was taken possession of by the Emperor Frederick the Second, in 1229, it was again converted into a fortified city. In 1252 St. Louis of France entered Jaffa, and took up his residence on a neighbouring island in the Mediterranean Sea. He it was who rescued the Christians imprisoned in Egypt, and collected the corpses of the slain from outside the walls of Cairo, giving them decent burial. In 1268 the town of Jaffa was again destroyed by Barbarossa. In 1654 the first convent was founded here by the Franciscan order, the monks of which lodged the pilgrims, "male and female," who visited Palestine. In 1799 Jaffa was stormed by a Christian army of "bloodthirsty" Frenchmen, who, like savages, massacred 4000 Turks and poisoned all lepers without mercy; and in 1838 the greater part of this ill-fated town was destroyed by an earthquake. On the road between Jaffa and Jerusalem we passed many spots which must ever be sacred alike to Jews and Christians. After passing out of the gate of the town we followed a broad, well-constructed road leading in a south-easterly direction, and

bounded on either side by fine gardens, planted with orange, lemon, and pomegranate trees. We soon came to a beautiful wall by the side of the road, surrounded by cypresses and sycamore trees, to the north of which is a garden in which the house of Tabitha, whom St. Peter raised from the dead, is supposed to have stood. From there we rode for another mile between charming gardens, and came to the fields of Sharon, the most fruitful in the Holy Land, and celebrated as being the scene of the destruction of the harvest of the Philistines by Samson when he tied the firebrands to the foxes' tails and set them free amongst the ripe corn. As we approached Ramleh, we saw the tower of the forty martyrs on the south, and, at some little distance, our guide pointed out to us the town of Lydda or Diospolis, the birthplace of St. George, who suffered martyrdom at Nicomedian in the reign of the Emperor Diocletian in the year 304. Justinian built a church at Lydda, and had the martyr's bones brought to his early home, where they have been venerated by Christians for centuries. I had read the legend of St. George, who is the patron saint of my birthplace, so that I was familiar with the name of Lydda, and was glad to see the home of the great martyr. How often as a child I stood before the huge image of St. George, in our church, looking with timid wonder at the holy youth driving his spear home into the heart of the furious dragon. For many years I admired the stately figure of the patron saint, and I loved him, and throughout my childhood whenever we had a "Kirmes," I brought St. George a wreath of flowers, and the sexton went up a ladder and hung it on the spear of the bold and handsome hunter.

To the south-west of Lydda lies Ramleh, or Arimathea, the home of Joseph and of Nicodemus, who buried the body of our Saviour. Ramleh was visited by St. Paul in the beginning of the sixth century, and near to it the Crusaders were defeated by the Turks in a bloody and terrible battle, the Dukes of Blois and Bourgogne being amongst the slain. It was on the same occasion that Baldwin I. fled from the fury of the battle, and hid himself in the high grass of the meadows, but the Turks set fire to the grass, and, to escape suffocation, he had to take flight. He was eventually saved by an Emir and taken by him to Asour.

In 1287 Ramleh fell into the hands of Saladin, and later it was the head-quarters of Richard Cœur de Lion. In 1296 the Franciscans built a convent there for the reception of "male and female" pilgrims; later on, the monastery was the *bivouac de l'état major* of General Bonaparte during the French expedition to Syria, the church of the convent serving as a hospital for wounded warriors. After Napoleon's retreat the Mussulmen killed all the monks and plundered the convent and church.

Ramleh, formerly a celebrated city, with twelve fine gates and a noble castle, is now an unimportant little town of about 4,000 inhabitants, including 3,000 Mussulmen, 1,000 Grerks, 60 Catholics, and several Protestant missionaries. We rode up to the Franciscan convent, where a monk spread a good supper for us, the gentlemen rewarding him for his kindness by a liberal payment, after which we proceeded on our journey. By the light of the rising moon we rode across the fields of Sharon

towards the mountains, and I thought of King David, of his shepherd Sékai, and of the many royal sheep which once browsed and bleated in these fields. After we had ridden five or six English miles beyond Ramleh, our horses trotted over a rocky height, forming the boundary of the fields of Sharon. At the foot of a mountain on the east, we now saw by the light of the moon the village of Beit Nonba, the ancient town of Nob, the town of the priests, and the birthplace of the High Priest Abimelech, who gave David the shewbread and the sword of Goliath, and who was murdered with eighty other priests by Saul the persecutor of David.

The beautiful mountains of Judea commence on the borders of the fields of Sharon, and on the left lies the village of Emmois, formerly called Emmaus, which contains the ruins of a church built in the first century, and dedicated to the seven Maccabæe brothers, and their mother, who suffered martyrdom in the year 168 B. C. under Antroclius, whose general, Georgias, was defeated at Emmaus, by Judah Maccabi. In a beautiful and slightly undulating valley we passed the well of Job, which is said never to dry up, and a little farther we reached the "gate of the valley." It was now midnight, and very cold, we therefore dismounted and entered an Arab cabin in the "gate of the valley," where we partook of some hot Mocha, and rested a little. I then, for the first time, complained of my miserable saddle, for really, when I got off my horse, I could have screamed aloud, if I had not been ashamed to do so. The gentlemen tried to improve it for me, and told me their own were no better than mine, and the truth of which, the grimaces they had made

had borne ample witness. I again mounted into my sharp and barbarous Arabian saddle, and, after we had ridden some forty-five or fifty minutes, we saw by the light of the moonbeams, the ancient olive trees of Sanio, and, as we ascended a pretty steep height of the mountains of Judea, our guide pointed out the Mediterranean in the distance. It was a beautiful, peaceful night, and my delight at standing upon the mountains of Judea, bathed in the full glory of the moonlight, may be imagined; it was an awful, a mysterious pleasure. The one thing which destroyed the sacred charm of this singular night's journey, was my great dread of Bedouins, for I had heard that a week before, a party of them had robbed an English family, and our guide gave us the reassuring information that the neighbourhood was very unsafe. Here and there the shadows of some bush or cavern assumed weird, uncanny forms in the gentle beams of Luna, and at first sight I took them for nothing else than recumbent, seated or standing Bedouins who were ready to fall upon and plunder us. And yet I always wanted to ride in front, for I felt safer there than behind the rest of the party, as I had a horror of being attacked in the rear by a Bedouin.

But now the dawn, the blessed dawn, was beginning to break, and we again regaled ourselves with Mocha, in Kanath el Cnal, a vineyard village. It was a very cold morning, and as I was thinly clad, I felt frozen. We now rode through the beautiful vineyards of Baale, where the Tabernacle of God rested for twenty-eight years before David brought it to Jerusalem, 1033 B. C.

Aurora awoke, and how beautiful did its rising appear

to us as we rode higher and higher towards the East ; the glorious orb appearing to approach nearer and nearer, and descending deeper and deeper towards us ; never had I seemed to be so close to it ; I almost fancied I could touch it. On a lofty mountain in Judea lies Sonba, formerly Modina, the home of the Maccabee Brothers, where Simon Maccabi built seven pyramids, the summits of which could be seen from the Mediterranean, over the graves of his father, mother, and brothers.

The mountains of Judea were now spread out before us in the full light of the glorious sunbeams, which lit up ever more and more of the sacred neighbourhood, as the great luminary rose higher and higher. The view was magnificent, and, in spite of all the sufferings caused by my barbarous Arabian saddle, I felt as proud and elated as possible, seated on my little brave horse, and I was so happy, so very happy. We had now reached the culminating point of the mountains of Judea, and saw on the north the home of the prophet Samuel, called Rama Saphun ; ten minutes later Ain Karin (St. Jean dans les Montagnes) was pointed out to us on the right, and then descending a mountain, we had a beautiful valley on our right, planted with orange, lemon, olive trees and vines. A little farther we passed the bridge of the brook Terebinth, from which David took his seven smooth stones, and it was in the valley close by that he slew the Philistine. And now climbing another mountain, what did I see from its summit ? Looking towards the east, I saw the Mount of Olives, from which Christ ascended into heaven, whilst on the right lay the town of which it is written, "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou

be little among the thousands of Judah; yet out of thee shall He come forth unto Me, that is to be Ruler in Israel." On the right of Bethlehem we saw the Greek seminary called the convent of St. Elie. Farther yet, and farther, until we saw a lofty wall rise up against the clear blue sky on the eastern horizon, and that wall was the mountains of Moab. We now came to a bend in the mountains of Judea, and I saw Jerusalem, the Holy City. Involuntarily I drew in the reins of my horse, for I felt tempted to dismount and kneel. Yes; it was Jerusalem, the Holy City. I felt exceedingly glad and reverential. Heaven had granted the desire of my heart. I was approaching the sacred spot where my Redeemer died.

How gloriously did the sun shine upon this favoured land; never had I seen it appear more beautiful than here where stood the cradle of the Sinless One, and the blood-stained cross of the purest Man, the greatest Teacher ever sent by a merciful God to save a fallen world.

Nothing that I had seen in the whole universe had affected me so deeply, or so solemnly, as this sacred and touching view of Judea. The deserted fields and sterile plains, the piles of stones, relics of ancient ruins, with which the ramparts of the hills were strewn, the melancholy famine-stricken scene of destruction, all combined to testify to the falling of the curse of Heaven. It is a picture of eternal mourning, and it gave me the impression of a land never again to be clothed with green; never again to be blessed by the hand of God. Before I saw the mountains of Judea, I had visited many famous districts of the world, but I know of none which I could compare with them. The scene is unique of its kind; it

is beautiful, because it is sacred; it is grand and sublime, because it is melancholy. The sight of the Holy City, and its memorable neighbourhood, stirs the heart of every Christian, and touches the cords of the ineffaceable associations connected with the thought of the Divine Leader, whose staff is the support of oppressed humanity, and of all the pure and true-hearted men who follow Him, the wisest of all teachers.

In imagination I was transported back hundreds of years. Golgotha! I approach thee, and soon—soon I shall kneel on the sacred spot where once stood the holy cross, and where the Divine Man has suffered and died for us.

We were now but a few steps from the gate of the Holy City, and having fancied it to be a large town, I was surprised to find it so small. As it is built on different heights, and, from above downwards it can be overlooked, looked through, and looked into. A lofty wall surrounds alike the highest and lowest portions of the town, and when within the walls, a stranger who has seen a picture of it can easily recognise the most prominent buildings. Outside the Jaffa gate, on the left, is the Russian establishment, consisting of consular buildings, a cathedral, the episcopal palace, two houses for pilgrims (a superior one for high-born pilgrims), a hospital, and several residences for doctors, apothecaries, &c.

The lofty dome of the church of the Holy Sepulchre towers above all other palaces and churches on the hill of Gareb, whilst on Mount Moriah, formerly the site of the Temple of Solomon, glitters the cupola of the Mosque of Omar. Jerusalem is built on five hills, of which Mount

Sion is the highest, and Mount Akra the lowest. Mount Moriah is the so-called "chosen portion." Mount Moriah, the "new city," and Mount Gareb the Christian quarter of the town.

From the time of Solomon to the death of Christ, Jerusalem stood upon three hills, but, ten years after that event, Herod Agrippa, under the government of Claudius, laid the foundations of a new wall which enclosed the hills of Bezetha and Gareb. Jerusalem is situated in Lat. $31^{\circ} 47'$ and is 3927 feet above the level of the Dead Sea.

We passed the Jaffa gate and rode up to the Hotel de la Méditerranée, near the gate of Damascus. I had now ridden forty miles on horseback in a barbarous saddle, and I felt dreadfully tired, shaken, and bruised. True to my old resolve, I did not intend to put up at an hotel, and I was therefore at once guided to the German hospice of the Knights of St. John, where pilgrims are received and entertained on reasonable terms. There was not, however, one pilgrim there at the time, and as I did not dare, being a lady, to make excursions in and about Jerusalem alone, I was obliged to go to some place where I could join other pilgrims or travellers. I did not choose to make use of my letters and go to the Franciscan monastery, and as the gentlemen of my escort had asked me to join them, I went back to the Hotel de la Méditerranée. To my delight, I found that the owner of the hotel and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Hornstein, were German; and when they heard that I, their fellow-countrywoman, was making a journey round the world, they treated me with especial and most disinterested kindness.

With the help of our host the gentlemen engaged a

dragoman (interpreter and guide) who showed us the most noteworthy places in the town and neighbourhood.

Early the next morning we went to the Holy Sepulchre, and visited all the sacred places on Mount Calvary. The church is built on the mount itself, and is in the possession and under the care of the Turkish government. During the night the keys are in the keeping of the Turkish officials. That this, the most important church of Christendom, should be in the hands of the Turks is a proof of what the power of Christian Europe, or I may say of the whole Christian world, is in the nineteenth century. Six different Christian sects share the privilege of worshipping in this church, and each perform their own rights. Roman Catholics and Greek Catholics, Armenians, Copts, Ethiopians and Syrians. The Catholic priests use the north end of the church, the Greek the east, the Armenians the south, whilst the Copts have a chapel close to the Holy Sepulchre, their lodgings being on the west of the church. These four sects live inside the basilica itself, but the other two have their residences outside.

The first sacred spot shown on entering the church is the *Stone of Unction* on which Joseph and Nicodemus laid the body of our Lord, and annointed it with costly ointment; and near to it the place is pointed out where the holy women stood during the annointment. At about twelve metres distant from it is the entrance to the Holy Sepulchre, called the Angel's Chapel, and in it, beneath a large and beautiful cupola, is the sacred grave of Jesus. To the north is the chapel of St. Mary Magdalena, enclosing the spot on which the Redeemer appeared to her in the form of a gardener, and from it four steps lead to

the chapel of the Apparition, on the left of which is a small sacristy in which some Franciscan monks showed us the sword of Godfrey de Bouillon, presented to the Franciscan order by the Bishop of Nazareth in the third century. To the north of the sacristy, there is a dark chapel in which Christ and the two thieves are said to have sat in bonds whilst the cross was erected; and to the south-west of this chapel we were shown the spot where the executioners cast lots for the robe of Jesus. A little farther on, twenty-nine steps lead down to the chapel of St. Helena, in which I saw a beautiful painting, the gift of the late Emperor Maximilian of Mexico; the chapel itself, however, is the property of the Ethiopian priests. Thirteen steps lower down is the chapel of the Discovery, or finding of the Cross, the site of which was formerly occupied by a cistern, hewn out of a rock on Mount Calvary. From this point we ascended two steps, and entered the Greek Chapel on our left, enclosing the spot where the Jews crowned our Saviour with thorns, and some seventeen metres farther on, eighteen steps lead up to the traditionary Mount Calvary, with the chapel of Adam under the rocks. On the right of the entrance to this chapel, is the grave of Godfrey de Bouillon, and on the left that of Duke Baldwin. Inside the chapel there is a small cleft in the heart of the rocks, in which, according to tradition, rests the skull of the first man, who lived and died in Judea after he was driven out of Eden. It is said that Christ suffered martyrdom upon the Cross on exactly the same spot where the skull of Adam lay 4000 years before. The chapel of Adam was formerly a cave in which the high-priest Melchisedec is supposed to have been buried.

We now left the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and, close to the entrance we noticed an inscription on a white stone marking the grave of Philip d'Aubigny. The outside of the building is not without interest, associated as it is with the memory of the Crusaders. To the south, a few remains of a stately colonnade, built by Constantine the Great, are still to be seen.

In the afternoon we visited the citadel, called the Tower of David, on the site of which the palace of that monarch once stood, and from thence we went to the Armenian convent, which is built, as our guide informed us, on the site of the house of Caiaphas. He also pointed out to us the site or the house of St. Thomas, and the high-priest Anna, and took us to the Cénacle (guest-chamber), built by St. Helena, in which he showed us the place once occupied by the room in which our Saviour took the last supper with his disciples.

We next went to the Christian cemetery, where Roman Catholics and Greek Catholics, Armenians, and Protestants rest in one churchyard; each sect, however, having its own burial place.

On the second day we rode through part of the valley of Jehoshaphat to Gethsemane, and the Mount of Olives, and from there to Bethany. On this trip I unfortunately had a very tiresome, vicious horse, and an accident happened to me, which, however, turned out a lucky one, and was not nearly so bad as it might have been. When I mounted this horse it was very restless, and dashed and plunged about in all directions. The guide, however, assured me that it was a good horse, and would soon go at a quiet and regular pace. We passed along the Via

Dolorosa, the scene of the Scala Scanta, and out at St. Stephen's Gate, called the gate of the valley of Jehoshaphat by the Crusaders. On the east we saw the Mount of Olives, on the west the valley of Jehoshaphat, in which, according to the prophecy of Joel, the Lord will judge the world at the last day. It was in this valley that Abraham received the King of Sodom after his victory over the Assyrians, 1215 years before our era. Here Absalom built a monument to immortalise his name, called the hand of Absalom; through this valley David passed on foot when fleeing before his son; and our Saviour, on His way to and from the Mount of Olives, and the house of his friends at Bethany, must many a time have trod its paths. The valley of Jehoshaphat, at the brook Kedron, Silome, is about 120 yards wide, and it is fifteen miles long. It commences on the north-west of the Holy City near the tombs of the Judges, becomes narrower above Gethsemane, and where it joins the valley of Hinnom it is completely spanned by the brook Kedron. On the right of the valley is the Fuller's Field, Mount Bezetha, on which part of Jerusalem is built, Mount Moriah and the little hill of Ophel; whilst on the left are the Mount of Olives, Mount Scopas, and Mount Scandale. In the valley on the right are the tombs of Mussulmen, and on the left those of Jews.

We now rode in an easterly direction and passed the brook Kedron. My horse was very skittish and wild, going first to the right, and then to the left, so that I had the greatest trouble to guide it. At a little distance in front of me, and not far from the Garden of Gethsemane, I saw a steep ravine, along the edge of which skirted our

road. Unfortunately, just as my horse came to the dangerous place it neighed and jumped wildly up and down. I tried to guide it away from the precipice into the road, and the gentleman nearest to me, on perceiving the bad temper of the animal, hurried up. But, as he was in the very act of seizing the bridle, the horse dashed away from him, and flung itself backwards over the high and steep declivity. The fall of the horse and my scream of terror promptly brought back the gentlemen who had ridden on ahead; but I was already lying at the bottom of the ravine, and, thank Heaven, I heard the breathless question, "Is she dead?" "Make haste, make haste and get to her," cried the Greek doctor, "I am afraid she is dead!"

"No; I am not dead," doctor, I cried from the depths of the abyss, "but I am wounded, so please come quickly!" My right hand and arm hurt me dreadfully, and I was afraid the former was broken. The gentlemen, however, could not get down quite so rapidly as I had descended, for the whole of the long slope was clothed with brambles and thistles. The first to reach my side was the doctor, who pulled and stretched and tested my right arm, finally telling me, to my unbounded delight, that it was not broken. He next examined my head and found neither a wound nor a drop of blood. "*C'est un miracle*," he exclaimed, in the greatest astonishment; for the horse had fallen in such a manner that the doctor and every one else thought I was dashed to pieces. I now told them, as far as I knew myself, how I had come down such a distance into the precipice, and as the Greek did not understand English, I repeated my account to him in French,

after giving it to the American gentlemen in the former language. What surprised me most was that I did not know how I got out of the saddle. I was seated, as all ladies are on horseback, in such a manner, that some preparation was required to get out of the saddle, for one foot was over the pommel, and one foot in the stirrup. My preparation, however, was very short on this occasion, and I think my guardian angel must have lifted me out of the saddle at the very moment when the horse fell backwards, and then have started back in the road out of fear of the thorns and thistles, whilst I, rescued from the peril of death, was left to roll over them to the bottom of the ravine. I remember distinctly suddenly finding myself lying on my horse's back, and rolling over with it, and that when I was uppermost the horse was under me and *vice versa*. The entire "rolling trip" was uncommonly rapid, and in the last twirl the horse got to the bottom first. Indeed he was on his feet, looking in my face, and nibbling the grass, whilst I was still lying amongst the thorns and thistles. It took the doctor and the American gentlemen a long time to pull the thorns out of my face and hands, and meanwhile my right arm and hand became much swollen; my first finger was terribly painful, and for several months afterwards it remained numb and useless. The doctor, who was a very religious man, looked up again and again at the place from which I had had such an awful fall, and said my narrow escape was certainly a miracle. He was afraid, however, that fever would result from the severe shaking I had had, and wanted to take me back to Jerusalem to rest and recruit; but I assured him that I felt well enough to go on, for we only intended

to stay five days in Jerusalem, and our excursions had been so portioned out that if I did not see Gethsemane, the Mount of Olives, and Bethany, on the day in question, I should not see them at all, which I should have regretted all my life. My right arm was too painful for me to let it hang down as usual, so the doctor made me a sling in which I rested my swollen hand. Of course I did not mount my unruly horse again; in fact, the saddle was broken, and had been found by an Arab in a bramble bush half way down the ravine, and how I got out of it was an important question to the good, punctilious doctor. But it was his firm opinion that a supernatural power had rescued me from death, and I told him it was my guardian angel, whom God had sent to escort and protect me on all my roads around the world. But the owner of my surly steed entered into the details of my narrow escape less piously, and he demanded twenty francs for the miserable saddle I had broken, but my countryman, the landlord of the hotel, soon sent him about his business. During the accident in the precipice, some Arabs who had hurried up had stolen my new parasol, which, considering the power of the sun, was almost indispensable. One of the gentlemen, however, gave me his umbrella, and we went on to the cave, a stone's throw from the Garden of Gethsemane, which is shown as the scene of our Lord's agony on the eve of his crucifixion, when "His sweat was as it were great drops of blood." Near to the cave stands a Roman Catholic church in which is the grave of the Virgin Mary, and in which Queen Mellisenda, wife of Fulk, King of Jerusalem, is also said to be buried. There has been much jealousy and disputing in every century as to the owner-

ship of this church amongst the different Christian sects. In the seventeenth century the Greek non-conformists accused the Franciscan fathers of having sold the body of the Virgin Mary for a large sum to the then reigning Pope of Rome, and the Latins were consequently driven out of the church, which passed into the possession of the Greeks. In 1660, the French ambassador M. de la Haye received full powers over the church, and it was now the turn of the Greeks to be turned out. In 1740, however, the Greeks dispossessed the Franciscan fathers, who, in 1757, on the interference of the French envoy, Duke de Vergennes, again got the upper hand, to be dispossessed by their old rivals two years later.

At the time of my visit, as I was informed by a German monk at Gethsemane, the Franciscans had received full powers from the Sultan to use the church, but the Greeks used it also without any such full powers; at least, so the monk told me, and I could not help thinking how absurd such perpetual quarrelling was in so sacred and consecrated a spot.

The Cave of Agony is seven steps below the church of the cemetery of the Virgin Mary, and is lighted through an opening in the rock. There is an altar on the spot, where, according to tradition, our Saviour knelt in His agony, at which the Franciscan monks daily perform mass.

From the Cave of Agony we entered the Garden of Gethsemane itself, where I counted eight very venerable olive trees, the very ones, according to tradition, and the popular belief, beneath which the Divine Man wandered to and fro, and which were witnesses of His love and of

His suffering. The garden is surrounded by a strong wall, and is very carefully and tastily kept, being planted with sweet-scented flowers and vegetables. I picked a little branch from one of the olive trees, and the Franciscan monk, a German, who had charge of the garden, gave me a beautiful bunch of flowers.

On my last visit to the Tomb of Christ I laid both the olive branch and flowers upon it, and then took them home for my dear mother.

In the east of the garden, the spot is shown where our Saviour asked His three dearest disciples to watch and pray ; and a stone's cast farther off, that on which He knelt when He prayed the Father to remove from Him the cup of suffering.

Whilst I was in the garden my right hand and arm had swollen very much. I was in the most terrible pain and already very feverish, so much so that the Greek doctor doubted whether I could go any farther. But I could not bear to give up all that I might see on this one day, and we ascended the Mount of Olives in an easterly direction, my ill-tempered horse, now at liberty and tame, walking behind us. On our way up, we stood upon the spot where our Lord wept over the faithless city. The Mount of Olives is on the east of Jerusalem, and is 2,555 feet above the level of the Dead Sea.

Christ spent one night upon the Mount of Olives ; and Titus, during the siege of Jerusalem, encamped the soldiers of the tenth legion upon it.

On his arrival at Jerusalem, Tancred went alone to the Mount of Olives, and whilst he was sadly gazing towards the Holy City he was surprised by five Mussulmen, of

whom he killed three and put two to flight. Before they attacked Jerusalem, the Crusaders sang a litany on the same sacred mountain.

As we reached the plateau of the mountain we entered a small building on the south, enclosing the spot from which our Saviour ascended up to Heaven in the presence of His mother, the apostles, and many of the disciples. According to Willebrand d'Oldenburg, who visited the Mount of Olives in 1211, this building was erected by a pious Mussulman; near to it is a fine minaret and the lodging of a dervish who let us ascend the former for a *baksheesh*. A flight of steps brought us to a small balcony from which we obtained a magnificent view. On the west the eye rests upon the valley of Jehoshaphat, the sacred city of Jerusalem enclosed in all its length and breadth in an amphitheatre, and I was able to see the outer wall of the Temple of Solomon, now the Mosque of Omar. To the south is the Mount of Offence, and more to the west the road to Bethlehem, the Greek seminary of St. Elie, the valley of the Giant and the Hill of Evil Counsel. Beyond these on the south is the Valley of Hinnom and the Field of Aceldama, whilst on the east the wastes of Judea stretch away to the Jordan and the Dead Sea; above which rises like a rampart a long majestic chain of mountains, forming the background of the fascinating scene. The mountains of Moab form the southern portion of this chain of hills, and the Dead Sea, spread out like a deep blue veil on this side of the rocky wall, is most distinctly visible in a westerly direction.

The French Princess de la Tour d'Auvergne built herself a little villa on the southern side of the Mount of

Olives which, however, she seldom inhabits. On the north-east of the mountain is a little chapel, on the wall of which we saw the Lord's Prayer written in thirty different languages, and the reverend father in charge of the Garden of Gethsemane, who accompanied us to the Mount of Olives, pointed out to us a Christian cemetery on the north, which encloses nine graves hewn out of the rock, and is, as he informed us, one vault of the old Benedictine monastery built on its site by Charlemagne.

We now turned towards Bethany, and about 400 yards to the south east, we were shown the site of Bethphage, whence Christ sent two disciples who brought him an ass and a colt for the journey to Jerusalem. In Bethany we visited the grave of St. Lazarus, entered by a small low door from which a dark flight of steps gives access to a subterranean passage, with three steps at the north end, leading down to a narrow mausoleum, said to be the tomb of Lazarus. The atmosphere was stifling, and I crept back into the open air as quickly as I could. Every trace of the church built by St. Helena above this grave has now disappeared. Forty yards to the south of the tomb of Lazarus is the site where the house of Mary Magdalene and Martha once stood, and where Christ taught Martha the "one thing needful."

From Bethany we went over the Mount of Olives passing alongside the Garden of Gethsemane to the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Here the first object seen of note, is the so-called grave of Absalom killed by Joab in the war with his father, and buried in a deep pit on the east of the river Jordan, on the authenticity of which considerable doubt has been thrown. The tomb as it was when we

saw it is a monolithic monument, hewn in the rock, with four openings; one to the north, one to the south, one to the east, and one to the west. The decorations consist of four pilasters on which rests a crown of a cylindrical form. The interior of this tomb is completely filled with stones, which, according to tradition, were cast upon the grave by the Jews, as a mark of their abhorrence of the conduct of the rebellious son, and have never been removed. Near to the grave of Absalom is that of Jehoshaphat, who, however, is said in the Holy Scriptures to have been buried in the City of David, and on the south of the latter, are those of St. James, Bishop of Jerusalem, and of Zacharias; the last, however, is also revered as that of the wife of Pharaoh. About 200 yards to the south is the Mount of Offence, so called because Solomon there erected "high places" to the service of the gods of his wives, thus offending against the people of Israel. One of these places of the worship of idols is still to be seen, headed with a spire, surmounting a cornice and a rock-cut roof in the shape of an ass. We proceeded farther and came to the well of Virgin Mary at the foot of Mount Ophel, in which our guide and the Franciscan father told us Mary washed her infant's swaddling clothes during her visit to the house of the old man Simeon. The residence of St. Simeon is now called the "cradle of Jesus Christ." Near to the well of the Virgin is the pool of Siloam. We now passed along the brook Kedron; to the right of the valley of Jehoshaphat, and on the left of the Royal Gardens, we were shown the hill Ophel, above which is situated the village of Siloam. The gardens of Siloam in the valley of Jehoshaphat are the only ones in the

whole district, in which green vegetables may be seen all the year round. Our next point of interest was the pool of Siloam, where Christ healed the blind man. Southwest of the pool of Siloam a path leads up to the Mount of Sion. This path formerly bore the name of "the steps to the City of David," the steps being cut out of the rocks of Sion. About 130 yards' distance from the hill Ophel and the Mount of Sion is the pool of Solomon, where, at the order of Manasses, the Prophet Isaiah suffered martyrdom. We were also shown the fountain "En Rogel," where the Israelites, before being carried to Babylon, hid the holy fire, as ordered by the Prophet Jeremiah. It is near this fountain, where Adonijah gave a great feast to his followers, who had assembled to make him King, against the will of his father, King David, who, on the same day, proclaimed Solomon King of all Israel. We saw the pool of Nehemiah, near which is a deep ravine, named the valley of the son of Hinnom. In this valley the Israelites worshipped the god Moloch with various rites, and human sacrifices. Manasses, King of Judah, caused his son to pass through the fire of Moloch. The Prophet Jeremiah, followed by the elders and the priests, obeying the command of the Lord, went to the valley of Hinnom, where he broke an earthen vessel, saying: Thus saith the Lord of Lords — I will destroy this people and this city like this earthen vessel, and it shall not be rebuilt.

Near by I saw the place of the encampment of "Pompey" which Titus afterwards surrounded with a wall, in order to imprison the Jews. Our road back to Jerusalem led us across the field of "Aceldama;" we ascended a

small hill and stood in the field which was bought with the blood of our Saviour. The Empress Helena enclosed the field with a high wall, and sent several vessels loaded with the soil of "Aceldama" to *Campo Santo* in Rome. During the crusades this field was the property of the Knights of St. John.

On the South we passed a long line of small houses, belonging to Sir Moses Montefiore, the well-known Jewish banker and philanthropist, who lodges, gratuitously, his co-religionists. After a long and very tiresome walk we reached our hotel. In consequence of my fall I felt very unwell; not only my right hand and arm, but also my face, head and neck were very much swollen. I could not undress myself, and my kind landlady engaged an Arab woman to wait upon me.

The Greek doctor, who had offered to take me back to the hotel after my fall, now gave me a very fatherly scolding for not obeying him. I listened to him quite patiently, as I never object to the scolding of any gentleman, when done pleasantly.

The Arab woman, through the night and the following day, repeatedly bathed my swollen limbs with a solution of sugar of lead, and the good Greek doctor administered some medicine to allay the fever. On the second day I was able to leave my room, although the Arab woman had to dress me, and with my right arm in a sling, I went to Mr. Hornstein, requesting him to engage a good horse for me, that I might ride to Bethlehem. But neither my good countryman nor the over-anxious Greek doctor would grant me permission to do so; but at length they had to yield to me, and Mr. Hornstein engaged a trusty guide,

charging him to lead my horse, and never leave my side. The Greek doctor and the Franciscan monk, who had shown us through the valley of Jehoshaphat, accompanied me to Bethlehem. I mounted my horse, with my right arm in a sling, suffering intensely at every movement of the animal. The trip from Jerusalem to Bethlehem may be made in one hour on horseback, but it took me more than two hours, as I had to go on an ordinary pace. Our road led through the gate of Jaffa, and having on our left the Mount of Evil Counsel and the valley of Gihon, we entered the road of Hebron, one of the five Royal roads leading from and into Jerusalem. The road Hebron runs through the Giants' Valley—the valley where King David twice defeated the Philistines. A little farther on, in a small ravine, is the place where David, after a victory over the Philistines, destroyed their idols. At five minutes' distance we passed the fountain of the "Three Wise Men," where, according to tradition, they had lost the star on their way to Herod. On their way from Jerusalem to Bethlehem they rested near this fountain, where again they saw the star, which guided them to the manger of the Infant Saviour.

Here we had a splendid view of Jerusalem and Bethlehem. The town of Bethlehem is situated on a stony mountain, lying 846 metres above the Mediterranean. It is surrounded by beautiful valleys, many venerable olive and cypress trees, and stretches from west to east. The earliest foundation of Bethlehem, called in olden times "Ephratah" (the fruitful), is lost in the darkness of ages. The existence of this town is known since 1740 B. C.; the Bethlehem of the present time is a small town of 5,000

inhabitants. -The Franciscan showed us the spot where an angel of the Lord appeared to the Prophet Habakkuk and led him to Daniel in the lion's den at Babylon, 540 B. C. On the right of a beautiful olive grove is situated the convent of St. Elias. The building is in the style of a fortress of the Middle Ages, and was built by Heraclius in the seventh century.

On a high hill we saw a tower where it is said Jacob raised his tent, and where Rachel, after the birth of Benjamin, gave up the ghost. Farther on to the right, in the cemetery of the Mussulmen of Bethlehem, is the tomb of Rachel, built by Jacob. This monument, in the form of the back of an ass, is seven to eight yards long, surmounted by a beautiful cupola, resembling a mosque. This tomb was restored several years ago by Sir Moses Montefiore, and is held in high honour by both Jews and Mussulmen. Many women of both sects visit the tomb of Rachel, to pray for the blessing of fruitfulness.

The last historical spot on the road to Bethlehem is the fountain of David, to the left of the fields, at the entrance of the town. The Royal Prophet, facing his soldiers, who were encamped near the cave of Aullam, and longing ardently, said: "Oh that one would give me drink of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate! And the three mighty men brake through the host of the Philistines, and drew water out of the well of Bethlehem, that was by the gate, and took it, and brought it to David. Nevertheless he would not drink thereof, but poured it out unto the Lord, and he said: Be it far from me, O Lord, that I should do this: is not this the blood of the men that

went in jeopardy of their lives? therefore he would not drink it."

Now we had reached the convent of the Franciscans, in which is the grotto of the Infant Saviour. Our guide, the Franciscan, let us first into the dining-room and introduced us to the Rev. Father Superior, who offered us some good Bordeaux. (Where monks are, there is wine.) Our guide had repeatedly told me on the road not to say in the convent that I was a German, and to my surprise he now introduced me to the Superior as an English lady. But I understood what he said in Italian, and addressing the Superior, I remarked, "*Reverendissime, io sono Tedesco non Inglese.*" The Superior raised his hand reproachfully to the monk, who, blushing, replied, "he did not know it, but thought I was English." This was a falsehood, for the monk was from Austria, and had conversed with me only in German, and I was desirous of knowing why he had denied my nationality. His reason was, as I learned, the Franco-Prussian war. The greater number of the Franciscan order in Palestine are French and Italian. The Superior General in Jerusalem, as our guide told me, is an Italian, and hates the Prussians; and in order to get the permission to go with me to Bethlehem, he told his Superior that I was English; because if he had said I was a German, the Superior would not have given him permission to go with me. This falsehood appeared to me as wrong as it was ridiculous, and the more so from the lips of an ecclesiastic.

We visited first the grotto of the Infant Saviour, which is in charge of the Franciscans. Our guide led us through a subterranean passage into the grotto, in which fifteen

candles are kept burning night and day. Of these candles *four* belong to the Franciscans, *five* to the Armenians, and *six* to the Greeks. A circle in the eastern corner of this grotto marks the spot of the Saviour's birth. Two Franciscan monks watch alternately this sacred place. In the grotto the Latins, as well as the Armenians and Greeks, read mass daily. On one side of the grotto three steps led down to the Oratory of the Cradle. East of this Oratory is an altar, dedicated to the "Three Wise Men," above which is a beautiful painting of the Magi by "Maello." Another painting by the same master represents the Christ-child in the cradle. On the west side of the Oratory is a cradle hewn out of the rock. The two Franciscans who were keeping watch in the grotto were both Germans.

One of them told me he had come from Rome a short time ago, where he had been serving as a Zouave in the Papal army. He was by trade a baker, and when Victor Emanuel entered the Eternal City, the Papal troops were scattered all over the world, and he came to Palestine, where he was received as a baker-monk in the Franciscan convent at Bethlehem. To judge from his countenance, this reverend countryman of mine, who kept guard in the grotto of the Infant Saviour, was a wild, reckless fellow; and it seemed to me that he had shown his shrewdness in leaving places where he was too well known. I had often heard of *what* the Papal army was composed, and I met several of such stragglers who had been volunteers in that army, all having the stamp of "good-for-nothings" and vagabonds.

On one side of the subterranean passage five steps led

us into the chapel of the Holy Innocents, where, according to tradition, Herod's soldiers killed the babes in presence of their mothers, who were buried beneath the altar. On the north of this dark passage is the grave of Eusebius, and on the west the grave of St. Jerome. All these subterranean places we saw by candle light.

We left the convent and rode to the grotto of the Shepherds, half a mile east of Bethlehem. The grotto is an old chapel, on the site of a former church, built by the Empress Helena, on the spot where the angels of the Lord announced to the shepherds the birth of our Saviour. We walked up and down for a while in the shade of the beautiful olive trees in this solitary field, and then returned to Bethlehem. Near the town is a small plain, called the field of Boaz, where Ruth, the beautiful Moabite, gleaned wheat, and where Boaz declared his love to her. Boaz, unlike many, remained faithful and married her. Obed, their son, was the grandfather of King David.

On the south of Bethlehem is the Milk grotto, so called because the Virgin Mary, when fleeing from the persecution of Herod, sought refuge here before her flight to Egypt. Here, while nursing the Christ-child, some drops of milk fell upon a stone in the grotto. This grotto, also called the Miraculous grotto, is honoured by Catholics, Schismatics and Turks, whose women come here to offer prayers to the Holy Virgin. Several Turkish women came in, while we were there, kissed the miraculous stone on which the milk had dropped, and prayed fervently. The miraculous stone is chalky, breaking easily. These women carried small pieces of it away with them, to dis-

solve in water and drink, while praying to the Holy Virgin. 'I was told that many had obtained grace and the blessing for which they had prayed. But I was surprised that this miraculous stone, from which for so many centuries small pieces have been taken, is still in existence.

We attended Vespers in the Armenian chapel, which is in the Church of the convent of the Franciscans, which church is the common property of the Latins, Armenians and Greeks. Here, too, I noticed among these different sects who officiate in this church, much jealousy. The Catholic monks and Armenian priests passed each other like strangers.

I mounted my horse again, and we returned to Jerusalem. On the way back our monk, a real chatter-box, gave us very minute details of their mode of life in the convent of the Franciscans. To believe this *truthful* monk, he and his brothers lead a life free from all care, and they journey to heaven on an easy road. The Superior, as he told us, receives large contributions for the maintenance of the convent from Catholics all over the globe, and the Emperor of Austria, on his visit to the Holy Land at the opening of the Suez canal, left a present of 60,000 francs with the Superior. There are, as we were informed by the good monk, 150 in the convent, and sometimes many more. These pious gentlemen, having renounced the conversion of the Jews and Turks of Palestine, devote themselves exclusively to pilgrims (male and female), doubtless a very laudable work. But how much time there is left the monks to be idle. Many of them were brought up as mechanics, and many things necessary in the convent are manufactured there. There are among these Franciscans

professional cooks, butlers, brewers, bakers, butchers, tailors, shoe-makers, carpenters, architects, and even artists. These gentlemen, the monk said, have to pray at certain hours, and to work at certain hours, daily; an hour's prayer is equivalent to an hour's work. As regards myself, said our chatty guide, while looking smilingly at me, I prefer an hour's prayer to an hour's work. There are, as I could easily learn from this never-silent monk, many among them who, never having learned any trade or art, have left their homes as deposed priests, laymen or rogues, and taken refuge in some convent of Palestine to hide their disgrace. These convents, where so many have found refuge, and under the garb of piety have crept into the church, are rather more like taverns for the re-union of knavish, characterless individuals, than a worthy retreat from the sinful world. Indeed, the sinful world is quite as well represented in them as in the houses of corrections and the penitentiaries in other countries. I could more readily believe what our guide told us, because several mornings I had been to the Sacristy of the Franciscans in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in Jerusalem, where I saw many monks, some of whom had said mass, and others preparing for mass. The demeanour of these priests, without one exception, was very irreverent, and their conversation with each other not only disgusting, but immoral. Every one seemed a picture of a reckless, dissolute fellow, his features bearing the stamp of low, vicious life; all reeked with the fumes of wine and liquor, all inhaling the vapour of sin and lust.

While conversing about convent-life, we had reached Jerusalem, and as it was Friday, the day on which it is

customary for the Jews of Jerusalem, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, to gather before the old walls of Solomon's Temple, we took advantage of this occasion to go to the Mosque of Omar, whose old wall is all that remains of the once glorious temple of Solomon.

Here we witnessed a truly melancholy scene; many Jews, some poorly, others richly clad, assembled in a small, narrow street, before the eastern wall of the Mosque of Omar—the sole remaining relic of Solomon's Temple—and, throwing themselves on the ground, intoned a most touching, mournful prayer, broken by audible sobs and heartfelt lamentations. They bewailed their persecutions, the wrongs they had suffered so many centuries, all expressive of the deepest sorrow, as they wept like children.

The length of this old wall is about 90 feet; the thickness is enormous, measuring 12 feet. I succeeded in getting a piece of this wall, which a respectable-looking Jew presented to me as a relic. He and his co-religionists, amid demonstrations of the highest respect, tears and prayers, repeatedly kissed the wall of Solomon. I was deeply moved by these pious acts — this expression of the firm faith of a people who were once God's chosen ones — this faith, which has descended from generation to generation, a living witness to the truth of Holy Scripture.

I requested a Jew, who spoke French, to give me a copy of the prayer he prayed, which I give below.

The Rabbi — For the sake of the desolate palace.

The People — We sit solitary and weep.

The Rabbi — For the Temple's sake, which is destroyed.

The People — We sit solitary and weep.

The Rabbi — For the sake of the walls, which are broken down.

The People — We sit solitary and weep.

The Rabbi — For the sake of our past greatness.

The People — We sit solitary and weep.

The Rabbi — For the sake of our great men, thy servants, who are dead.

The People — We sit solitary and weep.

The Rabbi — For the sake of the precious stones, which are burned.

The People — We sit solitary and weep.

The Rabbi — For the sake of our priests, who have stumbled.

The People — We sit solitary and weep.

The Rabbi — For the sake of our kings, who scorned them.

The People — We sit solitary and weep.

Thanking the Jew heartily, we left this interesting group, my heart deeply moved for this long-suffering race.

As already stated, the Mosque of Omar is situated on Mount Moriah, the site of Solomon's Temple. It was on Mount Moriah, too, where Abraham led his son Isaac to offer him as a sacrifice to the Lord, 1822 B. C. The Mosque of Omar is the holiest sanctuary of the Mahommedans; formerly Christians were not allowed to enter this Mosque; recently, however, they are permitted to enter the sanctuary. Owing to the want of time, our visit was a short one, seeing only the most remarkable places.

The last morning I was in Jerusalem, I went early to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, knelt down in the

chapel of the Angels, performed my devotions and received the holy communion. This holy morning hour in the church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, was the most elevating, the most beautiful hour in my journey round the world. And the thoughts and memories of my visit to the Holy Land are to me a life-long joy — a life-long happiness.

In the chapel of the Angels I offered a fervent prayer for all my beloved ones, recommending my poor *protégés* whom I had left in Alexandria, and myself to our heavenly father; and I prayed Him to let His angel guide us safely to the place of our destination.

My Greek friend had gone to his own chapel, and there, from the hands of the Greek patriarch of Jerusalem, one of the oldest and most revered dignitaries in Christendom, he received the Bread of Life.

With the saddest feelings, I must admit, that the church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem is the most unclean, and the one in which the least reverence is shown, of any Christian church I had ever entered. In the East there are many filthy and neglected temples of Buddha; but no Buddha temple of the far East can compare with this neglected temple of Christ in Jerusalem. Many pilgrims draw back with indignation from this hallowed spot; and I heard many curses and maledictions against the dirty priests in charge of the church, whose laziness, immorality and hypocrisy pollute the atmosphere of Calvary. This state of things is rather too little known.

Whoever goes to the Holy Land, does well to write nothing about "this state of things," but he does better

to speak the naked truth, so that the Christian world may learn what it neglects, and know how low and corrupt the Christians are, who, under the Capuchin cloak and stole, are but the rotten guard of honour of Christ's temple.

I do not know of any synagogue, of any Buddhist or Confucius temple being the property of any other sect, and of which the *keys* are not in the possession of those to whom they belong. And why? I here would ask the monarchs and the rulers and every Christian of the Western world, why are the *keys* of the church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem in the hands of the Turks?

Jerusalem, which, at the time of Alexander the Great, numbered 150,000 inhabitants, has to-day little more than 20,000, of which 8,000 are Jews, 7,500 Mahomedans, 2,800 Greeks, 1,500 Latins, and a small number of Protestants, Armenians, Copts, Ethiopians and Syrians.

The streets of Jerusalem, if one may call them so, are very narrow and filthy, and covered, for the most part, with a neck-breaking pavement. Nearly all the dwellings of the Jews and Turks, with the exception of a few palaces, and some hotels and houses of the better classes, have a poor, disconsolate look. Moreover, one sees in the streets throngs of Jews and Turks clothed in rags and tatters, and almost everywhere there are the most offensive odours. The small, dirty city of Jerusalem in Palestine is a miniature picture of large, dirty Pekin in China. But, in spite of all that may be said of the characteristics of the city, or of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the repulsive appearance of the inhabitants of this city, Jerusalem is, nevertheless, the most sacred, the most

majestic and the most important city of the Orient.

Jerusalem is held sacred by the Jews, who here were once in possession of their temple, the temple of the Lord, and who, until this very day, honour and kiss the stones, the only memento of that sanctuary.

Jerusalem is held sacred by the Christians, for here was perfected by the God-Man the work of their Redemption.

Jerusalem is held sacred by the Turks, for the Mosque of Omar contains the stone on which Jacob rested when beholding the mysterious ladder, and this stone is their holiest treasure.

And Jerusalem, this wonderful relic of antiquity, excites our interest still further, dating, as it does, its beginning way back in the dim ages, immediately succeeding the deluge, called 'Salem' by its founder, Melchisedec, that King and Priest whose beginning and end are unknown — that Priest of the Most High, who, after bringing bread and wine to Abraham, the friend of God, and blessing him, disappeared for a thousand years, and is then remembered as the type of David and the Messiah.

Saturday morning, at half-past six o'clock, we left Jerusalem, and I gave my very best thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Hornstein for their friendly and hospitable entertainment.

From the beautiful heights of Judea I looked back again and again at the Holy City; I felt gratified and I felt sad.

Jerusalem! thou sittest solitary, poor and neglected, although around thee still linger the memories, pride and affection of God's first chosen people; although the

eyes of all Christians turn to thee with love and adoration as the place where the mercy, beauty and majesty of God were revealed to man. Ages upon ages have rolled away since Solomon laid the immense walls for thy foundation — laid them immovable for all time; and still they endure immovable as at the beginning; thou art fading from my sight, while I am repeating after David:

“If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.”

CHAPTER VII.

OUR return to Jaffa was a hard trip; the heat was intense, my hand and arm pained me very much, and again I had to sit on a barbarous saddle, as I could not get a civilised one.

But this time my kind host had provided me with a gentle Arabian steed — who seemed to know the sufferings of his precious load — for he bore me along in a pensive mood and with slow and careful steps. I had on my right my kind and attentive Greek friend, and on my left an Arab guide; the former, with a supreme, happy face, and beaming eyes, was pouring out to me the gladness of his heart in plain and modest French.

While descending the mountains of Judea, I will give a few words of general advice to such of my readers who might have a desire and the opportunity of visiting the Holy Land of Palestine.

The best season of the year to undertake the journey are the months of March and April. The heavy rains, which usually fall during the months of December and January, and sometimes in February, make it very unpleasant to visit Palestine at that time of the year.

It is not advisable, and even dangerous, to travel in Palestine in the months of August, September and October, on account of the fevers prevailing then, being caused by the extreme heat of the day and the freshness of the nights. It is, as we learned on our return journey, very imprudent to travel by night, at any time of the year, unless it be under the protection of reliable and well-armed guides. The roads are very unsafe; robbers and Bedouins, it seems, are a curse to this "once blessed land," and an ever-present trouble to the visitors of Palestine. Just now, on approaching Ramleh, we are passing a long file of armed Bedouins on horseback, and the mere sight of them — though the lovely sun is shining full in their hideous faces — makes me tremble in every nerve, and I keep close to my faithful Greek friend and our Arab guide, who looks a Bedouin himself (perhaps a deserter of the savage tribe).

We dismounted at the Franciscan convent in Ramleh, and were served a good dinner by one of the monks. The inhabitants of this and other convents of the same Order in Palestine bear the dignified and all-comprising title of "Les Pères de Terre Sainte" (The Fathers of the Holy Land).

Late in the evening we reached Jaffa, and, on the following day, we took the steamer for Alexandria. At "Port Said" I went on shore and ascended the Pharos, which formerly the Egyptians called one of the seven wonders of the world, but to-day the Pharos is no longer a wonder. Port Said offers nothing of interest; the town has an unfinished, or rather a provisory appearance; the French, the "Café de Paris," and a few merchants from

other countries play the only, but insignificant *role*.

Here the Greek doctor left us and went to Cairo; on the next morning I landed in Alexandria.

I had been away for nine days, and how often I had thought of my poor *protégée* during that time! I now hurried to the hospital as quickly as I could; the nuns had not expected me back so soon, and, as the gate stood open, I went in and gained my room unnoticed, the door of which, however, I found locked. I knocked, but no one answered, and like a flash of lightning, it struck me that poor Miss Cosserat must be dead. I went to find the sister who had charge of her, and, on my questions as to how Miss Cosserat was, and why the door was locked, she only replied, with freezing coldness and most ill-tempered expression, "All I can do with her is to lock her in, and if I don't lock her in, she gives me too much trouble."

The cross sister then unlocked the door, and my charge, who was lying on the floor with nothing on but the dress of nature, sprang up to meet me in wild delight. "Oh, dear Miss Weppner," stammered the poor creature, "why did you leave me? I wept for you; I called after you; my heart was breaking; I was dying of longing for you." And her laugh, as she clasped me closely in her arms, was terrible, for it betrayed a *dangerous joy*. She took my hand, and a cry of pain burst from my lips, for the poor distracted thing pressed it with such force, that I thought she was breaking all the bones and bursting all the veins. It was only with the help of one of the female attendants and a nun that I was able to tear myself away from her wild and cruel caresses. But her mad grief showed me

again that the poor thing knew and understood my kindness well enough. The woman watching the patients by night told me how the unhappy girl had wandered about, lamenting and calling for me aloud. It made me think that there must have been no kind soul to tend or care for her in the convent at Blankipore, Patna, for on her arrival in Bombay, the lunatic certainly bewailed not one of those she had left.

My poor charge, who undoubtedly felt some affection for me, now wandered up and down the room, moaning and complaining. "I wrote to you three times," she said, in a threatening tone. "I begged your pardon three times, and you did not answer me. My brain is on fire," she went on, "you, Miss Weppner—you always gave me water to quench it, but these — Catholic sisters never gave me a drop of water to quench the fire and cool my head."

Poor creature! I saw at the first glance that she had been neglected, and that the cross sister had let the charge of the lunatic fall upon her as lightly as possible. I at once missed the chief requisite in the miserable, dirty room, and that was fresh air, and I was very indignant when I found that the window had been fastened so that it could not be opened. From the ill smell prevailing at my entrance, I could not but conclude that the invalid had had no fresh air since I had left her. It was very hot, and it was no wonder that she complained of her brain burning in such a close pestilent atmosphere. I begged the sister to have the window opened at once, for neither poor Miss Cosserat nor I could live in such air. As for me, the contrast between the fresh sea-breezes and this pestilent closeness was too great not to affect me

seriously. It made me sick, and I had to go into the garden until the room had been cleaned and aired.

The invalid's bed was in an indescribable condition ; and her wardrobe, which I had left in the best order, was all cut about and torn, even her last pair of boots being cut. I now had the large nailed trunk opened, which the nuns had sent from Patna to Bombay, hoping to find all that was necessary in it ; but, to my disappointment, enormous though it was, it contained nothing but a thick and heavy woollen wrapper, two feather pillows, some old flannel, an old stuff dress, and a small box of Windsor soap ; the whole not being worth half the sum that I had paid for the freight of the heavy box through Egypt. So I had it nailed down again, and dressed poor Miss Cosserat in some of my own clothes, which she wore until the end of her journey.

I had every reason to believe that the lunatic spoke the truth when she complained that no one had ever given her a drop of water ; for, she herself and the pestiferous room were both in a most dirty and slovenly state. Positively heroic patience was necessary to wash her and get her really clean, and, to attain my end, I used the most laughable means. Miss Cosserat was very proud of pretty ribbons, and I sacrificed the best I had to entice her into a bath. I gave her two, and she twisted them round her head and neck, and feet. I then walked before her with another pretty ribbon, tempting her to follow me, and, finally, with my stockings and boots on, she stepped into the tub. I managed to give her a thoroughly good scrub ; and then to get her out of the water again, I had to give up three more ribbons, which

were, however, all cut out of one long piece. It was, indeed, quite a solemn matter, for the poor invalid discussed the respective merits of velvets and silk ribbons in the most important and finest language, and lengthened out the arrangement of them for hours. I finished my arduous task with many a sigh, for the bath had taken four hours, but I was well satisfied with the result of my labours, as the poor creature was now perfectly clean and thoroughly refreshed.

But I had no sooner got rid of the nuisance of uncleanliness, than the lunatic became very dangerously disposed towards me, and I had to save myself by flight. A fit of her old and peculiar love for me came on, and she seized my hand in a convulsive grasp, repeating her terrible declaration of affection. "Oh, how much I love you; how I should like to murder you! She then clutched at my throat, and if I had not put out all my strength, and flung her off, she would certainly have strangled me. At this, my enraged friend flew at me in a truly savage manner, spitting at me, throwing at me everything she could lay hands on, and calling me all manner of names.

I had not a single hour's rest the first night after my return from Palestine, for I had to be constantly on my guard, and fearing, as I did, for my very life, it was impossible to sleep.

The Lady Superior of the hospital, as had been the case in all the convents, was only anxious to be rid of the poor lunatic, and she sent two of her most eloquent nuns to Baron H., the director of the Austrian Lloyd's Steamship Company. These nuns did more than I could have dared to do, for they stated that my charge was not dangerous.

"The director," said the pious Lady Superior, "knows us, and he knows that we nuns speak the truth." But all the time this shrewd lady knew well enough that neither she nor her nuns were speaking the truth. The Austrian Baron, however, was a good Catholic, who looked upon the nuns as elect and sinless women, so he believed what they said, and now granted the passage which he had refused to me three weeks before. I went to him, paid for two berths from Alexandria to Trieste, and received the tickets. It was Wednesday, the 7th of June, and on Sunday, the 11th, the steamer *Minerva* was to sail for Trieste, so that I had still four long harassing days and nights to remain in my confined and wretched room in the hospital.

The English consul, well aware to how many accidents and annoyances I should be subjected as the companion of a lunatic, gave me, by way of precaution, a letter bearing the seal of the English consular court of Alexandria, and stating, in legal form, that I had full legal power to take charge of and accompany Miss Cosserat. The letter was written by the Judge of the Consulate, and ran as follows:—

"*Her Britannic Majesty's Consular Court of Egypt,*

"*Alexandria, 10th of June, 1871.*

"*To Miss Margaretha Weppner,*

"*European Hospital, Alexandria.*

"Madam,

"After having seen the young lady under your charge, and read her father's letters and telegrams addressed to yourself—in company with Dr. Makee, the consular physician at this place—I have no hesitation

in saying that you are properly and lawfully authorised, under all circumstances, in continuing your kind protection to her, and in assisting her to reach the destination of her journey. I have every reason to believe that, while under your charge, the insane lady will be very well protected and cared for.

"I am, Madam, yours very obediently,

"JAMES LANE,

"*H. B. M.'s Legal Vice-Consul,*

"*Judge of H. B. M.'s Consular Courts for Egypt.*"

Together, with this document, the English consul at Alexandria gave me a letter of introduction to his colleague the English consul-general at Trieste, and later, in a time of trouble, both these documents were of the greatest use to me. When I left Bombay, the Rev. Mr. Deimler had given me a letter of introduction to his friend, the celebrated Sanskrit professor, Dr. Haug, of Munich. It occurred to me, however, that my unexpected arrival in a strange family, accompanied by a lunatic, would not be a pleasant surprise. I therefore wrote from Alexandria to Dr. Haug, telling him that I was going to Munich, and would call on him with the letter of his friend, and I described the condition of the poor creature accompanying me. It was a happy thought, as I found afterwards, for this letter also played a small but useful part in the approaching drama.

It was now Sunday, the 11th of July, and to get Miss Cosserat ready to appear once more in public was a matter in which I succeeded after considerable difficulty. I had paid the account due for our entertainment at the hospital,

and the carriage which was to take us to the harbour was already waiting at the door. I was not, however, to leave here unshorn, but was once more to realise that I was a German amongst revengeful French nuns, and should have to pay dearly for being so.

A Frenchwoman had done my washing, and asked more for it than had been agreed upon. I paid her what was due to her, telling her I should give her no more, for her demand was unjust. The charges for washing are exorbitantly high in Cairo and Alexandria, and my washerwoman had charged me twelve francs more than the amount verbally agreed upon between us. She was occasionally employed as a charwoman at the hospital, and went at once to the Lady Superior with a complaint that I refused to pay her the twelve francs still due to her. I was at that moment going down the stairs with Miss Cosserat, my umbrella and travelling bag in hand, and was about to get into the carriage. The Lady Superior, a very corpulent and most irritable Frenchwoman, at once came to me in a towering passion, and said, "I am mistress here, and you will pay this woman what she asks." I then took out the washing bill, and was going to explain to the matron quietly that I had paid the woman honourably, and that her demand of twelve francs more was unjust, but the indignant mistress would not let me get a word out, and cried, "You'll stay here until you have paid what this woman asks;" and then, to my intense astonishment, she ordered the servant at the door to send the coachman away with the carriage, and to shut the door.

As the carriage rolled away, she said with scornful delight, "Well, now you will lose your passage," and, looking

at her watch, she added, "The steamer will soon start, and for the sake of twelve francs you will lose hundreds!"

Of course, the crafty woman had calculated on this extremity, and I stood in the passage as if petrified, and Miss Cosserat, whom I could not leave, standing beside me. I was astounded at the impertinence and injustice of this woman dedicated to the service of God. She marched up and down the hall in the greatest indignation, playing with her rosary, and presently coming up close to me, she suddenly snatched my travelling bag out of my hand, and running off like a thief into her private *sanctum* she turned back at the door, and cried, "You'll get your travelling bag back when you give me twelve francs, not before." Meanwhile, poor Miss Cosserat, not knowing what was going on, had run into one of the side passages of the hospital, and I went after her. In this passage the poor German nun rushed up to me and embraced me, saying, "Dear lady, did I not once tell you that the veil does not make the nun? These Frenchwomen are taking French revenge upon you and me," and with these words, the poor nun hurried away and disappeared.

Fortunately for me, the English consul had remembered that I was starting, and had thought it well to send some one to escort me to the steamer. An Arab servant from the English consulate now arrived, and I sent him at once to get a carriage, for he said it was high time to start, and there was no choice left to me but to give the Lady Superior the twelve francs, so as to get back my travelling bag, in which I had some funds. In the presence of the Arabian servant, I paid half-a-sovereign, and said, "I comply with your unjust demand, because, at this moment,

it is too late to have protection against you. I have paid you honourably, and you have no right to meddle in my private affairs; you are acting out of dislike to me; it is a crying, and, as I conclude from your behaviour, a pre-meditated wrong to extort money from me, because I am a Prussian, and it is nothing more or less in fact than a theft."

With an extremely coarse reply, the Lady Superior now returned my travelling bag, and we got into the carriage and drove to the harbour. Such were my experiences in the Sacred Institutions of the Sisters of Mercy in Alexandria and Cairo. I had had enough of the hatred of the French against the Prussians, and again and again I had heard that I was "*une tête carrée*."

When we reached the beach the wild Arabs waiting about sprang like tigers on my luggage, each seizing a package and running off with it to his boat. A dozen boats made for one point, and each boatman got hold of a piece of my dress to drag me to his vessel. At this the Arab servant took the coachman's whip, and laying about right and left, finally succeeded, by dint of cuffs and blows, in getting my scattered effects into one boat. In the excitement and confusion, a policeman had received a sound thrashing, after which he stepped forward, saying in French, "Madame, I beg your pardon; I am a policeman," and he showed me his staff and livery.

"Why," said I, "did you not say so before you received the thrashing? But you need not beg my pardon, for I am sorry for you." Indeed, the resignation with which street Arabs submit to this sort of correction approaches heroism; they receive cuffs and blows as a

matter of course, and with admirable meekness. Now, however, Miss Cosserat declined to leave the carriage, for she said I was going to take her to Catholic nuns again, and she was very excited. Two strong Arabs had to carry her to the boat; and to keep her quiet, I gave her a beautiful piece of ribbon velvet, which I had put in my travelling bag in case of need.

The *Minerva* was still lying at anchor, and when my boat reached the side of the vessel, an officer came and took Miss Cosserat into the saloon. The first passenger to speak to me was the Greek Dr. M., who had come with me from Jerusalem to Port Said.

I found that Baron H., director of the Austrian Lloyd's Company, in spite of his great confidence in the assertions of the nuns, and in spite of the high terms I had paid for a first-class cabin, it having been granted as a special favour, had assigned the very worst berth in his gift on the *Minerva* to me and the poor lunatic. The Austrian Lloyd's steamers running between Alexandria and Trieste are very small, compared to the English, American, and German ocean steamers, and they are very far behind the two former in comfort and cleanliness.

The cabins of the *Minerva* are partly on deck and partly downstairs; the former, although small, are good and comfortable; but the latter, except those with port-holes opening towards the outer sides of the vessel, are close and inconvenient. I had begged the director to give me an airy cabin on deck, so that I might not have to get the invalid up and down the stairs, but the director was an Austrian Baron, and, as such, far behind ordinary Americans and Englishmen in chivalry to the fair sex.

This haughty sprig of feudalism showed no sympathy for, and took no notice of, a poor suffering woman; but had the unfortunate lunatic been a baroness, he would have recognised her to be a fellow-creature and have pitied her.

To my dismay, we were taken down a narrow staircase, into a dark semicircular cabin, near the end of the vessel, too small for more than one person to stand in it at once, and with two berths, one above the other, built in the wrong direction for comfort. The motion of the vessel would be felt much more here than in the middle of the ship, and I had not stood in the dark and ill-smelling close space for five minutes before I was sea-sick. I was surprised that the rocking of the ship, and the disagreeable steamboat smells, had no effect whatever on the invalid, who was, in that respect, better off than I. I believe, however, that sea-sickness is, in many cases the result of imagination, or is at least aggravated by it, so that as the poor lunatic was deficient in mental power, and, consequently, in imagination, her physical condition was unaffected by the change on board ship. The injurious effects of the stifling cabin on her weak nerves quickly manifested themselves, however; her limbs gave way, and she crouched upon the floor in a half fainting fit, where she lay without power or motion.

Although she did not know it, it was the foul air which so exhausted her, and, as she had not strength enough to be rebellious and obstinate this time, I was able to get her into the lower berth, which was almost on a level with the floor. In spite of the wretched accommodation, however, I was glad that the invalid had consented to

enter a cabin at all, for the nights are much rougher and colder on the Adriatic Sea than on the Indian Ocean or the Red Sea, and it would have been very bad and injurious for both of us to sleep on deck.

The first day we neither of us tasted anything, and I was suffering dreadfully until the next morning. I was quite as ill, in fact, as I had once been on the Atlantic Ocean, where I was first seized by the spectre which followed me all round the world; for the Atlantic was the first, and the Adriatic the last, sea I crossed in my circular tour. I was lying in the upper cabin; and, during the night, I often tried to climb down to see how things were with poor Miss Cosserat, but my will was greater than my power, and I had to give up the attempt. Again and again I asked the invalid how she felt, but I received not a single reply, and when the daylight penetrated into our dark cabin, I called the stewardess. She spoke to Miss Cosserat, but the latter remained silent and motionless. A cold shiver now ran over me, and miserably ill though I was, I managed to get down, and taking the poor creature's hand in mine, I felt her pulse. It was very feeble, and she lay perfectly still, looking like death. I bathed her forehead and face with cold water, and sent for the doctor of the ship, who came at once.

"But there is no air here," was his first exclamation. "No wonder she is suffocated!" to which I replied, "But why is this stifling cabin given to a poor invalid?"

"Because," said the young doctor, in an indifferent tone, "it was assigned to the lunatic by Baron H., the director in Alexandria."

"I do beg of you," I rejoined, "to get me another cabin.

I have paid for a first-class one, and this is too bad for a third-class." But the doctor said he could not give us another, the one we had was an officer's berth, and had been assigned to us two.

"Then," I replied, "Baron H. gave this cabin to us because my charge is a poor unfortunate creature, and you, as the doctor of the ship, look upon it as a legitimate and natural result that she should be suffocated."

The young and indifferent doctor now saw that I was in earnest, and he made no more such heartless remarks. "I intend," I added, "to have the invalid removed from here," and I asked the stewardess to bring me a list of the first-class passengers. She did so, and pointing to the name of one of them, I requested her to ask him to come and see an invalid lady. All this time the doctor, who was a German, did nothing whatever for the poor creature, but presently lit a cigar, and took his departure. Meanwhile, a German gentleman, Mr. Breul, from Frankfort-on-the-Maine, coming from Bombay, and a friend of Consul Gumpert's, had learnt that I was on board the *Minerva*, and, hearing of my complaints, he now came with a friend, Mr. Simpson, an English banker, to see if I needed any help from him. When these gentlemen saw my wretched cabin they were very indignant, and told the young doctor that the two ladies must have a better and more airy berth immediately, and in this they were seconded by my kind friend, the Greek doctor. No sooner said than done; my two new friends gave up their own state-room to me, and a quarter of an hour later I was in an elegant cabin on deck close to the saloon.

Thus far Miss Cosserat had neither opened her eyes

nor spoken a word, but, when she was carried by strong arms into a purer atmosphere, she revived. My Greek friend, who came to see her, gave her a dose of pills, and, two hours afterwards, my poor suffering foster-child made a good breakfast. It was most fortunate for me that I happened to meet passengers on the *Minerva* who knew me, for I was now no longer left to myself, and I had friends at hand whose noble sympathy was a comfort and support to me.

Miss Cosserat's fellow-countryman, the English banker already mentioned, who had already heard all the peculiar details of her unhappy history in Bombay, treated her with the kindness, patience and indulgence of a brother, doing all in his power to lighten my burden.

Towards evening, we managed to get the invalid on deck. We settled her very comfortably in a large arm-chair, and Mr. Simpson, his German friend, and I, sat down near her. This evening, for the first time since I had known her, Miss Cosserat, who as I have before remarked, gave proof of considerable culture, in spite of the derangement of her intellect, entered into a long conversation with strangers. She spoke English beautifully, and, often, when her subject did not happen to be either wild or wicked, it was a pleasure to me to listen to her. On this occasion, as it seemed to us, she had a few lucid moments, during which she talked to us about her former life. Now she was at Scarborough, in England; and now again her mind had wandered to Blankipore, and Patna, in India, and she spoke of her sister's marriage with an English general, adding that she lived in England with her husband.

Mr. Simpson, the English banker from Bombay, said he remembered of having heard of such a marriage several years previously, adding that, if Miss Cosserat's accounts were founded on truth, she was highly connected, and he believed she had several sisters older than herself. He was surprised at the lunatic being thus alienated from her family, and wondered that neither her father nor any of her sisters had accompanied her to Europe.

But the clearer the light thrown upon the history of my *protégée* by the investigations of the passengers on the *Minerva*, founded on the faint clue given by these apparently trustworthy references to her family, so much the more mysterious did her father's conduct appear. Why, said they, should a Protestant father send his lunatic daughter to a Catholic convent in a foreign land, instead of to England, where she has relations and friends, and where she would hear her own language spoken?

Strange enough, however, the revelations of the invalid never extended beyond a certain point. She always spoke with the greatest vehemence against her father in Blankipore, and this vehemence sometimes became the wildest passion; but, directly her mother's name was mentioned, she became suddenly mute. The question "Is your mother still alive?" was never answered, but was always succeeded by deep depression, the poor creature closing her eyes and apparently sinking into a painful reverie. On the evening in question she had expressed her hatred of Catholic convents in the most forcible manner; repeating, "We are Protestants, and our father poked us all into Roman Catholic convents." We sat upon deck until long after midnight, for Miss C. would

not go back into her cabin. It was so cold that I could not stay up any longer, but my charge was obstinate, treated me roughly, and kicked me. At this the gentlemen interfered, and spoke very sharply and strongly to her about her behaviour to me, finally carrying her to our cabin by main force. The poor creature now imagined it was my fault that she had to leave the deck, and was fearfully indignant with me, saying that if she had thrown me into the sea she could have been her own mistress, and have stayed on deck as long as she chose. It was impossible to undress her; but, fortunately, she got into the upper berth of her own accord, from which she inveighed against me in a terrible manner, not falling asleep until towards morning.

The next day, the third after we left Alexandria, Miss C. did not get up, but lay silent, taking no notice of anything that was said to her, and declining to taste any food. She lay with her face hidden and turned to the wall, showing the greatest ill-temper and spite. Whenever I drew back the curtain to look at her, she would spit in my face, gnash her teeth at me, and fling everything she could get hold of after me. Her quiet brooding and her excited vindictive behaviour alike gave me the greatest uneasiness, for she had never before manifested such intense hatred of me. Mr. Simpson and his friend, as well as the Greek doctor, and the doctor of the ship, tried to persuade her to get up or take something to eat, but she struck at them with her fists, and we finally left her alone.

At eight o'clock in the evening, I drew back the curtain very softly to see if she was asleep, but she was kneeling

up in bed, with uplifted hands, gazing wildly and fixedly at the wall above her head. An uncomfortable suspicion now occurred to me, and this praying and despairing figure made me shudder. Scarcely knowing what I feared, I felt an instinctive dread of some pending danger. Hardly daring to breathe, I wiped the damp perspiration from my forehead, and went on deck feeling painfully depressed. "Mr. Simpson," I said, addressing that gentleman, "I have a dread; a presentiment of evil. Miss Cossarat is unusually and peculiarly quiet to-day, and I feel sure she is meditating nothing good." "What gives you these gloomy forebodings, my dear Miss Weppner?" asked Mr. S., in a tone full of sympathy. My reply was broken by tears. "I fear," I said, "I fear I know not what," and the gentleman, touched by my distress, went with me once more to the cabin, where we found Miss C. still kneeling in the same desponding attitude, with the same fearful rigid gaze towards the wall, but with her hands now reverently folded, as if in prayer.

"Miss C.," said Mr. Simpson in a very loud voice, "it is late at night, lie down and rest." At this, the poor creature considered a bit, and then, with a wild, despairing and fearful laugh, she said, "I must look at that wall, and shall rest on my knees. Miss Weppner is tired, she added; she must lie down; I am watching."

The gentlemen now tried to reassure me, telling me that the lunatic was too weak to remain much longer in that position and would presently lie down and go to sleep. But I could not get rid of my feeling of horror, and when my friends retired for the night, I knelt down

and said my evening prayer, and with trembling lips I commended myself and my *protégée* to the protection of God; and being so very uneasy, I asked my guardian angel whether he was near to me, for, in my childish trust, I fully believed, and never doubted, that my Heavenly Father had given me one of His angels to watch and guide me. It was a dark rough night, not a star was to be seen, and a strong blustering wind blew from the north. I closed my window, and, when at last I lay down, my cheeks were hot and feverish, and my eyes heavy with weeping. "God protect me!" I murmured once more; and once more I spoke to my guardian angel, requesting him in the sweetest terms not to leave me.

I fell asleep, but an invisible spirit was awake, and, when danger approached me, my good and faithful angel roused me from my slumbers, for it was God's will that he should save me.

And now the world, the sea, my *protégée*, and all my terrors forgotten, I lay quietly resting. It was past midnight, between twelve and one, when I suddenly woke up, sprang out of bed, rushed to the door and tugged at the handle. It would not open; oh, my God! I tried to call out; but my voice choked me. How fearfully horrible it was! a smell of smoke, and the glow of fire upon the wall, and the lunatic, dancing, gesticulating, and singing in mad delight before the flames. Still the door would not open. "My God!" I shouted, "help! help!" and the wild creature, laying her hand upon my mouth, to suppress my despairing call, tried with all her strength to drag me to the flames, whilst she cried, her features terribly distorted, "You shall die. Look how beautiful; I lighted it; it is for

you." I tore her hand from my mouth, and dragged the raving maniac away from the flames towards the door, crying, through the darkness of the night, "O God, save me! Help! help! Heaven hear me!"

The flames now rose higher, and, with one hand, I held the maniac, laughing in her fearful glee, back from the flames, and, with the other, tore at the door which still refused to yield to my efforts. In despair I fell upon my knees, and, with one hand uplifted, and with the other forcing the mocking lunatic away from the burning wall, I gave utterance to the most agonised scream of terror which was ever sent up to heaven by a human soul in its extremity. But the lunatic now clutched at my hair and dragged me along the floor like a tigress, trying meanwhile to stop my mouth. I found strength, however, to wrench myself away from her wild, furious grasp, and, lifting up both my hands towards heaven, I shouted in my despair, "Fire! help!" A wild derisive laugh echoed my cry of agony, and no one—no one would hear me! I now gave up all hope and tried to open the window, but the wild creature bit my hands, and I found it impossible to get any control over her. Then I flung myself upon the ground again with outstretched arms, whilst the invalid laughed and spat in my face. But—but—my awful prayer, my awful cry did penetrate through storm and darkness, and at last awoke some of my neighbours from their heavy slumbers.

"Where? Where? Who is calling for help? Who calls Fire?" cried wild voices on every side. "For the love of God," was my reply, "open the door, save us—here! here!" And I thumped and thumped at the door until two powerful

men flung themselves against it, making it fly from its hinges. "O God, we are lost!" cried the men in despair, as they dragged us out, away from the flames, the lunatic resisting and laughing the most horrible laugh which ever fell upon my ears.

The captain, officers and crew now hurried to the scene of terror, and tried, with the greatest courage, presence of mind, and despatch, to get the mastery of the flames, but meanwhile, the awful cry of "Fire!" had aroused all the ladies, and they rushed out of their cabins in a wild panic. "We are lost!" exclaimed one. "I shall throw myself into the sea!" screamed another.

The captain, however, did all he could to calm them with gentle reassuring words, and the ladies assembled in the saloon, while the gentlemen gave their assistance to check the spread of the flames.

"The fire is out! all danger is at an end!" cried Mr. Simpson, after some time; and the panic, which had so suddenly arisen, was with equal suddenness allayed, whilst every one's attention was directed towards me and Miss Cosserat, who had been the prime actors in this awful nocturnal scene. I felt as if I should die, and trembled so violently that I could not get a word out. My teeth chattered so dreadfully that the doctor held my mouth, which I could not shut myself, firmly closed with both his hands for some time. I could not stand upright, and I was so icy cold that I was covered over with several wrappers and shawls. The sudden fright, the long delay whilst I was struggling with the lunatic had exhausted all my strength, and the cruel suspense as to whether I should live or die, combined to make up the most

terrible experience I ever went through in my whole life. I had lost all control over my excited nerves; my knees shook so that some one was obliged to hold them down, and it was feared that serious results would ensue from the dreadful shock to my nerves. Whilst I was suffering so terribly no one put a single question to me, and everybody manifested the greatest sympathy with me. The captain, to console me and revive my courage, took my trembling hand, and said, "Calm yourself, my dear madam, for we must celebrate our fortunate escape this very day. You have saved the lives of all the passengers, you have saved the steamer and everything else, and I must give you my warmest and most earnest thanks, for if you had not woken just at the right time, if you had slept five minutes longer, the flames would have reached the deck, and with this strong wind blowing, it would have been impossible to master the fire. We were all standing on the brink of an awful grave, and you were our angel of salvation."

Gradually I became somewhat composed, but the scene of despair, the wild dance of the lunatic, and the thought how near I had been to a death of agony in the flames, could never be effaced from my mind.

And what, you ask, was the lunatic doing all this time? She was laughing: still laughing her awful laugh, and whenever I caught sight of her distorted ghost-like face, a fresh access of horror came over me. Some of the gentlemen were obliged to watch her and prevent her from approaching me, for it was easy to see that she cherished the deepest rancour against me.

"Why did Miss Weppner call for help?" she asked. "It was a splendid fire, and only a coward, like Miss Weppner,

could have been afraid and have called out for help. Oh, the sly devil," she added, lifting her hand in a threatening manner; "you pretended to be asleep, but you were watching me, and I stopped your mouth, but you called for help all the same."

In spite of this self-accusation, the poor creature displayed the greatest cunning, and, although the gentlemen plied her with all manner of artful questions, she confessed to no one if she lighted the fire, or, if so, how. Some weeks later, however, when no one was asking her for the truth, she voluntarily owned her guilt, relating every detail of the occurrence with the greatest exactness, whereas, on the night in question, she threw all the blame on those who accused her.

In a few hours all was once more perfectly quiet on board the steamship *Minerva*. The captain assured the ladies and gentlemen there was nothing more to fear, and that the lunatic was under the strictest surveillance. Many of the passengers went back to bed, but, unfortunately, one Greek lady was so much upset by the sudden fright, that she could not leave her cabin for two days.

Mr. Simpson, and other passengers, now set very earnestly before me their conviction, that the lunatic was bent on my destruction, and that my life was in danger. They warned me never to be alone with the invalid, and the captain took every precaution for my safety. The sailors had cleaned my cabin, and at the captain's request, the carpenter secured the window in such a manner that Miss Cosserat could get fresh air, without, as people thought, there being any danger of her flinging herself out. Everything which could not be secured or nailed fast was

taken out of the cabin, and, after a good deal of discussion and trouble, Mr. Simpson and another Englishman got the invalid back into her quarters. When she noticed the smell of fire, and the damage it had done to the wall, she again burst out into a wild laugh, talked about the evil spirits who had lit it up, and wanted me to come to her. I had given the Italian stewardess a liberal fee, and she now set herself to work to get my charge to bed, whilst Mr. Simpson, promising her that he would call me, shut the door and locked it on the outside. Two sailors were appointed to keep watch outside her window, who were relieved four hours later by two others.

The captain, who had learned of some passengers that I had taken charge of the lunatic out of compassion for her, not for any advantage to myself, treated me in a most generous way. He was aware that Mr. Cosserat had provided me with no funds to meet extra expenses, and, without asking for any further payment, he now offered me a second cabin for the rest of the journey. It was again two Englishmen who gave up their cabin, which was the best in the ship, so that here, as everywhere else on my journey, I found English people very obliging and truly chivalrous.

After being completely worn out with the terrible visions of this awful night, I fell at last into a heavy slumber, and slept for several hours; but when I woke up I realised only too fully the injurious effects of all I had gone through. My voice was hoarse, my knees were almost as rigid as iron, and I could not walk easily. Every now and then a nervous shivering overcame me again, whilst my hands were as cold as ice, and my face as pale

as death. It was only too evident that my health was injured by the cruel shock to my nervous system of the previous night, and the thought of this depressed me very much. The doctor gave me some medicine, but it was many months before I felt as well again as I had done before that "night of terror."

The next morning, when we had taken the lunatic on deck, the captain, the Greek doctor, and some other gentlemen inspected the cabin, and really our narrow escape might well appear a marvel to every one. Miss Cosserat had set fire to the wall, close to my bed, about halfway between the floor and the ceiling, and the flames had blazed up between my bed-curtains and my clothes, the latter of which were hanging over a velvet sofa, which, from my bed, I could reach with my hand. On the right side, at the head of the bed, was a small wash-hand stand built into the wall, and on the floor, between it and the sofa, stood a little Indian bamboo basket. Miss Cosserat had moved this basket a little away from the wall, and lit her fire a few steps from the bed above the wash-hand stand. One side of the bamboo basket was blackened and slightly burnt, but neither my white petticoats, my silk dress nor my bed-curtains, which all hung quite close to the flames, were in the least injured by them. When the gentleman who had torn down my curtains and dresses from their dangerous position, whilst the fire was raging during the previous night, saw the narrow space which had separated them from the flames, he exclaimed, with an expression of the most earnest faith, "An invisible power encompassed the flames about. Thus far and no farther raged the dangerous element." The wall, in the centre of

which the fire had been lighted, and against which stood the head of my bed, was not more than a couple of yards long, and the open space in which I had struggled with the lunatic was only about two to three feet square. Perhaps, if I had succeeded in opening the window, a gust of wind would have spread the flames, in which bed, dresses, sofa, and probably we ourselves, would shortly have been enveloped, for the fearful scene was enacted in a very small space.

But my Father in heaven had heard the prayer I said before I went to rest, and my guardian angel checked the flames. It was awful to think of what would have happened had the lunatic lit the fire under, or in my bed, instead of one foot from it; but my God saved me from such a horrid death.

"A second miracle!" exclaimed my Greek friend, when he had examined the scene of the fire. "Every one, from the captain to the last of the crew, speaks with astonishment of the narrow escape you and all of us have had." The pious doctor proceeded to tell the passengers of my lucky fall from my horse over a very dangerous rock near the Garden of Gethsemane in Palestine, which he had witnessed, adding "You are certainly under the protection of Heaven, Miss Weppner, and I can now understand how you have come so far alone without meeting with any misfortune."

All that we found to show what had been the origin of the fire was a burnt lucifer-match, which an officer found on the ground near the bamboo basket, from which Miss Cosserat had taken several newspapers, small half-consumed fragments of which were strewn under and on my bed. A

piece of paper was also found stuck in the lock of the door, which accounted for my having been unable to open it when we were in such terrible danger. The artful lunatic had calculated everything admirably, but, at the time, we did not know how she had procured the matches, nor how she had hidden them, for I had never seen any lucifers in any of the cabins on board the *Minerva*. The lamps were generally lit and extinguished by the sailors or waiters. On the eventful night, I had put out our lamp myself before I went to sleep, and a sailor on watch at the time said he had passed our cabin at midnight, and saw no light. The next day we found out in what a cunning way the lunatic tried to overreach us, and obtain matches. Mr. Simpson and his friend were smoking at a table in the saloon, with a little vase of matches and a cigar plate before them, and Miss Cosserat and I were sitting near them. My patient wished me to go away, but I would not do so, and she conversed very rationally, looking sharply now in the face of one, now of the other of the two gentlemen. She had one hand lying across the table, and presently Mr. Simpson and I noticed her approach that hand slowly nearer and nearer to the matches, finally seizing three, roll them slowly to the edge of the table, and hide them in her clenched hand. She then rose, and with a gracious bow to the gentlemen, she was turning away, when Mr. Simpson, lifting his hand with a deprecating gesture, grasped her by the arm, saying, "What have you taken?" "Nothing," she replied, with a wild look; "let me go." But Mr. Simpson held her fast, and his friend opening her hand by main force took away the matches. This made the invalid frantic, she spat about,

and struck out in every direction, and the gentlemen carried her into her cabin. Suddenly I heard a dreadful noise outside the saloon, and, rushing out, saw one of the sailors holding back the lunatic, who had broken the strongly-barricaded window, and was about to spring into the sea. The state of her mind was evidently much worse, and she required the strictest surveillance, for, on the fourth day, she again attempted to drown herself. Her inscrutable cunning got the better of all our precautions, and exceeded all our calculations, for she would dash away from those who were looking after her with the speed of a bird, generally taking the most dangerous direction. Since the night of the fire she had expressed her peculiar, murderous love of me in the wildest language. And the fact that I had destroyed her favourite scheme, and interrupted her in her mad delight in destruction, seemed to have turned her strange love into deadly hatred. The poor creature who had calculated on my death only, not on her own painful end, now regretted the failure of her plan, and meditated a fresh revenge. However, everybody was anxious for my safety, and I was never left alone with her for a moment. It was the opinion of many that the cause why the poor creature wished to get me out of the way, was her conviction and fear that I was going to take her to a convent.

I could take but little interest in the splendid scenery of the Greek coast, for the state of my health, and my constant anxiety about my miserable patient were not calculated to promote the enjoyment of the beauties of nature, and this was a real privation to me with my earnest delight in them. It seems to me now as if I had seen the

fair coasts of Greece in a dream, for I had not fully felt or enjoyed their beauties, and retained only a faint imperfect recollection of them.

We cast anchor at Corfu, a very pretty and picturesque town on the Greek coast, formerly belonging to the English, and here my Greek friend bade me farewell.

Late on the fifth day, the *Minerva* anchored in the harbour of Trieste, and, to my regret, the captain informed me, but in the most considerate manner, that I could not leave the steamer at once, as he must first report on the fire which had occurred, after which a commission would come on board the *Minerva* to investigate the matter. This information was entirely unexpected, and, as my nerves were a good deal shaken by the events of the last few days, it upset me so much that I burst into tears. Mr. Simpson explained to me that the investigation must be held, and the good captain spoke so kindly that I was comforted, dried my tears, and remained on the vessel, and that for two whole long days and nights. The captain left the necessary guard on board, for the surveillance of the lunatic, and a stewardess also remained, with whose assistance I managed to give Miss Cosserat a bath and dress her respectably.

CHAPTER VIII.

As soon as Mr. Simpson had landed, he went to the English consul-general in Trieste, and that gentleman, accompanied by my kind friend, as well as by the English vice-consul, and a German doctor from the lunatic asylum of Trieste, came on board the *Minerva*. The consul-general was an elderly and very dignified man, who addressed me in a fatherly manner, and asked me what he could do for me.

I gave him the letter of the English consul at Alexandria, and told him that it was my hope and my firm resolve to take the poor lunatic to some medical establishment, and not to the convent at which she was expected. I knew, however, that I had no power to do more than the father of my poor *protégée* had licensed me to do in writing, and I therefore asked the consul-general to introduce me to the English ambassador in Munich, before whom I wished to bring the matter, and whose support I hoped to obtain in carrying out my resolve. Miss Cosserrat was an English subject, and I had been repeatedly told that the English ambassador would have the power legally to protect a fellow-countrywoman deserted

by her father and to prevent her being shut up in a Catholic convent. The consul-general of Trieste said he thought I was right, and he commended my kind efforts on behalf of the poor creature who had been confided to my care.

"But," added this estimable man, "have you the strength to take the invalid to Munich?"

"Oh yes," I replied. "I have gone through so much, and am so near the last stage of this tragic journey, that I hope I may be able to reach it."

The German doctor from the lunatic asylum endeavoured to examine my patient, but she ran away from him; the doctor, however, made me pay very dearly for his visit. The consul-general, seeing that I gave the doctor what he demanded, inquired if I was able to defray such incidental expenses, as he had learned from my friend that the young lady's father had calculated the cost of her journey very closely. I then told him what was the balance of my travelling finances, and we reckoned how much the journey from Trieste to Munich would come to. My new friend also was of opinion that it was very unfeeling and exacting of the father not to have sent a man, or at least, a woman-servant, with me, and all the gentlemen who happened to be present agreed in suggesting that I should take a trustworthy attendant from the Trieste lunatic asylum to Munich with me. The German doctor then said that I must pay the travelling expenses and the board of such an attendant there and back, and that his wages would be five silver gulden (10s.) per day on the two trips. Hearing this, the consul-general said that, if I had not funds enough to satisfy

this demand, he would settle it for me. I told him that the sum I had still in hand would, at least, take me to Munich, and that I hoped to get help there, if it should then prove insufficient to cover everything. I now showed the consul-general the telegram from Mr. Cosserat at Patna, in which he said that he had sent the Lady Superior at Nymphenburg a sum of money for taking charge of his daughter, to which sum I imagined her to have no claim, if she did not undertake that charge. The consul-general also hoped that the introduction to the English ambassador would relieve me from every embarrassment, and he then handed me an official letter to his Excellency Sir Henry Francis Howard, at that time the English envoy extraordinary at Munich, Bavaria. The German doctor promised to send me an attendant, and I observed to him that it must be one who could speak either German, or English, or French.

The gentlemen forming the commission of inquiry, who examined the cabin which had been injured by the fire, treated me with great indulgence and respect, merely asking me formal questions. They inquired the address of Mr. Cosserat, and I understood that a telegram would be sent to him, most probably to demand compensation from him for the damage done to the cabin by the fire.

The second day, the English vice-consul at Trieste again came on board the *Minerva*, accompanied by Mr. Simpson, and their kindness did much to encourage me. They told me to keep up a good heart, and, in the evening, Mr. Simpson, who had been so extremely good to me, started for England by way of Venice.

In the course of the afternoon a very strongly-built man introduced himself to me, by means of a letter from the German doctor of the lunatic asylum, as the attendant who had been promised. The good fellow was of an extraordinary size, was panting dreadfully, and I found he was an Italian, and could speak nothing but his own language, and a little broken Alsatian German, of which, however, I understood much less than of the Italian he spoke. I had a good mind to send the huge man back to the German doctor, but, as I was now allowed to leave the vessel, I was eager to get away from Trieste, and I reflected that I only wanted my big servant's strength and not his language.

I gave the stewardess and watchman fees with which they were well satisfied; my huge attendant carried the invalid to a carriage, and we drove to the railway station. Here fresh annoyances arose from the curiosity and impertinence of the public. The lunatic had hardly alighted from the carriage before a large crowd of rough men and unkempt gutter children assembled, who followed the poor creature step by step.

"Who is that lunatic?" inquired an insolent woman, and I replied gravely, "The person who asks that question is a fool," at which the woman stood still, and followed the unfortunate invalid no farther. A well-dressed gentleman, who had several times looked furtively at the miserable form beside me, seeing how roughly she was treating me, and that she was trying to wrench herself away from my arm, now approached, and, with a heightened colour and a voice full of sympathy, said, "Can I be of any assistance, madam? Shall I help the invalid along; where

do you wish to go?" I replied, with tears in my eyes, that I was going to Verona, and had a servant with me, but that he was gone to look after the luggage, and all I wanted was some place to wait for the train to start, and where I should not be annoyed by the curiosity of the inquisitive crowd. The gentleman, who was a Frenchman, then escorted me to the garden of a restaurant and politely took his leave.

My servant then came to tell me that all my trunks must be examined, and I left him in the garden with the invalid, telling him to take supper whilst I went to the custom-house.

I had heard several allusions on board the *Minerva* to the rough and dishonest manner in which the custom-house officials of Trieste sometimes took advantage of the ignorance of travellers as to the value of goods liable to duty and of the Austrian notes and silver coin; unfortunately I can add that the custom-house officials, into whose hands I fell in Trieste, although they spoke very good German, were rather savage boors and thieves than civilised men. I have, indeed, been told that the Trieste custom-house enjoys a notoriety for incivility and dishonesty, and I can verify this by saying that, nowhere between New York and Trieste, or *vice versa*, had I met with such insolent, thievish officials as in the town in question. Such savage Europeans might well take a lesson in civilisation and politeness from Asiatic officials, whom we are pleased to call uncivilised.

I opened my trunks, and a custom-house officer asked me, in good High German, if I had anything liable to duty, I said, "No, not that I know of; but please see for yourself.

I have come a long distance; my effects have been examined several times, and I have nothing contraband, to my knowledge."

At the top of one of my trunks lay quite loose a piece of Chinese foulard, which I had bought in Bombay for five rupees, and had hemmed on both sides, to use as a covering for my head at sea. The officer took the piece of silk, and exclaimed, "You have told me a lie; you did not mention this contraband piece of goods, and that is an offence punishable by law!" "Did I not ask you," I replied, "to see for yourself what I have, for I do not know what you call liable to duty in Trieste?" "This *is* liable," he rejoined roughly, "and, as you did not declare it, I shall confiscate it." He then overhauled all my trunks, and having found nothing else which he could possibly call contraband, he ordered me to follow him into the office, speaking to me in the imperative mood, and, in spite of his High German, much as he would to a dog compelled to obey him.

There was another custom-house officer in the office, and I attempted to complain to him of the injustice of his colleague, as the foulard was hemmed, and used, and therefore not new, but he did not seem to hear a word I said. But when the man who had looked at my trunks added that I must leave the piece of stuff, and pay three silver gulden as a fine, and when I protested against the injustice, the apparently deaf official seized me by the arm, shook me angrily backwards and forwards, and said, "Do you want to teach us the custom-laws? tell me, tell me," he repeated imperatively. "I don't want to teach you anything," I replied, sobbing, aloud, "I merely wish to tell you that it

is unjust of you to confiscate the foulard, and that you are stealing the three gulden you demand as a fine."

I went away feeling very indignant, and inquired of a man if there was not protection against such officials. "There's a police officer over there," he replied, pointing to an office, "but the police and custom-house authorities are in league, and divide the beautiful things they confiscate and the fines they steal. Such injustice to foreigners, especially to ladies travelling alone, is a daily and usual occurrence in the custom-house here. Many articles," he said, "have been written in reference to this, but the Government takes no notice."

The man was right. I went to the police officer and complained to him of the ill-treatment I had received at the hands of the custom-house officers, stating that in defiance of all right, my property had been confiscated, and a fine of three gulden imposed. The police officer shook his head, and, not once looking up from his desk into the face of his interlocutor, said he could not meddle in the matter, and that to obtain justice I must lay the affair before a judge the next day.

I then went back to the custom-house, and once more demanded my foulard back, and when the man who had confiscated it declined to give it, I told him I would get my rights, if I had to wait till the next day. The *robber* now flung the stuff at my feet in a rage, and, as I picked it up, and was turning away, the other thief again took me by the arm and said, "But you will pay the fine of three gulden." "No," I replied, "I owe no fine, and no fine will I pay." "Then you won't leave here till you do," and he bolted the door of the office. I felt so excited and

angry that I scarcely knew where I was, and I said to the thievish officials, "You demand three gulden from me, and I give them to you as payment for a lesson which will be useful to me in the future, not as a fine. If I were alone I should not be content with the return of the foulard, but should insist upon getting my rights, and proving that you have no claim to three gulden from me, but that you are stealing them. Unfortunately, however, I have an invalid with me, and it is better for me to satisfy your unjust demand than to wait here and refer my case to a tribunal."

The robber officials, who took me for an English woman, then received from me a paper note for five gulden, and I waited for my change. One of the robbers remarked however, "that custom dues and fines had to be paid in Trieste in silver, and that they were not bound to receive paper money; still he would keep it, for three silver gulden were nearly equal to five gulden in paper money, the difference was very slight." At that, I mentioned the exact difference and the robbers both pretended to look about for the requisite change. While they were so employed, the man who had taken my trunks to the cart, came and told me I must make haste as the train was about to start. When the robbers heard this, they both laughed scornfully, and I said to them, "I demand my change, or the note for five gulden back again, I will change it myself." The elder of the two, however, declared he should give me neither one nor the other. "You are robbers then!" I exclaimed with disdainful emphasis, and left the office. The very fact that they had returned the foulard, showed clearly that the three gulden claimed as

a fine was a bold theft, and, instead of three, they stole five.

I hurried to the garden, meeting my huge servant by the way, who told me that a porter had taken my small effects to the railway carriage, everything was in order, and it was high time I got the tickets. I did so as quickly as I could, and, as Miss Cosserat would not let the "big man" bring her, I ran back and fetched her myself. I was still so excited at the insulting words and ill-treatment of the robber officials, that I could think of nothing else except the safety of my *protégée*. A gentleman helped me to get Miss C. into the carriage, and, at the time, I did not think to look whether I had got all my property safe. At the last moment before the train started, an old grey-haired gentleman came up in great haste and asked me to give him my name and the details of the affair at the custom-house, that he might publish them the next day. "Such savage treatment," he said, "must be publicly censured, though our custom and police officers are used to ignominy and scorn, and the Government, which has similar complaints brought before it every day, has so far taken no notice whatever of the savage and dishonest manner in which its custom-house business is transacted."

The train began to move; the old gentleman raised his hat, and, quite exhausted, I leant my head against the white cushions of the carriage. When I felt a little restored, I looked after my small effects, and, to my dismay, I missed my bonnet box, and the large bamboo basket which contained a good many odds and ends necessary for our journey. This was the first time I had lost anything on my long journey. I got out at the first station at which

the train stopped and telegraphed to the station-master at Trieste, telling him of the garden in which the two missing articles had probably been left, and begging him to send them to me at Munich, if they should be found. After sending five different telegrams, I subsequently received news at Munich, that both pieces of property were in the custody of the waiter who had served us in the garden of the restaurant, and would be sent after me on the receipt of a fee of two gulden. I had paid the waiter for what we had to eat, but had neglected to give him a fee, and, as I cannot but conclude, he had availed himself of my absence to secrete the box and basket with a view to making sure of his fee. As the articles in question were of great value to me, I sent two gulden to the waiter at Trieste, and he forwarded my property to me, for which I had to pay five gulden for carriage.

The conduct of this individual was nothing less than an infamous extortion, and such extortions of fees would not be tolerated, except by a people amongst whom the masters do not yet know that it is their duty to pay their servants themselves, and who, as I found out in many places, engage waiters for the fees they get from the guests. It is, however, only in Germany, France, and Austria, that the systematic exaction of fees goes on. The masters of the hotels and restaurants are not very scrupulous as to the way in which their servants get payment. A precious civilisation must that be where such bad customs as this prevail! Such infamous extortions of fees are unheard of in the hotels and restaurants of the United States. The masters of that free country have the moral pride to pay their servants themselves, and the servants are

too proud and independent to work for or to beg for fees.

Miss C. was now pretty docile; she was afraid of our huge servant, and did not stir from my side. The next night she chose my shoulder as her resting-place, pressed my hand warmly, and told me several times I was the best and dearest German lady she had ever known.

We travelled all night, and with the beginning of the new day one mishap succeeded another. I was annoyed at almost every station, for many of the travellers who happened to get into our carriage were afraid of the lunatic and made complaints. The guards wanted me to pay for an extra *coupé*, which I could not do, but I mollified their discontent with handsome fees. How glad I was when we approached Verona, and I saw green vineyards once more; although the sight of them filled me with yearnings for my dear mother in my home on the Rhine, where the vines are even more beautiful than in Verona.

My huge servant was very good, but, unfortunately, also very slovenly, so much so that it soon became disgusting to travel with him. He snuffed and sneezed, and drank as often and as much as he could, whilst his hands, his collar, and all his clothes, were very dirty. But I hoped to reach Munich in forty-eight hours, and I endured his huge and oppressive presence as best I could.

Arrived at Verona, the keeper of the restaurant, at my request, and on liberal payment, gave me a private room. Miss Cosserat was extremely feeble and exhausted; her suffering, emaciated appearance cut me to the heart, and I had moreover a dreadful headache. I tried to get the poor girl to bed, and she rested a few hours. Meanwhile I

managed by a small extra payment to secure a *coupé*, and towards evening we left Verona, and made our way towards Innsbruck through the beautiful Brönnenthal. It was strange that the invalid, when in a train, always chose to rest on my shoulder, and, however tired I might be, I had to hold out patiently; for the slightest opposition to her will excited her to the wildest anger. On the whole, however, she was rather better since we had left Trieste, and her hatred of me appeared to have somewhat moderated in the last two days. She manifested the greatest aversion to our big servant, never calling him anything but the "filthy one," and whenever he approached her, she treated him in the most insolent manner. Sometimes she nestled quite lovingly up to me, and asked me if I could forgive her. "Of course, I forgive you, poor creature," I replied, quite touched, giving her a hearty kiss, adding gently, "have you injured me, Miss Cosserat?"

"Yes," she said, with a deep sigh, "I have injured you very much; Heaven will never forgive me, for I wanted to kill you in return for your love." This feeling answer proved to me that the poor creature was not yet lost to sense and love, but could still feel shame and remorse, and that her mind and spirit had now and then a lucid and happy moment. This led me to hope that the poor young lady might be cured and restored to herself and society.

At about one in the morning, when I was sitting beside Miss Cosserat, half asleep and half awake, I heard a cry of alarm and the train stopped. I woke my snoring servant, and told him to see what it was; but he was too sleepy to understand what I said, so I laid the invalid's head, which

rested on my shoulders, softly on the cushion of the seat, and went to the window. I saw no guard, and could not imagine why we stopped. Presently the train backed a considerable distance, finally drawing up opposite to a station, where lights were burning. It was raining heavily, and a gentleman with an umbrella came out of the station of whom I inquired the cause of the return of the train. "There has been a mishap," he replied; "a large piece of rock broke off, and is lying upon the rails. The train was close upon being wrecked, but a warning was given in time, and it was brought back here; but," he concluded, "the accident is a serious one, and no train is likely to start for Innsbruck for another fortnight." "I have an insane lady with me," I explained; "would you be so good as to receive us in your office, until I can get a carriage?" "Certainly," replied the obliging Tyrolese, and having made my Italian servant understand the cause of the delay, and wrapped Miss Cosserat in my railway wrapper, he carried her to the office, whilst she protested, as well as she could, declaring she would not be carried by such a dirty man.

The place at which we stopped was a small village, called Matrei, and we sat in the office, which also served as a waiting-room, for twelve hours before we could get a carriage, as no one kept a vehicle, except the landlord of the only inn in the village, whose house, as I saw in the morning, was decked out with a number of white and blue flags in honour of the Pope's jubilee, then being celebrated. The landlord, as I heard, was a pious Ultramontane, but, for all that, he did not scruple to gather in a good harvest by the high prices he charged on account of the fête, and

the railway accident was also a fortunate opportunity for him to do a thriving business.

The train was an express, with none but first and second class passengers, and many of them being in a very bad humour about the accident and consequent delay, behaved in anything but a creditable manner. They were all German, or at least they all spoke that language, and they grumbled and cursed to the best of their ability, treating the station-master like a schoolboy. I realised, to my cost, that I was no longer amongst American or English people, for no one showed any sympathy for the poor lunatic or any courtesy to me. The invalid was in a wretched state, and lay like one dead on a sofa in the office. I begged very hard that some one would help me to go on farther, but every one hurried past me, and one man, a very haughty Prussian baron, actually mocked at my unfortunate companion. "What dogs of railway officials you Austrians are!" he cried in an arrogant "Junker" tone; "in Prussia I should not have to wait so long to be forwarded to the place to which I have paid my fare." With the aid of the station-master, I here paid my huge servant his wages, adding to them the fare back to Trieste, and the sum agreed on for extra expenses, telling him I should no longer require his services, for the fact was the good man was really too dirty.

The station-master, a very good-natured and honest-looking man, engaged a young Tyrolese to go on with me, himself vouching for his faithfulness and trustworthiness.

At one o'clock in the afternoon, the Ultramontane landlord sent me a carriage, which was uncovered, in spite of the heavy rain, and for this miserable vehicle he de-

manded nine silver gulden (ten silver gulden are equal to £1) which every one said was too much, and a most unjust exaction. But the pious Ultramontane, whose very appearance was bigoted, stuck to his price. I paid him and made him give me a receipt. "He is an Ultramontane," I heard several Tyrolese peasants say. "He is celebrating the Pope's jubilee to-day; but, pious man as he is, he knows what to demand from his fellow-creatures."

My poor *protégée* and I were the last railway passengers to leave the village of Matrei, and in an hour and a half we arrived at Innsbruck. I went, as I had been advised at Matrei, to the railway authorities, to demand compensation, as I had paid the full fare to Innsbruck. The director was very ungracious, said he should pay nothing except the amount by rail paid previously, which was very little, and only about the ninth part of my expenses down to Innsbruck, not including those I had at Matrei; and when I told him that the landlord at Matrei had charged nine silver gulden for a carriage to Innsbruck, he said the man was right morally and legally, and if he had asked a hundred he would have had a perfect right to do so. I got a curious notion of justice and kindness in this Roman Catholic valley, where the largest number are Ultramontanes, and I thought that the heathens of the East had treated me with more justice and consideration than my Catholic brethren at the gate of my home.

It is true that the Tyrol does not belong to the New Germany of the present day, to which I belong, but it is nevertheless a German country, as is every fraction of land — whether it be of the Hohenzollern or Hapsburg house — in which German is the native language. What

struck and pained me most on my return to German soil, after my travels in the remote distance, was the brusque, unchivalrous behaviour of the men. Respect for women is by no means a universal virtue in my native land, where feudalism and metaphysics, and poetry both earthly and heavenly have, thus far, failed to produce an exemplary or practically chivalrous race, like that of the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon, the English and the American. Perhaps if I had not been accompanied by a poor unfortunate lunatic, I should not so much have noticed the difference between the treatment of women by Anglo-Saxons and Tentons. But I met German ladies who were not encumbered with a lunatic, and whose experience at home and abroad was similar to mine. I met with two German ladies in Palestine who had travelled through Turkey, and this was the compliment they paid their fellow-countrymen: "The chivalrous folk who on our travels have shown us courtesy and kindness were always Americans or Englishmen, never our own fellow-countrymen."

In Munich also I became acquainted with the wife of a *savant* who had travelled from British India to Europe, as an invalid, and she said to me, "I travelled alone and unprotected, and, so long as I was amongst English people, all courtesy and respect were shown to me; every Englishman being anxious to assist me as I was an invalid. But as soon as I trod upon German soil, and travelled amongst my own country-people, I was deserted and treated in a brusque, indifferent manner, and I found myself in clouds of tobacco smoke everywhere."

We intended to leave Innsbruck in the afternoon, but

here, too, we were delayed. A despatch arrived from Rosenheim to say that no train would be allowed to start, as the rivers had risen in several places and the rails were under water. We passed the night partly in the waiting-room, and partly in the moonlight, on the platform of the station. Unfortunately we had another fire, which was, however, speedily put out this time. Miss Cosserat, who was lying on a long sofa in the waiting-room, had set fire to herself, but the servant and I both discovered the little flame at the same moment, and we smothered it with a travelling-rug. We were alone, and no one else saw or heard of the incident.

This was the fourth night that I had not slept, and I felt so tired that I hardly knew how to stand upright. Besides this, Miss C. became very dangerous. She had a mania for lucifer matches, and required the strictest watching. As soon as the restaurant was open we went to get our breakfast, and we had hardly sat down when some matches, which my charge had secretly taken off the table, took fire. I seized a bottle of water, poured it over her hand, and put out the flames. The poor creature's hand was badly burnt, yet she did not seem to feel the pain, but merely inveighed against me with the bitterest scorn, saying I was an all-seeing persecuting spirit, who disturbed her in everything. In putting out the fire, I had used the table cloth, which was a little blackened, but not damaged. The waiter looked very sour about it, and began to complain, but I gave him a fee and his face cleared at once. Fees, fees! all-powerful and healing fees; how often in Germany was I called upon to create good will and dissipate ill-humour with them! At eight

o'clock in the morning a telegram arrived, saying that the line was free from water, and a quarter of an hour later we were rolling away to Munich. When we led the lunatic to the carriage, the guard made an awful grimace, and said I must pay for an extra *coupé*, but I gave a well-filled bit of paper, and his face cleared immediately, whilst he nodded his thanks with the most chivalrous air. Another nuisance in Germany is the constant changing of carriages; the journey from Innsbruck to Munich only takes six or seven hours, and during that short trip we had to change carriages twice, so that the fee I gave the guard at Innsbruck only served me as far as he went with us, and that was to Rosenheim, about half-way to Munich, where we stopped for refreshment and changed carriages. I told my servant, "Johann" by name, to get what he liked to eat and drink, giving him the necessary funds, whilst I went with Miss Cosserat into a corner of the restaurant. I took care to seize the matches on the table, and, giving them to the waitress, ordered dinner. My charge, as usual, looked about for matches, and not being able to find any, she was very surly and cross, striking me in the face, and tearing my hat from my head. I did all I could to soothe her, and fed her like a child, but she took her food out of her mouth and flung it in my face. We were of course the observed of all the other travellers, everybody stared at us, and when the bell rang for us to return to our carriages, I had tasted nothing, my dress was soiled, and my hair rumpled. "That young lady," said a gentleman behind me, "is to be pitied, the lunatic treats her worse than a slave." But I had yet more to endure in Rosenheim, and, as I passed

through the crowd with my patient, I heard much in my dear mother-tongue which wounded me deeply. At last I found it impossible to hear this rude, mocking language quietly any longer, and sobbing and crying I made my way to a second-class carriage. My servant was behind me, and was going to help me to get the lunatic into the carriage, when a man (*he was no gentleman*) called out in the Bavarian dialect, "No mad woman gets in here," and with that he placed a thick stick across the door, adding, in a loud rough voice, "go farther on with your mad woman." A woman in the same carriage (*she was no lady*) also said the most insulting things to me in the Bavarian dialect, and asked me if I thought she was going to sit in the same carriage with a servant, "that stupid peasant!"

I made no reply to either, but turning to a guard, said, "Have these people any right to turn me away? I have three second-class tickets." The guard made me a rough and foolish answer, for he said, "Do you know that the gentleman is Baron B., and the lady Baroness B.?" I was not one to admire this stupid worship of nobility, and was in no humour to answer in a suitable manner, but I could not help thinking that the vulgar phraseology in which this man and woman spoke, and their coarse behaviour, were more suggestive of a Bavarian coachman and a cook, than a baron and a baroness of high birth. A good many carriages had to be attached to the train, and this caused a delay of some ten minutes before the train started, during which, however, the guard had not the charity to secure a seat for the lunatic. He had not yet got his fee, for I was surrounded by an inquisitive crowd, and

was afraid to give it him publicly. "We only take geese and fools, when they pay for an extra *coupé*," said the brutal fellow, and as I had had to squander money on every side since I had left Trieste, in order to get along at all, my little capital had dwindled down to so small an amount that I could not pay for a *coupé*. Many of the crowd around us were mocking at my poor *protégée*, and all the mockers spoke my mother tongue! I felt as if I must sink down upon the ground and die, that I might hear no more. "This journey is a martyrdom!" I exclaimed; "how rough and pitiless people are in this country!" "Don't forget, madam," said a foreigner, an Englishman by appearance, "that you are in Bavaria, where the people are, indeed, dreadfully rough, but it is not the same all over Germany." At this the coarse baron and baroness stretched their heads out of the carriage and called the speaker "a dog of an English foreigner," and the guard repeated what they said. The Englishman then added an expression of regret that he could not assist me, as he was on his way to Tyrol, but, in my destitution, I found help and compassion at last, as Providence never forsook me, and always would find friends for me in all emergencies. Three gentlemen, one of whom I knew, presently made their way through the inquisitive crowd, and said, "Bring your poor friend to our carriage, madam, we beg of you." The station-master, who, although the chief official in the place, had behaved just as insolently as the guard, tried to protest against this arrangement. But the gentlemen told him that hundreds and thousands of poor creatures, suffering in a similar manner, had to be brought by railway to

asylums or other places, and that, if the lunatic's good escort had succeeded in giving the guard a secret fee, as she had given to his colleague at Innsbruck, he would have been much more civil and obliging. The gentlemen had evidently noticed that I bribed the guard when entering the train at that place, and they now gave me the most effective assistance in getting the lunatic to the carriage.

Every moment I expected that the gentleman whom I knew would recognise me, but he did not do so. He had known me as a child, but he had not seen me for so long that I had grown out of his memory. This new protector was Dr. Duhr, from Boppard, on the Rhine, not far from my home, and he and his two friends were returning from Rome, where they had been as delegates to congratulate his Holiness the Pope on his jubilee.

The disagreeable scene at Rosenheim had shaken my nerves a good deal, and I now also felt the absence of sleep and comfort very much. Since I had left the steamer *Minerva*, I had had no opportunity to undress, and not a single hour of rest. All my luggage, except a little travelling trunk, had been left behind me at various places. Part of it was at Trieste, and part I had had to leave at Matri after the railway accident. I had lost a good many trifles (nearly all my pocket-handkerchiefs, for instance) on the way from Trieste, and now I began to fear that I should lose my own reason and my own senses. Since I had entered Germany, I was annoyed everywhere by rough, insolent people, which made my charge of the poor lunatic more arduous than ever, and confused my brain. Several times I was on the point of revealing my home to Dr. D., but I could not have done so without

telling him also of the agitated and eventful life I had led since my childhood, and for that I had at the moment neither the strength nor the nerve. The last excitement at Rosenheim had made me very feverish and given me a bad headache. Presently, too, I felt chilly, and the nervous shivering from which I had suffered on the night of the fire in the Adriatic Sea returned upon me. I tried to hide my suffering, but I could not, and finally burst into a fit of hysterical weeping. Dr. D., to whom I had been taken as a child by my dear mother, was again my doctor, without knowing who his patient was. I saw that he had not the slightest suspicion of my identity. He gave me something to soothe my nerves, and showed much concern about me. Miss C. was very rough at the time, and once, when she was feigning sleep, she suddenly gave me a violent blow in the face, and she also attempted to strangle my pretty dancing pigeons. Dr. D. changed seats with me, and placing himself between me and the lunatic, protected me from her violence.

"You have a difficult task on hand, a terrible trial of patience," he observed. "Have you come from a long distance?"

"From the East Indies," was my reply.

"From the East Indies!" he repeated in astonishment. "No wonder your nerves are so weakened. And where are you taking the unhappy creature?"

"To Munich," I said, hesitating a little. "At least I hope I may not have to take her any farther."

Dr. D., like the gentleman that he was, asked me no further questions, but merely added, "I am glad, madam, that your anxieties and tears will so soon be over now. If

I can do anything for you in Munich, it will give me great pleasure."

"Thank you, sir," I said, and as I spoke we passed the last station.

"Munich!" soon rang out, the train stopped, the guard opened the door, Dr. D. sprang out of the carriage first, and engaged for me a *fiacre*. Before the gentlemen left, I held out my hand to Dr. D. and said, "Best thanks, Dr. Duhr; I am Miss Weppner from K., on the Rhine, and have been in your house with my mother when a child."

"Miss Weppner!" he exclaimed, surprised and reproachful; "why did you not tell me so before?"

"I could not, doctor," I replied; "it would have been too painful and difficult to tell you all I have gone through since then, and on this journey."

"Where are you going now; is there nothing I can do for you in Munich?"

"Nothing, thank you, doctor," I replied; "I am going straight from here to the English ambassador, to try and get my poor *protégée* into a medical establishment."

"Are you soon coming to K.?"

"I hope so, I am longing to see my mother."

This was, however, no place for further conversation; a crowd of people had already assembled to stare at Miss Cosserat, it was time for me to be off. Dr. D. and his two friends pressed my hand warmly, and left me with the words, "*Au revoir* on the Rhine."

I told the coachman to drive to some suitable place where I could leave my trunk in security, and get something to eat, but not to a hotel; and the good man took me to a small and respectable restaurant in a very quiet street.

I told the coachman to wait, sent for the landlady of the house, and asked for a private room. I then dressed myself, took down the address of the English ambassador from a Munich directory, and a quarter of an hour later drove there, accompanied by Miss Cosserat and my servant.

His Excellency, Sir H. F. Howard, was at home, so I sent in my card, and begged for an interview. I was admitted, and Sir H. F. Howard soon joined me in the room in which I was waiting. I rose, bowed, and handed him the letter from the English consul-general at Trieste.

On my journey, I had heard it said amongst English people, that the English ambassador at Munich was a Roman Catholic, a strict Ultramontane to boot, and I was in most anxious suspense as to how his Excellency would receive and treat the sad story of a Protestant English lady, who was the heroine of a complicated monastic affair.

Sir H. F. Howard read the letter, walked up and down the room very thoughtfully several times, put several questions to me, and then asked for the letter of authority from the lunatic's father. I handed it to him, he read it, was silent a moment, and then said, "Miss W., I am a Roman Catholic, and I know the convent at Nymphenburg. It is the will of Mr. Cosserat, the father of the young lady in your charge, of Patna, India, that his lunatic daughter should be taken to that convent; she is expected there, and, so far as I know, the convent in question is a very good one. I cannot second you in taking the lunatic to a medical establishment, for it is the father, not I, who has control over his daughter.

Moreover, as a Catholic, I cannot and will not do anything to annoy the Catholic nuns of Nymphenburg. You had better therefore take Miss Cosserat to them."

One question had led me to believe that Sir H. F. Howard took me for a Protestant, and now to show the ambassador what my own feelings were in the matter, I said with quiet earnestness: "And I, too, your Excellency, am a Catholic, but it seems to me a cruel injustice that this poor young lady, who is a Protestant, should be taken to a Catholic convent. Many doctors have told me that she might be cured in a medical establishment; why, then, should we be guilty of the injustice of burying her in a convent? Her proper place is not there, but in an asylum. Her father does not know where he is sending his daughter. All that he does is done on the advice and in accordance with the wishes of the Lady Superior of the convent of Patna, in which, as I believe, the poor creature lost her reason. The father, as I must guess from his conduct, is indifferent to the fate of his lunatic child. His daughter, however, is an English subject, and has a right to the protection of the English authorities."

Sir H. F. Howard listened to me very quietly, and his language and manner throughout the interview were perfectly polite, but he declared again, and this time very positively, that as a Catholic he could not meddle in the matter. The hope that I had cherished since I left Bombay of getting my poor charge into a medical establishment was entirely destroyed by what the English envoy said, for I had myself neither the power nor the means to do what I wished for the poor forsaken creature, and I felt very disappointed and sad.

However, as I was still ignorant of what was at the root of this mysterious monastic affair, and what was the aim of this strange dismissal, prudence dictated that I should do nothing in the matter without due caution. To secure myself from possible consequences, and possible suspicions, I thought it advisable not to give Miss Cosserat into the hands of the Lady Superior at Nymphenburg without witnesses, that no doubt might subsequently be thrown upon my having transferred the lunatic to her. The Roman Catholic Church absolves from all sins; mysterious and terrible facts reach the public from behind sacred walls, and the most awful confessions are sealed secrets to monks and priests. I myself knew from experience the dictum of many nuns: "Those who serve us, must know how to practise the virtue of silence."

I told his Excellency, in the plainest language, what my thoughts and doubts were respecting the unhappy history of my poor *protégée*, and begged him to let me have a witness to accompany me to the Convent of the Angelic Sisterhood at Nymphenburg.

The ambassador commended my caution, but said there was no *attaché* of the embassy at hand, just then; that there was no one he could spare, but a man-servant. I now remembered that I was recommended to Professor Haug, by Pastor D., of Bombay, and told his Excellency that I would go and ask that gentleman's advice. Sir H. F. Howard, as it seemed, was very glad to hear it, for at the moment he had no greater wish than to be well quit of this far from brilliant affair. He himself sought out Dr. Haug's address in the directory, and when I thanked him, bowed, and withdrew, he doubtless thought the

matter was really settled. But before many hours were over, his Excellency saw a second person arrive in a more sacred garb than mine, who came to seek advice and assistance from the scrupulous gentleman, who, as a one-sided Catholic, had thought only of the interests of the convent, and not of the misery of a poor countrywoman — a forsaken orphan.

I had left Miss Cosserat in the carriage, under the care of the servant, that she might cause no disturbance in the embassy, and, although the ambassador knew this, he had not the compassion to see the poor creature. No! he could not see the unfortunate Englishwoman; his heart was entirely Roman Catholic, and I had failed to touch it.

Grieved and disappointed, I drove to the residence of Professor Haug, to find the gentleman engaged in giving a class a lesson in Sanskrit, and Mrs. Haug gone to a bathing-place. The professor, however, left his study, and hurried to welcome me. Unfortunately, the letter from his friend had been left behind at Matrei, Tyrol, in one of my trunks, so I had nothing but myself to present. My letter from Alexandria had been received, and I proceeded briefly to relate the history of my poor *protégée*, which I had already told I know not how many times, winding up with the interview with Sir H. F. Howard, the English ambassador, and my wish for a witness to accompany me to the convent of Nymphenburg. In about ten minutes, Professor Haug had found me a trustworthy man, who was to serve as a witness, together with my own servant. They were both honest young fellows, and I instructed them to follow every step of mine in the

convent, and to reply to no questions relating either to me or to the invalid.

We then drove along the beautiful Nymphenburg road to the convent at Nymphenburg, which is one hour's distance from Munich.

During the drive there, Miss C. asked me if we should soon be in England, and she looked about, and talked as if she expected to see Scarborough, and the blue sea. I thought it advisable to prepare the poor creature for the sight of the Catholic nuns she so much dreaded, and told her we were going to the house of a friend of the Lady Superior at Patna. She looked at me fixedly, and said piteously, "Miss W., you don't mean to say you are taking me to Catholic nuns again?" I was silent, and my servant Johann, who understood no English, asked me "why the young lady suddenly looked so frightened." The poor creature is afraid of the nuns, and what can I do but take her to the convent at Nymphenburg? My heart aches for her, but I have no power to do what I wish to do for her, and he who has power refuses me his assistance.

The coachman now drew up at an old building, which formerly belonged to his late Majesty Louis I of Bavaria, and had been presented by him to the order of the Angelic Sisterhood, and by them devoted to the use of their mother institution.

My heart beat quickly as I looked at the lofty, gloomy walls of this royal building, and I embraced my poor *protégée* with deep emotion, for, in spite of all the fear and suffering I had endured at her hands, I had learnt not only to pity, but also to love the unfortunate lunatic

from my heart, and I felt for her the attachment of a sister, so that the thought that these gloomy walls were to be her future home was most painful to me.

The poor creature was, however, still far, far from a home, and the one she finally found was no better in its kind than that she had left in India.

A nun, who acted as portress, came to the door, and when she saw us she looked terrified, and asked, "What do you want here?" "I am commissioned," I replied, "to give this young lady, Miss Rachel Cosserat, from the Convent of the 'Angelic Sisters' at Patna, in India, into the care of the Right Reverend Lady Superior of the Convent of the Angelic Sisters at Nymphenburg. The young lady is a lunatic; her approaching arrival has already been announced, and I beg of you to let the Right Reverend Lady Superior know that I am here."

"We know nothing about the arrival of any such person," said the nun sullenly. "The coming of no Miss Cosserat has been announced to us, and we will not receive her."

"Then please announce her now," I said. "I have certain documents to show to the Right Reverend Lady Superior, and I wish to see her."

"The Right Reverend Lady Superior is away, and the Reverend Lady Superior, the second in authority, who takes her place during her absence, is ill, and cannot see anybody, so that it will be better for you to go."

"No!" I replied earnestly; "I cannot go. To my extreme regret, I have no choice but to insist upon the reception of the young lady; this is her destined home, and I am compelled to give her up here. I am a stranger

here, and do not know where else to take the poor creature."

"Take her," said the nun, in an imperative tone, "to a hotel in Munich!"

"No!" I rejoined; "a hotel in Munich is no suitable place for a lunatic who is almost dying of weakness. A convent is not a proper place for her either, but as the English ambassador has refused me his assistance to procure a better one for her, I have, I must repeat, no choice but to bring her to this institution, where her father ordered her to be taken and not to a hotel in Munich."

"Then take her to a hotel in Vienna, or Paris," cried the nun, and shut the gate.

I had heard enough to be convinced that this rough dismissal was premeditated — premeditated here, and I had no doubt also in the convent of the Angelic Sisters at Patna, in India.

What was I to do? The sun had set; it was getting dark; and the miserable lunatic was lying on the bare ground in the street before the gate of the Royal Convent.

"These are monastic intrigues," said one of the men. "They knew well enough that the young lady was coming, but they choose to know nothing." The worthy fellow added a good deal more, and mentioned the subject of Barbara Ubryk, whose monastic drama I had read in the New York papers two years before, and my honest and simple-minded servant Johann added, "Ah, they thoroughly understand how to drive people mad in convents. To deceive and avoid telling the truth, is the greatest monastic talent that exists."

"What shall I do?" I exclaimed with a sigh, for I was at my wits' end, and was convinced that it would be impossible to persuade the English ambassador to interfere in the interest of this poor Protestant lady. Indeed, perhaps, he too had a suspicion of a monastic secret, which would account for his caution.

I did not know what to do, and I looked out into the dark night, feeling as if the world were upon my shoulders. I could not go to a hotel, for I knew my charge's insane love of fire, and I ought not to endanger the lives of others. A public place was no asylum for a lunatic; besides which, her father's money was almost exhausted, and I had still to pay my servant's wages, and his return journey, for which the balance I still had was insufficient. I had half a mind to go back to the English ambassador; but I rang once more at the convent door, without knowing why. Meanwhile, the poor lunatic knew nothing of what was going on before her, and not having seen the nun, who had been half hidden behind the door, she had no suspicion that she was in front of a convent. When I rang a second time, therefore, and no one came, guessing that I wanted to get in, she suddenly pulled the bell with great violence, and rattled at the door. Presently it was opened by the same nun, who, though herself in the shadow, started back behind the door, on finding herself face to face with the lunatic, and at that, not perceiving the nun in the dark passage, Miss Cosserat marched in, instinctively made her way towards a burning lamp, and walked direct to the large drawing-room of the convent, on the right of the entrance, the door of which stood open. I followed her, and the two servants followed me. Mean-

while the nun had recovered from her fright, and, leaving her retreat behind the door, had given the alarm.

The drawing-room was lighted, and Miss Cosserrat with regal and dignified steps walked up to a fine painting, testified her admiration of it with grotesque gestures, and then knelt before it on the ground with her arms uplifted towards it. I had often previously remarked that the lunatic had a great enthusiasm for the art of painting, and often seemed to worship an attractive picture as something Divine.

When she had finished her adoration of the picture, she seated herself on a chair facing it, and, sighing heavily, talked to it in a whisper, and gazed at it long and wistfully. The entrance of the lunatic had created a great panic; nuns were running backwards and forwards whilst doors were shut and bolted near the open drawing-room, which had several entrances, so that the poor creature might not go any farther.

The woman who had opened the door to us now came in, and with blanched cheeks and uplifted hands asked me again what I wanted.

"I came here," I replied, to give this young lady, Miss Rachael Cosserrat, into your hands. She is a lunatic, and comes from your convent—the convent of the Angelic Sisters at Patna. She was sent to me at Bombay by the Lady Superior, Salesia Reimer, and I have legal authority from her father, Mr. James Cosserrat, of Blankipore, Patna, to bring her to the mother convent of the Angelic Sisters at Nymphenburg. I have possession of letters and telegrams from the Ladies Superior, Salesia Reimer and Angela Hoffmann, as well as from the young

lady's father, Mr. Cosserat, which will prove that I am speaking the truth. I have also a telegram of Mr. Cosserat, in which he informs me that he has forwarded to the Right Rev. Lady Superior here a sum of money for the maintenance of his lunatic daughter."

"Will you give me those papers?" asked the nun, looking down at the floor, and not in my face; "I am the Reverend Lady Superior's secretary." "No," I replied; "I cannot give you the papers, for they are the only legal proof I have that I am right in what I am asserting."

"Can I read the letters from the Ladies Superior, Salesia Reimer and Angela Hoffmann, of Patna and Allahabad, here?"

I gave her the letters, on condition that she should read them in my presence, and not take them out of the room.

The nun read them, looked disconcerted, and said both handwritings were well known to her, and she could not understand the matter; but, she added, whatever these documents might assert, she had orders from the Lady Superior to tell me that they would not receive the lunatic, for her coming had been announced neither by the one nor the other Lady Superior in India, nor had the Lady Superior at Nymphenburg received any money.

Meanwhile many nuns had assembled in the room (my servant Johann told me later that there were forty-five), all of whom, without a single exception, went about with deprecatory gestures, grumbling, bemoaning, praying, and declaring before God and the Holy Virgin that they knew nothing about anything, and that under no conditions, and

on no consideration, would they receive the lunatic. "If," said several of them behind me, "our sisters in India have committed any wrong or stupidity, we cannot do penance for it at Nymphenburg."

The half tragic, half comic scene in the drawing-room of the convent at that moment, would have made an interesting picture, if faithfully rendered. At the open door, their hats in their hands, stood the two young men, whilst I, dressed entirely in black, was in the centre of the black and white chorus of nuns; some of them wringing their hands in entreaty, others weeping and wailing around me, or whispering in each other's ears. Others again, earnestly telling their beads, glanced fearfully into one corner of the room, where knelt the poor lunatic, with uplifted arms and death-like face, still praying aloud towards the beautiful picture which had occupied her attention ever since she had entered the convent.

Presently the secretary told me I must go, and named a good hotel in such and such a street of Munich. I did not move. "Who are these two men?" she then inquired, going up to them. "One is my servant," I replied, "and both are my witnesses."

"You had better go," said the nun to them.

"No," replied the faithful fellows; "we are not going, we remain until this lady tells us to go."

"Can I see the Lady Superior?" I asked for the last time. "The Reverend Lady Superior is ill," answered the whole chorus of nuns with one voice.

It was now about ten o'clock, and I had been standing on one spot for over an hour, yet no one had offered me a chair. Quite exhausted with all the exciting experiences

of the day, and with the so often repeated and tiring explanations which led to nothing, I suddenly felt the approach of a fainting fit. The room swam round me, I tottered against the wall and sank down. I did not, however, quite faint away, for I could still see everything, but not clearly. It was a strong attack of nervous giddiness which brought on again the dreadful trembling to which I had been subject since that night of terror. None of the nuns, however, showed the slightest pity for me, but the two young men came to my assistance, lifted me up, and led me to a chair.

"The poor lady," said my servant, the good Tyrolese, "has not slept for four nights and is overtired and faint." All the heartless nuns, when they saw my nervous swoon, were afraid that I should not be able to take the lunatic away, and the "secretary" begged me to let myself be taken to a carriage, saying that the air would do me good, and I should get good nursing in a hotel.

Presently Miss Cosserat began to wander up and down the room, stopping every now and then in the midst of the chorus of nuns, and looking fearfully and inquiringly from one to another and then at me.

When I felt a little better, I took my *protégée* by the hand, and said, "You decline then to receive this young lady. I am going away with her without knowing where, but the world shall hear of the history of the unhappy creature. I shall seek the assistance of the authorities, and shall explain how the poor foreigner came here, and how she has been forsaken and cast off alike in her home and in this foreign land. The truth was concealed from me in India, and it is concealed from me here; perhaps

time will solve the mystery which is at the bottom of the drama of my unhappy charge.

My words, "I shall seek the assistance of the authorities," &c., completely changed the aspect of affairs in the drawing-room, and brought about a revolution in the hearts and feelings of the nuns. Their effect was as rapid as a flash of lightning, and the door of the convent, which had stood open so long, was now quickly shut and bolted. The secretary, with the words, "Pray, madam, wait one moment longer," left the room hastily, and the other nuns, whispering and making signs to each other, followed her one by one. I now again remembered the words of my friend Camille, at the convent of the same name at Augsburg: "*Quelle comédie de femmes!*" Singular that the last chapter of my journey round the world should thus correspond with the first. The convent at Augsburg, where Camille and I had so often wondered at the infernal vice of hypocrisy disguised beneath spiritual robes, is one of the largest branch-convents of the mother institution at Nymphenburg.

We were now again alone in the drawing-room, for the entire chorus of nuns had left the stage. The *entr'acte* was long, and we remained undisturbed for some time. Miss C. (poor, poor creature!) lay upon the ground asleep before the picture she had revered so much. "The play is monastic, quite monastic," said the young Tyrolese, with the most curious expression. "Monks and nuns are the best actors there are. These pious women swore by God and the Holy Virgin that they had received neither letters nor money, but it is my belief they have both."

It was half-past nine when a nun, in a state of apparently

great excitement, burst open the door, and announced, with an air of much amazement, that the "secretary" who had spoken to me before had altogether and entirely forgotten that she had received letters four weeks previously from the Ladies Superior at Patna and Allahabad, announcing the approaching arrival of Miss Rachel Cosserat. In the name of all her fellow-nuns who had treated me so coldly and distantly during the scene of the evening, she now begged for my forgiveness, adding that the Reverend Mother would come at once to welcome me, and to apologise personally for this unfriendly reception.

So the Lady Superior was no longer ill, and the female secretary had played her part in a masterly manner. "*Quelle comédie de femmes!*"

The Reverend Lady Superior came, and with a good deal of wringing of hands, she declared how much it pained her to have received me in such an unfeeling fashion, but that the unpardonable forgetfulness of the secretary was alone to blame. (What masterly lies!)

"The letters," added the Lady Superior, "referred to by Mr. Cosserat, in his telegrams from Patna, had all been duly received." "And with the letters," I interrupted, "the money also arrived about which Mr. Cosserat telegraphed to me." The Lady Superior considered for a time, and then, laying one finger on her lips, she said, "No, no money arrived with the letters;" on which I continued, "I am short of money; the sum given me was only enough for the travelling expenses of two persons. I had many unforeseen incidental expenses, and had to bring a servant here from Trieste." "Madam," replied the Lady Superior, in a consoling tone, "we will take counsel to-

gether, for Mr. Cosserat, as I gather from the letters of the Lady Superior Salesia Reimer, is a very rich man." "The Lady Superior wrote quite differently to me," I replied, "and expected me to get a free journey in the interest of the *wealthy* Mr. Cosserat," and I then showed the Reverend Mother the letter from her spiritual sister at Patna, in which she comforted me with the assurance of the reward of Heaven, and said that if I obtained a free journey, Miss C.'s father would allow me a small recompense for my trouble. I also showed her the telegram in which Mr. Cosserat informed me that he had sent, through the Lady Superior Salesia Reimer, a sum of money to the Lady Superior at Nymphenburg, for taking care of his daughter, out of which sum a small reward was to be paid to me on the safe delivery of my lunatic charge at the convent. "With regard to the latter," I went on to say, "I have informed Mr. Cosserat by telegram that I would receive no reward from the Lady Superior at Nymphenburg, as the matter was the affair of himself, and not that of any second or third person; and," I added, "that gentleman has behaved so meanly and stingily in India, that I did not expect to receive anything from him in Europe, and my motive in bringing the lunatic from there to here was not money, for I knew I should get none." Indeed, what I had done and endured for the poor creature no money could pay for, and a higher motive than love of gain was required to undertake and conscientiously and steadfastly carry out such a task. A kindness that is paid for is never so genuine and enduring as one that is disinterested.

That the Reverend Lady might understand clearly what

my share had been in this mysterious business, I told her honestly and without reserve that it had been my hope and intention to take the poor lunatic to a medical establishment in Germany or England, and that it was the English ambassador, Sir H. F. Howard, who had disappointed me in that hope, for he had refused his assistance, and without it I had neither the power nor the means to carry out my plan.

I told her that neither in India, nor on the journey, had I ever thought of bringing the unhappy victim to the convent at Nymphenburg, and I gave her to understand, in the plainest terms, what my opinion was of Mr. Cosserat, and his private associate, the Lady Superior Salesia Reimer—in short, of the whole mysterious affair. I assured her that I had only come to her convent at N. because no other course was open to me, and that my only comfort in my disappointment was the thought of having brought the poor creature from the cold home under a tropical sky to an equally cold one in a European and better climate. “But she has no home yet,” said one of the nuns, in a weeping voice. The Lady Superior listened to my fearless speech with an air of pious amazement, and, when I had finished, she said the conduct of the Ladies Superior at Patna and Allahabad, and of the lunatic’s father, was an unintelligible and insoluble puzzle to her. “Our Ladies Superior in India,” she complained, in a piteous tone, “know that this is a royal convent, where young ladies of high rank are educated, and that we cannot receive a lunatic. What can be the meaning of it all?” she sighed. “Just now, in the excitement of the declaration of his Holiness the Pope’s Infallibility, when

the doings of secular priests, and monks, and nuns are so sharply watched, a Protestant lunatic is sent to us! The young invalid is an Englishwoman; why was she not sent to England?" "That," I replied, "is what I and every one who has heard her history have wondered all along."

And now "His Reverence the Inspector," the spiritual adviser of the Angelic Sisters of Nymphenburg, entered the room, and invited the Reverend Lady Superior to a conference, to discuss and decide what should be done with the lunatic, and where she should be sent. I earnestly begged the reverend gentleman to send her to a medical establishment, but he turned a deaf ear to my request. It was late at night when he left the conference of nuns to drive to Munich, and demand an audience with Sir H. F. Howard, which was granted to him at 12 P. M.

Meanwhile two lay-sisters, praying aloud in going to and fro, got two beds ready for us, one for me, the other for the invalid, in a room opening out of the drawing-room. I had dismissed the coachman and one of my witnesses at eleven o'clock, and my servant Johann, as I believed, was sleeping somewhere in the convent, for I had not seen him for the last hour. Miss C. would not be undressed, but abused the nuns in a flood of indignant terms, and if they did not understand all she said in English, they no doubt understood the term "Roman Catholics," which she flung at them again and again. Meantime she was striking lustily about her, and finally she got into bed in her clothes, shawl, boots, and one stocking, holding the other and a little travelling bundle in her hand, the same as that she had held the day I

fetches her away from the convent at Bandora, near Bombay, and which she seemed to honour as a relic, for though she cut up and destroyed many things, she never injured it or parted from it.

The lay-sisters sat near the lunatic's bed, one of whom told her beads and recited litanies, whilst the other replied, and in the drawing-room, the door of which was open, two more lay-sisters walked up and down, also telling their beads.

At two o'clock in the morning I went to bed, and that for the first time since I left the *Minerva*, four days before.

I had hardly slept a quarter of an hour, when an unfamiliar voice woke me up. I gave a terrible scream, for two ghostlike figures stood beside me; but after I had screamed, and when, in my terror, I was about to cross myself, I recognised in these two figures two nuns in white night-dresses and very peculiar night-caps. A night-cap on a woman's closely shaven head, as I now for the first time observed, has quite a different effect from one on a head covered with nicely plaited or luxuriantly flowing hair, and at that moment, having partly recovered from my sudden fright, I felt inconceivably glad that I had not taken the veil in the convent at Augsburg, for, indeed, the two nuns at my bedside looked more like ghosts than angels. Involuntarily I touched my own thick plaits, and felt quite proud.

"Don't be frightened, dear madam," said one of the nuns, gently and softly. "It is we, and we have come to speak to you. The Very Reverend Inspector of our convent has come back. He has had an audience with Sir

H. F. Howard, the English ambassador, which was granted him late in the night out of special respect."

Still looking at the comical night-caps of the nuns, it occurred to me to wonder whether the Very Reverend Inspector, from whom this communication doubtless came, had also seen them, and I inquired, not without curiosity, "The Very Reverend Inspector has not been back long, I suppose?"

"No!" they replied; "we have only just spoken to him. We had a short conference after his return, in order to decide what to do." I was now sure that he had seen the nuns in their comical and enormous night-caps. I could not help laughing right out, and I told my visitors that their night-caps were so very peculiar, and quite a novel sight to me.

"What a child you are!" exclaimed the elder of the two, and the younger went on:

"The English ambassador regrets our embarrassment very much, for he is a good Catholic, and always acts in the interests of his fellow-believers. He will not, however, undertake the charge of the lunatic himself; but he offers to pay for her maintenance out of his private means, until we have found an asylum for her. But by the advice given by the Very Reverend Inspector, we have decided to send the lunatic to the Convent of Cortenbergh, near Brussels, in Belgium, and we came to ask you if you would be so very kind and good as to take her there by an early train in the morning; we have already forwarded a telegram to ask for her reception, and we expect a quick reply."

When I heard the word "convent," I was indignant

and exclaimed, "What convent is that? Why is she to be sent to a convent, instead of to a medical establishment where she could be cured?"

The elder nun now took up the cue. She was an Englishwoman, and did not speak German. "I am Madame Delphine," she said, "Lady Superior of the Loretto Convent in Calcutta, and am at present the guest of the Very Reverend Lady Superior of this convent. I know Mr. Cosserat, and his poor daughter very well. I brought up her two sisters in my convent at Calcutta, where they remained several years. Some years ago I visited Mr. Cosserat at Blankipore, near Patna; he is an opium dealer, a very wealthy and generous man, and he paid for his daughters' education in princely style."

"If so, madam," I interrupted, "Mr. Cosserat behaved more like a gentleman to you than he has to others, and was more generous to you than to his poor child. Look," I added with emphasis, "at the box of rags which he gave his daughter as an outfit, you will find nothing princely in that; he sent her away worse provided for than a servant. And please tell me whether Miss Rachel Cosserat was at home when you visited her father, and if you knew her mother."

"I knew nothing about her mother," said the old matron; "I only saw her grandmother, a half-caste woman, and at the time of my visit, Miss Rachel Cosserat was in the convent at Patna, as a pupil of the Lady Superior Salesia Reimer. One of the poor girl's sisters whom I educated, married an English general in India, and is now in England with her husband. I take all the responsibility," she added, "of the surrender of the young lunatic into

the hands of the Lady Superior of the convent at Cortenbergh. I enjoy the full confidence of her father, and he knows what I do for his invalid daughter is done in his interest. Miss Rachel Cosserat must leave this place, and that soon, for it is a royal institution, and her being here will create an unpleasant sensation; it was very foolish to send her here."

"What sort of an institution is the convent at Cortenbergh?" I inquired.

"It is an institution for the reception of lunatic ladies of the higher classes," she replied. "I have already taken six young English ladies there myself, and I have made the journey several times from our convent in Calcutta to Cortenbergh, of course *incognita*," she added, "as otherwise I could not have escorted the lunatics myself. The Lady Superior knows me quite well, and the young ladies are well taken care of."

"But not cured," I rejoined, and she answered indifferently, "I do not know about that."

I pondered for awhile, and the thought that these six young ladies, who had been brought (*incognite*) from a distant convent in India, to Belgium, had probably lost their reason through the instrumentality of the Roman Catholic religion, and the doings of the nuns or priests, increased my indignation, and I exclaimed in an excited manner, "Why were not such unfortunate creatures taken to a medical establishment, instead of to a convent? What is the secret of these mysterious proceedings? How does it happen that the Protestant Mr. Cosserat is connected with so many Roman Catholic nuns? Can you not tell me whether poor Miss Rachel's

mother is still alive, and, if so, who and where she is? I should like to appeal to her heart, and take her unhappy daughter to her."

But *no*, the nun who knew the father and sisters of the lunatic, and had visited the wealthy merchant in his residence at Patna, either could not, or would not, tell me of the life or death of his wife, the mother of his child, and neither here nor in India could I obtain a scrap of information about her.

"If," I said to the elder nun, you have already taken six young ladies from India to the convent at Cortenbergh, why won't you also take Miss Cosserat there from here?"

"I did so *incognito*," she said again; "and this time I came to Europe for the benefit of my health," she replied, "and cannot undertake the journey."

"My strength," I rejoined, "is exhausted; I doubt if I can do any more than I have done already. There are a great many women in this convent, some hundred and fifty I believe; is there not among them one nun who would take charge of the poor creature, and accompany her to Cortenbergh?"

"Oh, no!" sighed the nuns; "what would people say? How can we appear in public with a lunatic and a manservant? what would be said of us?"

"When," I said at last, "none of the many women here will take pity on the poor stranger, when all shrink from appearing in public with this unhappy creature, and doing her a service of Christian love; if she shall and must go farther, I will be more merciful than any of you. For nine weeks I have had no rest; I am thoroughly out of health; but Heaven will give me strength to go through

a fresh round of suffering, to persevere patiently until the last moment, and to bring my poor friend to her foreign home. "If," I ended, "I could but bring her to an asylum, where she could be cured, such a prospect would encourage and strengthen me anew."

The nuns looked delighted, but said that this could not be. They both thanked me in most pious terms, and said a great deal about the goodness of Heaven in rewarding my service to them, and all my kindness and patience to a suffering stranger; but I told them plainly that what I did I did not for them, nor for a reward from Heaven, but simply and solely out of love and pity for the poor forsaken girl.

When my nocturnal visitors left me, it was three o'clock in the morning, and although I had no rest for so many nights, I could not sleep, I felt too excited.

The thought that I must again expose myself to the mocking curiosity and, as might be the case again, to the gross insults of the common people, that I must again undertake a difficult task, without being able to accomplish anything for the benefit of my *protégée*, agitated me so much, that I could get no rest, and in the morning I was more tired than in the evening. I was never alone, but always surrounded by nuns or lay-sisters, praying or worrying me with questions, and I was so worn out, that I did not know if I was in my proper senses.

Miss C. woke up in a thorough rage, and flung both her boots at me, one of which struck me on the nose, and set it bleeding copiously. The poor mad creature then clutched hold of me, and cried angrily, "Why have you brought me to Catholic nuns again?" Some nuns, how-

ever, held her hands firmly from behind, and she abused them in the most awful language. Madame Delphine, the Lady Superior from Calcutta, and several other nuns who spoke English, understood the indignant terms in which the lunatic inveighed against Catholic nuns, but they were silent, and seemed as though they did not hear her indignant remarks.

Later in the day, Miss C. had an interval of calmness, and undressed herself. The nuns were in the drawing-room at the time, and I was alone with her in the little adjoining room. Whilst I was taking my breakfast, she seated herself at the piano, in the dress of nature, and played "God save the Queen," following it up with some difficult classical pieces, and showing very great skill of execution.

But playing, it seemed, excited her very much, and she made the most horrible gestures over it, stopping suddenly, and dancing and singing wildly.

The nuns took every precaution to prevent Miss Cosserat from leaving the room, for the fact that a lunatic was in the royal institution was to be kept a secret from the pupils of the convent. All the doors near were bolted, and my *protégée* and I were kept close prisoners.

Towards noon I inquired where my servant was, for I had not seen the good Tyrolese since the evening before. To my surprise, I now heard that the Lady Superior had sent him, after the conference of the previous night, to the telegraph office in Munich, with a despatch to the Lady Superior at Cortenbergh, and had ordered him to wait for the answer. He had left at one o'clock in the morning, and it had been calculated that a reply would

arrive in a few hours, so that we might leave the convent at Nymphenburg early in the morning, without attracting any attention. But in this people were mistaken, for it was now three o'clock in the afternoon, and my servant had not yet returned. I knew that the good Tyrolese had never before left his native valley, and I was afraid that, in his inexperience, he had got into some trouble in the capital of Bavaria. Moreover, my pigeons and my parrot had been quite alone in Munich ever since the day before, for I had intended returning the same evening to the restaurant where I had left them and my trunk, but it had been impossible for me to do so. I forgot to tell my reader that the parrot I had taken out of the nest at Allahabad, and which I had brought up myself, and taught to speak German, had flown away from me on the Adriatic Sea, to settle down, as I believe, on the Greek coast; and for the solitary male pigeon, which a sailor had rescued from the murderous fangs of the bloodthirsty dog on the steamer *Golconda*, in the Indian Ocean, I had bought a snow-white little wife in the market at Alexandria. The mourning husband quickly accustomed himself to his new companion; he gave her instructions in dancing, and they lived together very contentedly and happily, and at times would perform most cleverly. I was afraid they would forget to feed the dear little creatures at the restaurant, and I told the Lady Superior that I should go to the town and see that no harm had come to the good Tyrolese and to attend to the wants of my birds.

But the convent gates, which had stood open so long on my account the day before, were now firmly closed to me.

The Lady Superior was afraid that if I went, I should not come back, and then who would take the poor lunatic away? The nuns did all they could to divert my mind; they took me into the chapel, the garden, gave me flowers, an extra glass of beer, &c., to strengthen me as they said, and I found it impossible to leave the convent, and had to wait patiently until my servant returned, which he did not do before six o'clock in the evening.

"I have no answer yet," said the good Tyrolese, "but I came back, anyhow, because it is wrong of me not to have seen Miss Weppner for so long, and I must tell her where I have been since last night. She took me into her service, and I am her servant, so I would not wait any longer for an answer to the telegram, and I got the official to give me a declaration in writing that no reply has as yet arrived from Cortenbergh."

All this the sturdy inexperienced fellow said as glibly as if he had been the lackey of a princess, and having said it Johann went outside and fetched my pigeons and parrot, and then my trunk, which was in the court of the convent, finally presenting me with a little account from the restaurant where he had taken a dinner and two pints of beer.

I was now very well satisfied with the faithful Tyrolese. I made my pigeons dance, the performance this time taking place in the large drawing-room of the royal convent; my parrot, too, was present, consoling me with a beautiful Hindustani song, and I felt rather better.

The telegraphic reply from Cortenbergh came neither that day nor the following night. Johann was in the town from five o'clock A. M., but not until ten did he bring

the long-desired telegram, for which so many beads had been told. It was from Madame Gabrielle, Lady Superior of the convent of Cortenbergh, Belgium, and addressed to the Lady Superior of the Loretto Convent in Calcutta, now in the convent of Nymphenburg, Bavaria, and was in these words: "Yes, we will receive her." Surprising, indeed, that a Lady Superior from a convent in Calcutta (India) should take upon herself to conduct the private affairs of a Protestant gentleman thousands of miles off, when a guest at a convent in Bavaria (Europe); and I thought that if this woman had a right to order the poor lunatic to another place, without the knowledge and authority of her father, the English ambassador might have interfered as well, and assisted me in getting a poor Protestant English subject to a better place than a Roman Catholic convent. The excitement amongst the nuns was unparalleled, and all eagerly hastened our departure. Madame Delphine, the Lady Superior from Calcutta, and four nuns, helped me to dress Miss C., and this took more than an hour. She had shown all the symptoms of an access of madness during the morning, and I expected nothing good. The poor thing had knelt long before the beautiful picture in the drawing-room with outstretched arms, and then had flung herself on the ground, rolled about, and cried, "Miss W., take me away from the Catholics, take me away from these Roman nuns!"

I comforted her with the assurance that I would take her away, and that we were going immediately. The lady Superior, Madame Delphine, had told me the day before that she would accompany me to the station, and see I had a private carriage. The Lady Superior of Nymphenburg

gave me two hundred Bavarian gulden for my travelling expenses to and from Cortenbergh, telling me that the Lady Superior from Calcutta would give her back the money, as she would write to Mr. Cosserat for money. It was just possible, however, that the "pretended loan" came out of the sum sent by Mr. Cosserat to Nymphenburg, and which she had denied having received.

I was told that an express train would leave for Cologne at one o'clock, and at twelve a carriage drove up to the door of the convent. My servant and I took the invalid down to it, and we got in, the nuns telling us how much they would pray for us, and then making a sign to the coachman to drive on. "No, not yet," I said; "the Lady Superior from Calcutta promised to go with me to the station." "Oh dear, Miss Weppner," exclaimed that lady, stepping forward, "it is not possible; it would be too annoying to appear in public under such circumstances."

"If you did not mean to do it, why did you say you would?" I inquired earnestly, adding sharply, "but did you not take six young insane ladies from your convent in Calcutta to Cortenbergh, in Belgium?" "Yes, but I travelled *incognita*," replied the saintly matron.

"Drive to the town, coachman," I exclaimed indignantly, adding to myself, "Have I ever heard the truth in a convent? In large things and small, nothing but deceit and hypocrisy!"

We soon reached the station at Munich, and I went and took tickets. To my disappointment I heard that the train starting at one o'clock was not an express, but an ordinary goods train with a few passenger carriages. I hesitated a little before taking tickets, for I was afraid that

the numerous delays at intermediate stations might cause inconveniences, but I was equally afraid of waiting several hours for an express train. Nymphenburg was an hour's drive distant, and I did not want to go back there again, for I was sick of Ladies Superior and nuns—sick of their hand-wringing, their plaintive voices and sanctimonious talk. The Lady Superior of Nymphenburg had a time table of the trains, and knew well enough that no express left at one o'clock, but, in order to get rid of us sooner, she had told an untruth. But then the lunatic had to be sent on as soon as possible, and here, as in other similar institutions, deceit was the recognised rule.

I took three tickets for Würzburg, which was as far as this train would take us, and, with the tickets, I gave the conductor a fee which appeared to satisfy him. There were two gentlemen in the carriage which we entered, one of whom, at the sight of the lunatic, hurried out, whilst the other, to whom I politely explained her sad condition, remained and behaved like a feeling man.

It was now one o'clock, a beautiful day, the sky clear and blue, and I had not the most remote suspicion of what I had to go through before sunset. Since we had arrived at the convent of Nymphenburg, my *protégée's* mental derangement had again and again assumed the form of raving madness, and she was extremely irritable and violent. However, we reached Trechtlingshausen towards three o'clock, without any special accident; and the guard told me we had to change carriages and wait half an hour. My servant carried Miss C. into the waiting-room, but with a deal of trouble. I pointed out a table to him, from which I removed the lucifer matches, and he placed the

patient in a chair. In Bavaria, however, where everybody smokes, there are matches everywhere, and I think Miss C. must have managed to get hold of some from another table, and hide them before Johann set her down. I asked her what she would have to eat, and went to order what she chose, but whilst I was paying for it there was a loud and general cry of "Fire! Fire!" I rushed in flying haste to our table, and flung myself upon the raving lunatic, whose dress was in flames. Water and beer were thrown over her from every side, and the fire, partly smothered, partly extinguished, was got under. The invalid, disturbed in her awful delight, was as wild as a tigress, she tore off my hat and veil, tugged at my hair, and kicked me, her large blue eyes starting from their sockets in a terrible manner, and her lips, from which the most fearful language proceeded, literally foaming with rage. My servant, and others who had come to our assistance, tore the poor creature away from me, whilst a crowd of some hundreds gathered about me, some pitying me, and others worrying me with inquisitive and ridiculous questions. This sudden scene of terror gave me a terrible nervous shock, my heart beat rapidly; I could scarcely breathe, and my knees knocked together, so that I was obliged to hold them with my hands.

"Take your places," now cried the guards; and five men carried the raving lunatic, two holding her feet, and two her hands, whilst my servant, who was behind, held her under the arms.

The guard, on payment of a good fee, gave me a *coupé* to ourselves; but oh, horror! the raving lunatic smashed one window, and gave Johann such a kick in the stomach

that he uttered a long yell of pain, and said, panting for breath and with tears in his eyes: "Miss Weppner, if you were not the kindest and most patient lady in the world, I should leave you now, for it requires herculean strength to defend my life against this poor skeleton. But as you do all this out of pure pity, why should I not do as much for good payment and give you what help I can? I feel that it would be a sin to leave you, and I stay entirely on your account."

"Madam!" now exclaimed the guard, "I warn you against a fresh access of rage on the part of the lunatic." "Hush, hush!" I replied, "she is better, she is asleep," but the words were hardly out of my lips when she got up from the floor of the carriage, and with furious looks and gestures flung herself upon the servant. Fortunately the herculean fellow caught hold of her hands in such a manner that she was powerless, but she bit his hands and kicked him with her foot. Two men ran to our assistance, and the inquisitive crowd shouted, "You must tie her hands, she will throttle you both!" It seemed to me cruel to do as they said, but Johann insisted upon the necessity of it. The train had not yet started, and the whole population of the little town had assembled to stare at one unhappy young woman. "Here," screamed a woman, "is a napkin; its price is eighteen kreuzers!" "Why don't you say half a gulden?" (thirty kreuzers) shouted an old woman; "they are rich English ladies, they can pay it." "Thirty kreuzers, then," cried the other woman, and I took the napkin and gave her the money. With the help of some men we now tied the lunatic's hands together, in spite of her savage biting at one and another of us. The train now started, but the

men, who were poor travellers, remained with us in the *coupé*. I gave each of them a fee, and they stood, one at the broken, the other at the uninjured window of the carriage, whilst the lunatic, with her mouth wide open, sat in one corner, making the most awful grimaces of which a human face is capable. Later, she three times bit the tightly knotted napkin loose, each time we got her hands fastened again after a wild scene. "What an awful journey?" I cried. "I dread the night! Heaven grant me patience!" But the worst was yet to come. We now reached the station of Gunzenhausen, which will never be forgotten by me. Here I learned that a telegram had been received a little before, announcing that an express train had been wrecked, and that our train could not proceed farther, as the line beyond Gunzenhausen was strewn with the *débris* for some distance.

We got out, and by whom were we received at the waiting-room? By the entire police force, and the chief magistrate of the police court of Gunzenhausen! On one side an accident to an express train; on the other, a fire in the waiting-room at Trechtlingshausen had been announced, as people told me, and our *trio* had been so well described to the police that there was no difficulty about our recognition.

I was rooted to the spot. I doubted the evidence of my senses, the very ground on which I stood; and I asked my faithful Tyrolese servant whether my eyes were not deceiving me.

"No, Miss Weppner," he replied, "you see correctly; they are the police."

"The police!" I exclaimed, hiding my face in my hands.

“The police, at the very door of my home, never, never — nowhere did the police ever approach me before. What can be the meaning of it?”

“Madam,” said a man with a sabre and shining buttons, “you are my prisoners, you, and this cracked lady, and your servant.”

“Of what have I been guilty?” I asked proudly and indignantly. “That will appear presently,” was the reply. “The magistrate will investigate that matter, but you know better than we do what your crime is.”

In a few minutes the entire population of the town was at the station, young and old, great and small, women laughing and shouting, fools of both sexes, and hundreds of screaming children. The magistrate, a hard-looking man, with a thin pale face, asked me for my passport, and the papers relating to the lunatic travelling under my protection.

I had a passport, but in all my travels since I had left New York, in America, Asia, Egypt, &c., I had never, until I reached this dreadful spot in Bavaria, been asked for such a thing by any human creature, and the document required was in my trunk at Matrei in the Tyrol.

“You have no passport!” cried the police officers and magistrate. “How could you dare to travel without the necessary legal papers?”

I related the railway accident in the Tyrol, said I had a legal passport, and where it was; adding that the fact of my never having required it was the cause of the document not being amongst the papers in my travelling-bag. Neither police nor magistrate believed me, and I was told that an investigation would be held respecting

me ; that I was the prisoner of the authorities of Gunzenhausen and could go no farther.

All the teachers of languages of the town were at the station, but amongst them there was not one who knew enough English to translate the letter of authority from Mr. Cosserat, of Blankipore, Patna, India, and the legal letters from the English consuls in Alexandria and Trieste. One and all protested against my being a German, and, according to rumour, I was an Englishwoman, a relation of the lunatic, whom I had brought away from India, and wanted to hide away somewhere that I might myself appropriate her wealth. All the men and boys of the town who surrounded me in the waiting-room of the station were smoking pipes, and the magistrate and police officers cigars. Every one asked me what questions he chose ; every one puffed fumes of tobacco in my face. Conscious of my innocence, I replied to each one in a tone of injured worth and injured pride ; but many called me a fine Englishwoman, a fluent orator, and the few gentlemen of education in the crowd drew back ashamed, whilst the greater number of those assembled, who did not rightly understand my High German, abused me in the most insulting terms in a coarse Bavarian dialect. The police officers, who were rather donkeys than men, not only tolerated all this, but derided me themselves. Here I obtained a thorough notion of the position of women in Germany, for neither in England nor America would a woman, whether innocent or guilty, have been treated before the eyes of the magistrate and police officers as I was in Gunzenhausen. The magistrate himself remained nearly two hours in the waiting-room, and was not

ashamed to assert, before the investigation, that I was no doubt guilty of a wrong-doing against the lunatic, in whom every one insisted in recognising a near relation of mine.

"What I have done for the poor creature," I said, with indignant pride and tears, "was no crime, no wrong, but a sacrifice; a sacrifice of my rest and health. My conduct is free from all selfishness, and is the result of the purest, most disinterested compassion to this poor, forsaken creature." "A sacrifice!" repeated the magistrate, with a scornful expression and an ironical laugh, "a sacrifice, indeed! We shall see how noble your conduct has been. You must now go to the town; I must give you into the custody of the police."

The trying scene in the waiting-room, the horrible fumes of tobacco, and the strong smell of beer emitted by hundreds of vulgar men pressing about me, had entirely exhausted me, for I was no longer as strong as I used to be; it was too long since I had a really good rest. I asked for a carriage, but the policeman laughed and said, "Tender and delicate though you are, the walk to the town will not kill you."

No, reader, the walk did not kill me; but it seemed to me like a "procession with the cross." It was the bitterest walk of my whole life, and what my spirit then endured is known only to the Omniscient. I drew my poor *protégée* to my side, and left the waiting-room, the police leading the way, and my servant behind me, followed by a few more policemen, some ladies and gentlemen, and the entire rabble of Gunzenhausen. There is much in life far worse to endure than death, and death can never

be so painful to me as was this walk. Had I been a condemned murderess, the people of this town could not have treated me more contemptuously and insultingly than they did now. The police took me to the hospital, where they separated me from my servant, and sent him to prison. I insisted on the innocence of the young Tyrolese, and begged for him to be set at liberty, but in vain. The heart of the sturdy son of the mountains failed him then, and he wept like a child as he was led away. The rough judge ordered that I should also be taken to prison, but the manager of the hospital reminded him that nobody could speak English to the lunatic, so that it was necessary that I should be at hand. At that, the judge pointed out a room, in which a death had most likely just taken place, for it was at that very moment being disinfected with chloride of lime. He ordered me to enter it with a contemptuous sneer, adding a command to a police officer to keep watch at the door. I declined to go into the room, however, telling the magistrate I was no patient, and he had no right to shut me up in such dirty quarters. The pale face of the official grew red with anger, and he said none but an Englishwoman could be so proud and self-willed, and a German would not have given him so much trouble. "Because," I replied, "women in England stand socially higher than women in Germany, and, consequently, they possess more pride and dignity, and are less submissive to the indignity of men."

"Women," observed one of the policemen, "are miserable creatures everywhere, and you are nothing else, if you are three times an Englishwoman;" and the man

proposed taking me into the room by force, at which I turned to the magistrate, and said, "If you shut me up in that filthy den, you will rob yourself of the pleasure of judging and passing sentence on me to-morrow, for I could not live in such a foul atmosphere, as I can smell that it is a death-chamber. Imagination, and the bad smell combined, will kill me." At this point, the doctor of the hospital came up, and, giving me a glance of compassion, he said to the magistrate, "As a doctor I must second this lady in her refusal to go into that room; she seems to be very weak, and I pity her. Her language betrays consciousness of innocence and self-respect, and I read in her eyes that she is guilty of no wrong; their expression is honest and fearless. She is not yet convicted of any crime, and she does not deserve this shameful treatment. Moreover, she is not a patient of this hospital, and I protest against her compulsory confinement in this unsuitable room, which neither you nor I would enter."

The magistrate looked at the doctor with eyes dilated with astonishment, but he somewhat changed his tone, and let me sit down on the stairs, to which I was driven by my weakness and fatigue, and he ordered the policeman to keep watch over me there. Meanwhile, poor Miss Cosserrat had been taken away from me, and shut up in a room, for the manager of the hospital was warned to keep us separate until after the examination, and if the invalid wanted me, I was only to see her in his presence,—no long conversation with her to be held even then.

This was certainly a stupid order, but the magistrate was afraid that I should instruct the poor lunatic as to what she should say when she was examined at my trial.

The unhappy creature kept calling for me, but only in the evening did the manager of the hospital, accompanied by the policeman, take me to see her. I found her lying on a miserable, dirty bed, which smelt strongly of chloride of lime. It went to my heart to see her on such a couch, but, fortunately, she was unconscious where she was, and her organs of smell and taste were destroyed. She had no idea either of the tragic events of the day, and could not understand why I was crying. She asked the manager for a flower. I was her interpreter, and I begged him to gratify her innocent request, at which he opened the window and called to his wife to bring him a few flowers, of which there were plenty in the garden near the hospital. She did so, and he gave them to Miss Cosserat, who stuck them in my hair, and told me not to cry any more.

It was not until quite late at night that the people of the town left the small open space in front of the hospital, and some impudent, inquisitive women had mounted the stairs on which I was sitting, and reassailed me with scornful and abusive language, relating the crime of which I was supposed to be guilty, with all kinds of different variations and details. They spoke the lowest German, applying the most insulting epithets to me, "the criminal Englishwoman," and the policeman on watch, instead of driving them away, took part in their low talk. He was one of those Bavarians who drown money, heart, and intellect in beer, imbibing daily some twenty or more glasses of heavy liquor, and who are nothing more than automatic machines for the constant fermentation of malt and hops. On the evening in question my guard had not had his usual quantity of beer, and he growled and cursed

most vigorously. "I'd rather be sitting by my pint," he said to the women, "than watching over this fine lady; if she were the Queen of Bavaria she couldn't be prouder. If she were a girl now, like my girl, zounds, I'd like it well enough to watch her, and to miss my 'seidel'" (a Bavarian measure for beer). It would fill volumes to relate all that the policeman and the women said in my hearing, in the Bavarian dialect, but finally Dr. W. Redenbacher, the good doctor of the hospital, who had already taken up my cause with the magistrate, appeared on the scene. I complained to him of the infamous language of the policeman and the women, and, turning to the latter, he told them what he thought of them in a contemptuous tone, and drove them down-stairs, and out of the hospital. He then gave the policeman a good lecture, calling him a "rude fellow," &c.

Dr. W. Redenbacher was the only one of the many men with whom I came in contact at Gunzenhausen who behaved to me like a gentleman. Another doctor of the hospital, who went the round of the wards late in the night, was a coarse, rough Bavarian, who treated the "Englishwoman" as I would not treat a German dog. Dr. W. Redenbacher was, in fact, the only human creature in the town who pitied me at all, and believed in my innocence from first to last. I told him the whole history of the lunatic and of my relations with her, adding that I was no Englishwoman, but a German, and not far from my home. He fully trusted my words, and it was this good gentleman alone who sustained my moral courage, and who openly declared himself the friend of the desolate stranger, in spite of the suspicions of the ignorant

crowd, prophesying that I should triumph over them all, and that the magistrate, police, and people of Gunzenhausen would and must be ashamed of the way they had treated an innocent woman.

To my astonishment, the magistrate came at two o'clock in the morning to see after his imprisoned prey. I was still sitting on the steps of the second floor, where the sentinel marched up and down before me, cursing and talking all the time of the loss of his beer and his girl. The magistrate was rather milder now, and told the wife of the manager of the hospital to let me have the use of the sofa in her room. I felt over-tired, and allowed myself to be persuaded to go into the room which was on the first floor. The policeman now stationed himself in the open air, and marched up and down the courtyard. I had cried so much that my eyes were swollen, and, as nobody had thought that an imprisoned English-woman could want anything, I had had nothing to eat for supper, and felt very faint. The woman made up a provisionary bed for me, I took off my dress and boots, wrapped myself up in a long shawl, lay down, and was at once half lost in an apparently endless feather bed. It was thrice as wide as the narrow old sofa, and I soon rolled over the edge of the latter, and tumbled on to the floor, feathers and all. The woman then put a long table against the sofa, and rearranged my couch; she was evidently very proud of her huge soft Bavarian feather bed, and, late as it was, she extolled down, feathers, every item of it in short, and told me what the whole feather bed had cost her. Meanwhile, I laid myself down again, and after a good deal more of weeping, fell asleep towards

five o'clock in the morning. At half-past six a noise at the door woke me up. I opened my eyes, and before me stood the pale-faced magistrate, followed by several gentlemen and a lady. The fact of his walking in at this early hour of the morning without knocking, without so much as an apology for his intrusion, and without retiring whilst I got up and dressed, is a proof sufficient of the delicacy and respect with which he treated me throughout. He might as well have let me know when he was coming, and then I could have got myself ready to receive him. But no, this Bavarian magistrate had never learnt how to treat a woman properly, and the son of malt and hops revelled in the thought of the joy and glory of being able to condemn the guilty Englishwoman, and his approaching triumph drove him thus early into the presence of the imprisoned foreigner.

The whole of the uncivilised party remained and looked on whilst I got out of the vast feather bed in which I lay half hidden. I then arranged my shawl and gathered up my ruffled hair. I was ashamed to look them in the face, but they had no shame in looking at me, and one of them told me not to feel embarrassed, for he liked to see young ladies in *négligé*. To all *mal à propos* remarks, however, I made no reply whatever, but assumed as bitter and scornful an expression as I possibly could.

"You are very proud, madam," observed the magistrate presently, "and I don't think you have much reason to be; but that the investigation will show."

"And you, sir," I replied, offended, "are neither proud nor wise. If you were proud you would show more politeness and refinement of feeling to a lady, and you

would have knocked, as it was proper to do, before you entered my room ; and if you were wise you would not, as a magistrate, pronounce any judgment before you have evidence and proof of my guilt." The companions of the magistrate, who were all his dependents, eating his bread, reddened with surprise and wonder at my bold speech, and looked inquiringly at their lord and master, expecting him to take some revenge, but he merely said, " We know the pride of English people, but your pride is now before Bavarian law, and we shall see if it has to bend."

The party now seated themselves at the long table, whilst I, without boots, and with dishevelled hair, was seated behind the table on the huge feather bed on the sofa, holding my shawl together with my hand, as I had lost the pin. The investigation began, and the lady who accompanied the magistrate took an oath to translate my papers faithfully and conscientiously. She was a teacher of the English language, and read and wrote it tolerably well, but spoke it very imperfectly ; as a friend in need, however, she would pass muster, and she was the only person in the town who could perform the service of interpreter for the judge in his embarrassment.

To begin with, the magistrate read the evidence of the poor lunatic, which had been taken at half-past five in the morning. To my great surprise, the unfortunate creature had spoken of me in the highest terms, and the lady translator said that no question could elicit any other answer from her than that I was a dear kind lady, who had always treated her like a sister, and that she loved me better than any one else in the wide world,

adding that Miss Weppner was the best German lady she had ever met, and that she could never forget her love.

The lady interpreter was very scrupulous and conscientious, and she considered and weighed every word. The examination began at seven o'clock in the morning, and it lasted till one o'clock P. M. On the table lay all the telegrams and letters from Mr. Cosserat of Blankipore, Patna, the Ladies Superior Salesia Reimer of Patna, and Angela Hoffmann of Allahabad, together with the letter from the German consul at Bombay, announcing to me the arrival of the lunatic in his office; that from the Bishop of Bombay to the German consul about the pills, &c., that from the Superintendent of the Pacific and Oriental Company, and all the various documents from the English consuls, &c. I repeated the entire history of the lunatic from Bombay to Gunzenhausen, and my story filled seven long sheets of law paper. Meantime, I felt very weak, for I had had nothing to eat since twelve o'clock on the previous day; and as my feet had become very cold, I requested the permission of the magistrate to put on my slippers. Before doing so, however, I looked round for the pin which I had lost in the feather bed, so that I might fasten my shawl and relieve my hands from holding it together. But I could not find the pin, and one of the gentlemen, perceiving my embarrassment, looked at the inside of his coat, where he found what I wanted, and handed me a pin, and I nodded my thanks. In consequence of what I said in my depositions, a telegram was sent to his Excellency the Chief Inspector of the Royal Police force at Munich; whereupon Dr. Haug, Sir H. F. Howard (the English ambassador), and

the Right Reverend Lady Superior of the convent of the Angelic Sisters at Nymphenburg were requested to give their evidence. Terrible was the consternation within the sacred walls of the royal institution at the news of our arrest. The veil thrown so cautiously over the mysterious history of a Protestant lunatic, by the hurried dismissal of the poor creature from the convent at Nymphenburg, was torn aside, and the monastic drama was revealed before the eyes of the authorities and of the public. Fortunately for the nuns of the convents in India and at Nymphenburg, however, the drama of an unfortunate Protestant victim came into the hands and under the discussion of a Roman Catholic police court, which examined the Right Reverend Lady Superior of the royal institution with all privacy. Some days later, I was surprised by a letter of Professor Dr. Haug informing me of the invitation he had received from the chief police court to appear as witness respecting Miss Weppner and Miss Cosserat, a lunatic under her care, and that there he first learnt of my departure from Munich, and my arrest. Dr. H. produced the letter I had written to him from Alexandria, which was entirely in my favour, and gave as further evidence, the particulars of my call at his residence in Munich on the second of July. On the day in question telegrams were sent out from Gunzenhausen in all directions; the magistrate would not believe I was a German, and called my birthplace a clever invention. He telegraphed to the Mayor of K. on the Rhine asking whether my statement respecting my birth and my home was correct. This telegram caused the greatest excitement amongst the whole population of K.,

and every one was asking what could be at the bottom of it. My poor mother was frightened to death at first, and wept and prayed day and night. To my intense regret, I did not know at the time that the magistrate had telegraphed to my home; otherwise I should at once have let my mother know the meaning of it by the same means, and have assured her that her child had been guilty of no wrong-doing. But my dear mother did not doubt my innocence for a moment. "My child has done no wrong," she said, and if she has met with difficulties, it must have been her good nature that caused them." The reply telegraphed from my home was to the effect that I had spoken the truth, and at half-past one the magistrate and his companions left me; but, before doing so, the harsh, pale-faced judge held his hand out to me and said, "Madam, you have indeed made a sacrifice, a great sacrifice, and one of which I could not have believed a woman of your training capable. Your disinterested conduct, which is now clearly proved, puts me to shame; and I beg your pardon for all the untimely and insulting expressions which I permitted myself to apply to you before the investigation. I honour and admire you, and I am truly grieved that you have suffered so much here." The magistrate was still speaking when there was a knock at the door, and in came my only friend Dr. Redenbacher, who had already heard from the magistrate's secretary that my innocence was established, and had hurried to congratulate me on my triumph and express his delight at my being set at liberty. "Such honest eyes," he said again to the magistrate, "could not deceive, and I am glad that I defended this estimable lady against the rudeness and

ridicule of our ill-bred populace." I thanked the doctor heartily for his chivalrous sympathy, and he took his leave with the magistrate. Then I flew upstairs to my poor *protégée's* room and kissed her. She told me about the visit of three gentlemen and one lady, and said that that lady had asked her the same question ten times, which she said she could not understand, and she added, "Well, I tell you, Miss Weppner, they have acted like fools; but I told them who you were, and that I thought more of you and loved you more than any one on earth. They seemed not to understand me, and I had to tell the fools again and again how kind you were." I took the poor child down into the garden, and on our way she suddenly stood still and said, "Miss Weppner, have those donkeys come? I should like to have a ride." I told her "No." She now looked highly offended; and, thinking that she was still in Cairo, Egypt, she rejoined, "It is most unpardonable of the English consul not to send them, for I wanted to see the Pyramids very much."

At four o'clock in the afternoon my poor servant was let out of prison, and he told me with loud sobs about the dirty dungeon and the stupid examination to which he had been subjected. The whole affair arose from the suspicion of the magistrate and the police that I was a near relation of the lunatic, and was endeavouring to obtain her property by illegal means, which they said was so often the case in England.

My indignation at the shameful arrest and subsequent ill-treatment had not entirely subsided on the declaration of my innocence, and I wept again and again. In the evening the secretary of the court came and wrote me a

passport, taking down a description of my person. I had taken a fancy to only one person in Gunzenhausen, and that was my friend in need, Dr. Redenbacher; but I had little patience with the rest, and no esteem for any of them, so that when the secretary asked me if my eyes were light or dark blue, I looked him full in the face, and replied proudly, "Please, sir, see for yourself what colour they are; for this morning you have expressed your doubts as to the veracity of my statements."

The young man turned pale, and he evidently felt so ashamed that he could not look up to see what the colour of my eyes really was. I saw that his hand trembled, and as he left the room he bowed most respectfully, and, with a flushed face, he begged my pardon and wished me a happy journey to Belgium.

The excitement, the crowding together, and the silly gossiping amongst the men and women in front of the hospital, did not cease until the trio of imprisoned strangers were set at liberty and declared innocent.

On the third day we left the inhuman town where a rough police for the first time in my life had laid their irreverent hands upon me. Many who had mocked at me two days before were now anxious to be friendly and speak to me, but I showed such a face to all my unjust accusers that no one ventured to address me a second time. My tickets for Würzburg were no longer available. I lost the money I had paid for them, but the railway company won it. The manager of the hospital also gave me an account for my compulsory stay in his establishment, and all the cost of this illegal arrest fell upon me. But, thank Heaven, I left the vulgar crowds of men and

women in Gunzenhausen proudly and triumphantly; Dr. Redenbacher being the only one to whom I offered my hand before the train dashed away with us. We soon passed the spot where the express train had been wrecked a few days before; the engine and carriages were still lying upside down at the foot of a slight elevation by the line and presented a sad and awfully suggestive spectacle. The passengers spoke of the dead and wounded, saying that many of the latter were taken to the hospital at Gunzenhausen, and one I knew had been carried into the very room into which the surly magistrate had endeavoured to force me.

My pride had been so deeply wounded by my humiliating experiences since I left Munich, that I could not so easily or so quickly recover my composure as I had done after previous public scenes with my poor *protégée*. The painful walk from the railway station to the hospital of Gunzenhausen, and the accusations and mockery of the whole population, were constantly before me; and how cruel a humiliation it had been that the magistrate, police, and people, had all treated me as a criminal.

But do not suppose, reader, that this persecution of me originated in any feelings of humanity or pity for the poor lunatic. Our arrest was dictated by nothing less than intense petty curiosity. It was the mad act of an excited people revelling in the intoxication of the victory over vanquished France. No one had the heart, the self-control, or the generosity to pity an unfortunate foreigner; and Miss Cosserat, the poor lunatic, had never been so badly treated as when she was under the care of the magistrate and police of Gunzenhausen. The food and

lodging given to her in the hospital would have been suitable for an animal, but not for a poor enfeebled human creature. The arrest of three innocent travellers was a fête, a welcome episode to the entire population of the town of G., for at the time no one was at work, and more than half the inhabitants were tipsy with beer; the waiting-room, the police, the men, women, and children, all alike reeked of beer, and the breath of every one with whom I came in contact bore witness to gluttony and surfeit. Everywhere there were rejoicings over the bloody victory; everywhere I met brutal, drunken officers and soldiers wildly singing of the triumph of the Fatherland and the fall of France, cursing the French, swearing to have more revenge, more blood. With diabolical joy these drunken fellows related the disgraceful crimes they had committed on the blood-stained soil of humiliated France. Drunken fathers and vulgar mothers joined in the profane songs of their sons; innocent children shared in the sanguinary delight of their brothers who had just returned home from the field of slaughter. "The next time, the next time," I heard many drunken victors say, "when we have these cursed Frenchmen in our clutches!"

But on what, I would ask, rests Germany's greatness and its boasted glory? Does not the crown of victory on the brow of its master drip with blood? meseems I see it dripping now. And if it were the costliest crown, does it ennoble its wearer? If I walk over a flowery path, and there find a wreath ready made, is it not easy to adorn myself with it, no matter who has woven the wreath or who has gathered the leaves and the flowers? But, sad to reflect, that laurels steeped in blood are a never-failing curse;

they are a poison which never fails to work. Lilies and roses beget lilies and roses, blood begets blood. I cannot believe in the permanency of any greatness bought with the price of the innocent, and it is not conquest which makes a nation truly great. Germany has always held an exalted position in bygone days; it was great in scholars and philosophers, great in science, art, and in knowledge of God. Now unbelief is spreading, and New Germany, with its conquered soil, and with a murderous army larger than ever, has added nothing to its only true and lasting greatness. What is political unity without virtue, without generosity? Many kings have been greater, wiser, and more generous, and more beloved, than some emperors ever were or ever will be. What is the honour of a name given in the intoxicated haste of a bloody jubilee? what is the sacredness of baptism, while the temples and the fields were strewn with the corpses of the slain, and while heaven and the angels wept?

From Gunzenhausen we went on to Aschaffenburg, where we had to wait half an hour and change carriages. The excitement at this place was indescribable, for nearly all the trains arriving or starting contained German officers and soldiers with French prisoners. The people were positively wild, and the greater part of the population assembled at the station. The officers walked along the carriages of the prisoners with an air of arrogance, and some were insolent and rough; the common soldiers were not much better, and the young ladies of Aschaffenburg behaved for all the world like silly, vulgar women. Everybody drank beer except the French prisoners, who silent and sad looked out of their carriages, the objects of

the ridicule of many ill-bred officers and soldiers; and of the tipsy populace. It pained me to see these poor prisoners, who seemed to have lost all their national liveliness and gaiety, for they all sat, mute and dejected, in their prison cars; and it comforted me to think that they could not understand the unfeeling and sneering epithets addressed to them in the low Bavarian dialect. Miss Cosserat was obdurately self-willed on this journey, and I could not get her to go from the carriage to the waiting-room. She remained on the platform, where the presence of several officials was necessary to keep the drunken people away from me and my poor *protégée*. The "fast" young women of the town were the most insolent and inquisitive of our persecutors, and things went so far that the officials had to drive them away from the poor lunatic with uplifted sticks. In fact, one of our protectors told me that the young women of Aschaffenburg excelled all others for a hundred miles round in vulgarity, impudence, and coquetry; and, added my informant, the noble young ladies of the neighbourhood are not more refined than their plebeian sisters. Some women, in gaudy attire, actually stood still in front of my charge, and, giggling away in the most insolent manner, asked her to come and have some beer.

"Bavaria," I said to an officer of the line, "celebrates the German victory in a very unworthy and slovenly manner." "Yes," rejoined the official; "Bavaria never drank so much beer as it does now, and has done since the beginning of the war. Bavaria," he added, "is wild and intoxicated just now."

But I witnessed much the same thing in Prussia as I

did in Bavaria, and the populace I met at the stations were alike everywhere — arrogant and insolent, and many were tipsy, but of the tipsy kind the worse were officers and soldiers returning home. At ten o'clock we reached Mayence and I hurried to the telegraph office to send a message to my dear parents, telling them that I should pass my home on the left bank of the Rhine between twelve and one the same night, and that I hoped to embrace them in a few days. I wished them good night and sent a kiss.

Miss C. was now very faint, for she had tasted nothing the whole day, so I bought a bottle of the best Rudesheimer wine, of which she did me the favour to drink a glass and to eat a cake with it. After this invigorating beverage she fell asleep, and did not wake for several hours.

We had now passed Bingen, and presently the train passed the Loreley, on the other side of the Rhine. I was now but an hour's journey from my home, and it would be impossible to describe to any one what I felt to see my home across the stream, and not to be able to see those whom I love there. My poor *protégée* and Johann were both asleep. The moon shone clear, and lit up my beautiful Rhine with a soft and tender glow. How solemn and how sad I felt, as if approaching sacred ground! I opened the window and knelt down. Now, now I saw my home, my sweet, beloved home; I was kneeling opposite to the house where I was born, and in which my dear mother was sleeping. I heard the bell of our church striking out twelve o'clock, and now I was opposite the cemetery in which rests my grandfather. He

had loved and fondled me as long as he lived, and had taught me to pray, and often told me I should see him again in heaven. Close to him are sleeping my four dear brothers; they were too lovely to be with us, and the angels came and carried them off to their everlasting home, where we shall meet again. At a bend of the river I looked back once more, and my self-control failed me; I broke down and sobbed "Mother, mother!" with my hands stretched out towards the Rhine, my home, and the cemetery which I was leaving behind. By this time the steaming horses had carried me far away, and I saw no more of my home. I went near my slumbering charge and kissed her, weeping. "It is for you, poor motherless child," I said, "that I have to delay the joy of seeing my own dear mother." Oh, I truly loved the forsaken, helpless stranger; for out of pity alone I would not have done and endured what I did; and now, to quench the sadness of my heart, I kissed her again and again, and wept for a long time. I now knew every town and village that we passed in the light of the moon. I knew the streams, the mountains, the hills, and knew every bend of my dear Rhine. How sadly romantic! I was returning from my journey round the world in the dead of the night, and must thus pass my home. What a painful trial! But Providence would have it so, and pity and love demanded that I should nurse and protect a poor fellow-creature. I must have patience, and my longing heart must bear to wait.

We passed Coblenz and Bonn, and at seven o'clock in the morning we reached Cologne. A chief characteristic of civilised countries is the charming notice, "Beware of

pickpockets!" which I saw placarded all about Cologne as elsewhere in Europe, but which I never met with in heathen lands, where such a disgraceful warning is unneeded. One of the nuisances of Germany is the number of officials in bright buttons; and when I and my servant were going into a first-class waiting-room at Cologne with the poor lunatic, a porter in bright buttons said that Johann must not go in. I replied that I could not spare my servant, and that he had a perfect right to accompany me, as he was travelling first-class. At that the surly fellow in bright buttons said he had no such right, and called a policeman, to whom I showed my servant's ticket. The policeman, however, said he was not well enough dressed to be admitted into a first-class waiting-room, to which I rejoined that he was as cleanly dressed as any one of them. An Englishman in the room, noticing my embarrassment at the door, now came forward and inquired what the men wanted. I told him that the porter and policeman refused to allow my servant to go in, and he said in fluent German, "They are impudent fellows; one is molested everywhere by common lackeys in bright buttons, who take pleasure in annoying and classifying strangers according to their stupid notions." The kind-hearted Englishman then gave the feeble invalid his arm, and made a sign to my servant to follow him. He took us to a table, from which as usual, I removed the matches, and I ordered breakfast. Miss Cosserat had taken nothing throughout the long journey from Munich but one glass of wine and a cake, and she grew weaker and weaker, so much so that I was afraid she would die. I begged her earnestly to eat something, offering her everything I could think of and

putting it to her lips, but she dashed it all away and tasted nothing but sugar. Her feeble condition rendered me extremely anxious; but the Englishman to whom I explained who the poor thing was, and whither I was bound, tried to encourage me, and with his assistance we got her into a private coupé.

Between Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle, however, Miss Cosserat was taken very ill. She was sick, and after her sickness she lay looking like death. I tried to open her mouth, and I succeeded in getting her to swallow a few spoonfuls of broth which I sent for at a station. This revived her a little, and later she took a glass of port wine with an egg beaten up in it. Our *coupé* was in such a dreadful state that I begged the guard to let us have another, which he did at Aix-la-Chapelle, and I rewarded his kindness with a good fee. I here remark with pleasure that as soon as we were out of Bavaria I was treated with more politeness and consideration.

CHAPTER IX.

WE soon crossed the borders of Prussia, entering Belgium, and at four o'clock in the afternoon the train stopped at Cortenbergh. We carried the invalid to a carriage and drove to the convent, which was at some distance from the station. Even before we got there I could hear the unnatural screaming of the poor lunatics, some of whom were in the garden. And now the carriage drew up in front of the building, the coachman rang the bell, and when the door was opened I led my poor *protégée* into the dreary place, which, to my intense sorrow, was the only home in a foreign land that I had found for her.

The unhappy lunatic, as I noticed here, again had a most peculiar reverence for Roman Catholic pictures — a reverence, however, which had more of fear about it than devotion. In the parlour of the convent of Cortenbergh hung a picture of the “Madonna with the Holy Child,” at the sight of which Miss Cosserat ran away in terror; but presently going back to it in evident fear and trembling, she said, “I must worship this picture; the wicked nuns in Patna insist upon it;” and, kneeling down with out-

stretched arms and uplifted hands, she began to pray. In this position she was surprised by the Lady Superior of the convent, who greeted us very coldly, and in a thorough business-like way demanded the doctor's certificate. She made a great many difficulties about receiving the lunatic; but when I gave her a sealed letter from Madame Delphine, the Lady Superior of Calcutta, then at Nymphenburg, which probably informed her that Miss Cosserat's father was rich, she changed her tone and said, "Yes, I will take the poor child. Madame Delphine, the Lady Superior from the Loretto convent of Calcutta, has already brought six young ladies to our convent, and knows us well. She seems to be well acquainted with the lunatic's father, and she assures me that he can and will pay, but until I know *what* he will pay I must treat his daughter as a third-class patient."

Alas, how it pained me when the nuns took my poor *protégée* up to the loft of the convent, which served as the ward for third-class patients, and was, of course, the most inferior in the house. Miss Cosserat was too weak to make any resistance, but complained of a fire in her brain and appeared to be suffering terribly. She had no idea how far she had come, and the long journey from the East Indies to Belgium was to her but a dark dream. When in her dreary room in the Cortenbergh convent, she said to me, "Miss Weppner, only once on my journey was the world light when there was no night;" and a lunatic entering the room as she spoke, Miss Cosserat sat down and told her about the fire on the Adriatic Sea in the following words:—

"Once we were on an endless ocean; the world was

dark ; Miss Weppner was lying in bed and sleeping sweetly and peacefully. I got up very softly and lit a fire ; I wanted Miss Weppner to die and be an angel, for she had been so lovely all along. The fire was beautiful, the world was light, but Miss Weppner woke and screamed for help ; she did not become an angel, for the world got dark again and has been dark ever since, and nobody lets me light up this dark world."

I told the Lady Superior of the lunatic's strong fancy for fire, and how dangerous matches were with her. Meanwhile, although I had not yet been a quarter of an hour in the convent, the kind ecclesiastical lady had already thought of my departure, and told me that a train for Cologne would soon arrive at Cortenbergh.

I replied, however, that I pitied and loved the poor creature I had brought with me too much to leave her so quickly, and I begged her to let me have a room until the next morning, for which I offered to pay, that I might see how my unhappy *protégée* took to her new home. There is no hotel in Cortenbergh, so I had no choice but to remain in the convent. The Lady Superior acceded to my request, and, although unwillingly, gave me a room. My servant had been in the garden all this time helping the gardener, who allowed him to share his room for the night.

The Lady Superior, Madame Gabrielle, wrote the very same evening to Mr. Cosserat in India, and asked him what terms he proposed paying for his daughter ; adding that the charge for first-class board and extras amounted to about two hundred pounds, i. e., five thousand francs per annum.

I could find out nothing about the six young English

ladies who had come from the Roman Catholic convent in Calcutta to Cortenbergh, for every inquiry I made about them was politely and skilfully turned aside by the Lady Superior. I was so tired and sleepy that I could not eat anything. My hostess gave me a room on the first floor; I went to bed at eight o'clock in the evening, and slept till six the next morning. This was the first quiet and unbroken sleep I had had since my journey to Palestine. Miss Cosserat had asked for me in the night and was very restless, and at half-past six a nun brought her into my room. The poor creature asked me why I had deserted her, and I told her that I was longing for my mother and must see her, but that I would come back and give her a beautiful present. At that the unfortunate invalid seized both my hands, looked long and fixedly into my face, sighed deeply, and said, "Is the world light where your mother lives?" "Yes, darling," I replied; "it is light there in the day-time, but dark in the night, as it is everywhere." "Oh, Miss Weppner!" she exclaimed, "I have been very naughty, but I love you immensely, please come back; forgive me, and bring me a little of the light which shines in the world of your home."

She then begged me to take a letter with me for her sister, and asked for pen, ink, and paper. The following was the letter:

"MY BELOVED SISTER DELPHY,—

"Will you kindly send me the clothes necessary for me? I am very glad, and very unhappy to-day. I have been naughty; Miss Weppner is going, and I cannot forgive myself for it. This piece of poetry is for you:—

'Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
 Whom we who have not seen Thy face
 By faith and faith alone embrace,
 Believing where we cannot prove.
 Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;
 Thou madest life in man and brute.
 * * * * *
 Thou wilt not leave us in the dust.
 * * * * *
 Thou seemest human and divine,
 The highest, holiest manhood Thou :
 * * * * *
 Our wills are ours to make them Thine:
 Our little systems have their day ;
 They have their day and cease to be,
 They are but broken lights of Thee.
 * * * * *
 We have but faith : we cannot know,
 For knowledge is of things we see,
 And yet we trust it comes from Thee
 A beam in darkness : let it grow.
 * * * * *
 That mind and soul according well
 May make one music as before,
 But vaster — we are fools and slight,
 We mock Thee when we do not fear,
 But help Thy foolish ones to bear,
 Help Thy vain worlds to bear Thy light.
 Forgive what seemed my sin in me —
 What seemed my worth since I began.
 * * * * *
 Forgive my grief for one removed.
 Thy creature whom I found so fair.' "

Miss Cosserat gave me the letter, and I asked her to write the address, as I did not know where her sister lived. But she said she had forgotten the address, and I should find her somewhere in the dark world, perhaps in Scarborough. " You had better take some matches along with

you, Miss Weppner," she added, with a painful look; "it would help you very much to find your way through."

When I kissed my poor *protégée*, and wished her good-bye, she hid her eyes, squeezed my hand convulsively, and would not let me go. I tore myself from her, and she followed me, her great blue eyes glistening with tears, although she could not weep. She held out her hand to me again, and turning her head aside, burst into an awful laugh, and the nuns took her away from me. I felt extremely sad when I left this poor orphan child — my unhappy *protégée*, whom, in spite of all I had suffered for her, I had learnt to love so much. Long did I hear her wild, despairing laugh, and it grieved my heart.

Weeping bitterly as I passed through the long passage, in which nothing was to be heard but the cries and groans of unhappy young women, I reached the door of this truly melancholy institution, where I found the coachman of the convent and my servant waiting for me. We drove to the railway, and I had time to find out from the station-master what the convent of Cortenbergh really was, and whether in fact it was a medical establishment for insane young ladies.

"It is not a medical establishment," he replied; "it is an expensive convent, and the Lady Superior only receives wealthy lunatics. There are over one hundred patients in the institution, nearly all young ladies, who are under the care and supervision of the Lady Superior, the nuns, and one doctor who lives in the convent. I have seen many lunatics taken here, but it is rare indeed for a patient to recover and to be taken away. The convent is only open to those who pay well, and I dare say they

must have made a large fortune with the lucrative business they carry on in there."

"I am afraid," I said, "that I have brought my poor *protégée* to her grave;" and I looked for the last time at the dreary building in the distance. It pained me to the very depths of my soul that I had failed to get help and protection for the unhappy creature from the English ambassador in Munich; for a much smaller sum than that demanded by the Lady Superior of the convent of Cortenbergh, she could have found refuge in one of the best medical establishments of Germany. I suffered very much in parting from my poor deserted friend, and felt as if I were leaving a sister behind; but I commended her to the protection of Heaven, praying God to give me the means and opportunity to rescue her from her living tomb and give her back to society and the delights of our beautiful world.

On account of the misfortunes already related, the money the Lady Superior of Nymphenburg had given to me was not enough to pay the expenses of the journey, so that in Belgium I had to break into my beloved Californian treasure, which I had locked up in China in case of need on the advice of a dear friend, and had kept intact throughout my entire journey.

And now, set free from the arduous task which I had fulfilled for the poor creature I had brought so far, my long-tried nerves gave way, and my physical strength failed me. We left Cortenbergh, and on the journey back to Cologne I became very feverish. My suffering appearance aroused the pity of my fellow-travellers, amongst whom there was a very highly cultivated German

gentleman, a professor from B., to whom my good Tyrolese servant gave an account of my difficult journey from India, and the affair with the police in Gunzenhausen, Bavaria. The courteous scholar showed me the warmest sympathy, and when we reached Cologne he took me to the Hotel Ernst, and sent for a doctor, who was a friend of his. That gentleman gave me some medicine and ordered rest. I remained in Cologne two days, and when I left it I was worse than when I arrived. The doctor advised me not to start yet, but I told him I must go, for my longing to see my parents and sisters drove me away. Meanwhile, the good Tyrolese had seen the wonderful cathedral of Cologne, the beautiful bridges over the Rhine, and all the sights of the city. He was quite happy again, and spoke a little less bitterly of the police and the dirty prison of Gunzenhausen. I took the faithful son of the Alps to my home with me, where he also spent a few pleasant days, and seemed thoroughly to relish our Rhine wine.

And my delight when I saw my father and mother and my sisters, can I describe it? No. And my good mother, how happy she was! how she kissed me! and, presenting me with a little gold chain, she wept for joy, and thanked Heaven for preserving me to her. My sisters, too, and my dear and only brother, now a fine young man, were full of happiness, and gave me all kinds of pet names, calling me a rare and daring child and sister.

As I had left all my property, as well as the luggage of poor Miss C. behind me, and had still to settle accounts with the Lady Superior at Nymphenburg, and to pay my

servant, it was absolutely necessary for me to return there. My strength was somewhat restored, and my nerves were calmed by the pleasure of seeing my beloved relations again, and my mother and sisters accompanied me as far as Wiesbaden, where we parted, and I left for Munich with my servant Johann. The train passed Gunzenhausen, of bitter recollections, and, as we proceeded farther on, the good effects of my joyful arrival home wore off, and when I reached Munich I was so exhausted and ill that I could neither stand nor walk. I know not to this day how I got to a hotel, where I was carried upstairs to a room. Although the weather was very hot, I felt frozen; I shivered, and my hands and feet were as cold as ice. All my strength was gone, and I wept without knowing why. A doctor came to see me, and when he ascertained my condition, he said my nervous system was shattered, and he gave me some strengthening medicine. My servant Johann went to the convent at Nymphenburg, and gave the Lady Superior the account of our travelling expenses on the journey to and from Cortenberg. To my surprise, the Lady Superior was good enough to send Dr. Wurm, the "royal doctor" of the convent at Nymphenburg, to see me. He was an *Oberstabsarzt* in the service of the king, an elderly and dignified man with silvery hair, who soon won my entire confidence, and to whom I looked up as a sage, he being so venerable and of rare intelligence and refinement. His verdict was the same as that of the other doctor, and he said, "Miss W., your nerves are shattered." *Bankerott* he called it. "You require the best nursing, and you ought not to stay in this hotel. I will take you to Nym-

phenburg, the Lady Superior wishes me to do so. I am the doctor of the institution, which is royal, and under the protection of the king and the government."

"No, doctor," I replied, "I cannot go to the convent at Nymphenburg; I met with no truth, no sympathy there. I am no friend of convents and nuns, and their hypocritical behaviour is quite adverse to my nature."

"Miss W.," rejoined the old man, "I know all that you went through on your arrival in the convent and before and since, but you have done more for the institution at Nymphenburg than the Lady Superior can ever repay. She feels that she is deeply indebted to you; you are too ill to hazard the return journey to your home now, and I advise you, as a doctor and as a friend, to accept the Lady Superior's invitation. I am a grey-haired man, and know what convents are; and I must say, that the history of the lunatic for whom you have done and suffered so much, and sacrificed your health and strength, is a mystery I cannot fathom. In any case, however, my motives in advising you to go to the convent at Nymphenburg are honourable; you will be under my protection there, and they will have to treat you as I wish."

Meanwhile, my nervous prostration increased, and a strange melancholy came over me, which I could not conquer. I wept day and night, and when I asked myself why, I could not answer. It seemed to me that *seven suns* would not suffice to warm me. My lips were blue, my teeth chattered with cold, and the tips of my fingers were always stiff and frozen. The image of the unhappy lunatic haunted me perpetually; the poor creature appeared to me in the most awful visions, and often when I

wanted to sleep terrible dreams came over me, in which I saw the despairing, pleading figure of my poor *protégée* approach my bedside, lamenting about the darkness of the world, and asking me for light and help. The doctor was of opinion that my mind and body had alike suffered too much from the strain of the constant presence of the lunatic during so many weeks, and that this long-continued strain was the cause of my extreme exhaustion and melancholy.

After lying for two days and nights in the hotel, I was taken to the convent of Nymphenburg, for I was too weak and sad to resist the good doctor's advice any longer; and on that day the thought had flashed through my mind that perhaps I should get at the clue of the mystery concerning my poor *protégée*, and I said I would go. Dr. Wurm had done all in his power to secure comfort and quiet for me, and all the nuns who went in and out of my room had orders to put no questions to me relating to the lunatic or to the sad incidents of my journey.

My nervous prostration was worse by night than by day; I had often violent fits of trembling, the result of that awful night on the Adriatic Sea. I spent many hours in the lonely nights in weeping, not knowing any cause for it; and the dose of morphine I took of an evening soon lost its effect, so that I rarely got a good sleep. I became the very image of gloom and melancholy, and for such mental dejection as mine there are no drops or pills. My good doctor came to see me daily, and he treated me with the kindness of a father, administering no medicine but his own interesting conversation and cheerfulness. He tried to distract my mind, and to turn my attention

to the pleasant reminiscences of my journey. He led his patient from her melancholy thoughts to the mighty cataracts of Niagara in America, to the fascinating tropics and the glorious Himalayas. He soon found out that I was a most enthusiastic lover of nature, and he comforted me with the assurance that nature and my own spirit would soon cure me. When I shed tears before him, he reminded me of the courageous enterprise I had brought to a successful termination, called me an heroic daughter of Father Rhine, and asked me what I could have to weep about.

The Lady Superior seldom came into my room, but when she did she was most friendly. She had given me the money to pay the wages of the good Tyrolese, and his travelling expenses both to Belgium and back to Matrei, with the greatest readiness, and I had the very best reasons for believing that she was in possession of the sum of money which Mr. Cosserat had informed me by telegram had been sent to her. She also sent a very amiable nun to keep me company, whom I had known in Frankfort when she was in the convent of the late Lady Superior Amalia von Engel, who had received me so kindly after I left Augsburg, and of whose death, as the reader will remember, I learnt at Allahabad in India.

Once more I was within the walls of an institution of the same order as that in which I had been five years before, and a nun whom I had known five years before in Frankfort was now my daily companion. She knew Chaplain M., of the Cathedral at Frankfort, and formerly in my native town, who appeared as my friend in the first chapter; from him she knew the struggles of my early life,

and the motives which led me further and further into the wide and distant world.

This nun was very lovable, and I got at her heart, I got at her confidence, both of which were, however, closely hidden beneath her veil. Yes, I gained them, although I spoke as a woman who hated nothing more heartily than convents. The nun took care of my pigeons and my parrot, and learnt to love the innocent little things, caressing the pigeon, and kissing its snow-white plumage. I told her that it was a good thing to love something else besides God, and that the pigeons and parrot were His creatures, and worthy of His love. I wanted, however, to teach her something more than that, so I told her that there were nobler creatures to love and care for in the world than pigeons and parrots, and that it was God's will and command that we should love our neighbours next to Him and as ourselves. I drove the good nun into a very narrow corner, and she was obliged to own that there are no neighbours in a convent, as Christ understood them, and that love in convents was very exclusive and egotistical, not at all the universal love of humanity, beneficial to the world, such as is required by God and Christ, and by the maxims and the laws and the progress of society. The nun tried to confute me by saying that she was one of the elect of God, and that I could have no notion of the "grace" of being a nun. I replied that, happily for me, I had escaped any notion of this peculiar grace, which I thought came not from God, as, to my mind, convents were a dead lopped-off branch of that humanity which belongs to Him, and which monks and nuns, quite contrary to His will and intention, had dared to split up to please them-

selves, and certainly not to please their Maker, but to defy Him.

The fact that I had refused to take the veil, and to become a nun of the "angelic sisterhood" of which my opponent was a member, placed me on perfectly solid ground to argue my case; and as I had had so many experiences in convents, and constantly remembered the mysterious fate of my poor Protestant *protégée*, I spoke mostly from conviction and with great fervour. My friend said I was eloquent and skilful on the point in question, and that every monk and nun would lose their case with Miss Weppner. We had many debates, after all of which my friend left my room defeated, and I never yielded on the point of the superiority of convents to human society, in spite of my friend being elected by the grace of God. and I, as she liked to tell me again and again, not being elected. But for all our disputes, and the variations of our opinions, the nun seemed to love me more and more, and she even went so far as to say that she believed me perfectly honest in all I said, and that such frankness she thought was a rare and enviable quality.

In one of our confidential talks I turned the conversation to the poor lunatic Miss Cosserrat, and to my great surprise the nun told me that they had known more about her in the convent at Nymphenburg than her approaching arrival; they had, in fact, known a good deal more of her, and also of her mania for fire, and were aware that she had several times set fire to her father's house and the convent at Patna, and more than once with fearful consequences.

"How wicked!" I exclaimed indignantly, "of the

father and the Lady Superior at Patna and Allahabad to conceal such a terrible truth from me ! If I had known it, it would have been a sin against others and myself to bring the poor creature across the sea without the most effective assistance and surveillance. What unpardonable, what criminal indifference these heartless people have shown to the safety of the unhappy maniac herself, of me, and everybody concerned ! ”

I wanted to learn the secret of the sad history of the lunatic from my confidential friend, but she said she did not know it ; everything was a mystery to her ; she could not understand the father or the Lady Superior in India, nor did she know anything of the mother of my *protégée*.

Professor Haug, of Munich, sent a friendly and cheering letter to me in the convent at Nymphenburg, in which he told me of his examination by the State police, and alluded in flattering terms to my conduct to my poor charge. I hoped that the investigation of the mysterious affair would have been proceeded with, and that the secret in India would have been found out, but unfortunately the inquiry in the interest of the young Protestant lunatic did not go further than from Gunzenhausen to the Roman Catholic police of Munich. The position and statements of the Right Reverend Lady Superior of the royal monastic institution in Nymphenburg, the position of the ecclesiastical adviser of the convent who had bestirred himself to influence the English ambassador in the interests of the institution, weighed heavily in the balance. In Roman Catholic Bavaria, high-sounding spiritual and other titles are still worshipped by the common people,

and by the uncommon too. Beyond what Dr. Haug told me of the legal proceedings in Gunzenhausen, I heard nothing of any further investigation. Six months later I went to the chief superintendent of the Royal Police Force in Munich, and begged for an explanation respecting the examination. He remembered my name at once, and was very obliging. He alluded to the evidence of Dr. Haug, and spoke of the English ambassador, but wound up by saying that the documents relating to the investigations were peacefully resting in the archives of the Royal Police of Munich, and that he would let me see them if I wished. I told the gentleman that I was surprised at the task being thus left unfinished, that its relinquishment was an injustice to the unfortunate heroine of the affair, and that I had expected and hoped that the investigation begun would have been extended to Blankipore, Patna, in India, where alone the clue to the mystery could be found. "You are right," replied the superintendent, "but that was not done." I then asked him if he were an Ultramontane or a Liberal Catholic, and he said a Liberal.

After I had remained three weeks in the convent of Nymphenburg, and my nervous system had somewhat recovered its tone, Dr. Wurm ordered me to drink the mineral waters of Schlangenbad, near Wiesbaden, and not far from my home.

All the nuns of the Angelic Sisterhood with whom I became acquainted were full of praise of the late King Louis I. of Bavaria, who had presented them with the spacious building at Nymphenburg, and with all its appendages. One of the nuns related to me a rather

amusing incident. This lady, before taking the veil, had been introduced to his Majesty by her aunt, a lady of rank at Munich. "You do not know, Miss Weppner," she said, "how I felt when I approached the king; in fact, quite a holy feeling came over me, similar to that as if I was approaching one of the saints in our chapel, and becoming confused, I crossed myself, at which his Majesty laughed aloud." "Stop a minute," I interfered; "if you had that feeling in approaching King Louis I. of Bavaria, you, no doubt, do not know how he treated his poor queen while Lola Montez was his mistress." "Yes," she said, "I know all about that; but, you see, he has been so kind to the Angelic Sisters; he gave us Nymphenburg." "Perhaps," I added, "he has been in love with one of the Angelic Sisters, and thus showed his affection for her; however, I think your feeling in approaching his Majesty was more material than it was holy." The nun sighed, but was silent.

When I left the convent the Lady Superior once more begged my forgiveness for the unfeeling reception on my arrival with the poor lunatic, saying that the care I had received at their hands was but very little in return for what I had done for the unfortunate girl; but, in fact, she meant to say, for what I had done for the institution, as I found out some time later. On leaving the royal convent I was given many kisses by the Lady Superior and the nuns, but my hope that there I should find the clue to the mystery of the poor Protestant stranger, and for which during three weeks I had been searching most diligently, was totally frustrated. I had a letter from the Lady Superior of Allahabad to the Lady Superior of

the Angelic Sisters at Augsburg — my former spiritual mistress — and as I had no reason not to face the reverend lady who had dismissed me with such an awful warning, I stopped at Augsburg on my way home in order to deliver the letter myself. But this time I went to the convent with the lightest heart ; and whom did I meet at the gate, acting as portress, and opening the door for me ? To my surprise, I saw the young lady who some years ago had occupied the bed next to me in the dormitory of the candidates on probation. But how did I see her again ? Her beautiful hair was all cut ; she was wearing an enormous white bonnet, and stooping in unnatural piety, and looking as humbly and saintly as only a nun can look. She fell on my shoulders, exclaiming, “Miss Weppner, is that you ? How proud and serene you look ! I saw you coming through the yard with such a queenly air !” “And I feel queenly, too,” I rejoined ironically. At this moment, accident, or the information of my arrival, led the Lady Superior into the lodge. “Miss Weppner, is that you ?” she exclaimed ; but she, however, did not fall on my shoulders ; she cast a significant look at the portress, and beckoned her to go. “Well, child,” she went on, “how are you ? how have you fared in this wicked world since you left me ?” “I have fared exceedingly well in this wicked world,” I replied, “and have just returned from a trip all around it ; I have the pleasure to hand you a letter which I brought myself from the Lady Superior Angela von Hoffmann, of Allahabad, India.” She took the letter in a manner*as if she had long expected it, and said, “and you look so bright and happy, how can it be ? what must you have

experienced in that wicked world, of which I have warned you in so motherly a way; men are so very bad; but you went!" she sighed. "Which I cannot regret," I replied. "The world is not so wicked after all; I have met many excellent people, and some very good men in it, and feel perfectly happy and satisfied with what I did." The conversation lasted a long time, the Lady Superior uplifting her hands and covering her eyes, and sighing many times at what I had to say of the "*wicked world without*," as she persisted in calling it. And when I rose to go she said in a most pitiful tone, "So you have still no vocation for a spiritual life?" "None whatever yet," I answered proudly; "but," I added, with an ironical smile, "I will no more consent to an 'earnest final probation,' for I have a strong aversion to fasting and swooning away." The Lady Superior reminded me not to talk so wickedly, and at our parting she gave me a small flask of the miraculous "Walburga oil," of which I have told the reader something in my first chapter. I did not like to offend her, and accepted it, thinking I would keep it as a Roman Catholic curiosity, with a scapular which had been given to me at Nymphenburg; but at the time I found it hard to control my tongue. I had occasion to show the flask to a gentleman who has a sister in the convent of the Angelic Sisters at Eichstädt, where, as is already reported in this narrative, St. Walburga exudes this wonderful oil. The gentleman, on seeing the tiny phial, laughed outright, exclaiming, "I know all about that humbug; the most daring humbug," he added, "ever invented and carried out. That flask contains nothing but some drops of water from the convent well, or any

other well, and St. Walburga knows nothing whatever about her 'miraculous oil,' and never did exude any; but I could wish to have as much money as the nuns have made by this fraudulent business." When I had left the convent of the Angelic Sisters at Augsburg behind me, I knew that I would never again step into any building belonging to that order; and of convents in general I have but little more to say. There are but few of which I have retained a pleasant recollection. I do not believe that nature and corruption, and deceit and falsehood, are shut out of those sacred institutions called convents, but that, on the contrary, they are well shut in there. The vices of the cloisters are no less pernicious than the vices of the world. I do not doubt to-day that the old satirists, Rossetti, Boccaccio, and Rabelais, spoke pretty truly of the saintly ladies and gentlemen who subjected themselves or subjected others to the process of crushing out nature; and I hold that truly honest people may well dispense with cloisters, and that any one of us might lead a God-pleasing life in the open world, and reach heaven without a monastic vow.

My nervous prostration brought on an alarming weakness, and I suffered again from hoarseness, similar to that I felt in hot India, and a doctor at Wiesbaden now ordered the mineral waters at Weilbach, instead of those at Schlangenbad. The mineral waters, however, did not do me much good, but I had the pleasure of seeing my dear mother several times. My doctor now ordered me to a bathing-place on the coast of the North Sea. I went to Norderney, beyond Bremen, and the pure bracing sea air and strengthening sea-bathing completed my restora-

tion to health, so that when I returned home my old spirits and my old strength of nerve were restored.

My numerous cases and boxes of curiosities, which I had sent from Calcutta to Bremerhafen in Germany, had arrived long before myself. The line between Bremen and Frankfort belongs to the State; and as it was my intention to exhibit my treasures in the last-named city for the benefit of the poor wounded, and the widows and orphans of the late war, I wrote to his Excellency Count von Itzenplitz, Minister of Commerce, telling him of the aim of my proposed exhibition, and begging him to let my curiosities be sent to Frankfort free of the ordinary charges for freight. His Excellency gave me a favourable reply, and granted the free pass for which I had petitioned. At the same time I had written to the Minister of Finance, Herr von Camphausen, asking him to remit payment of duty, on the ground of the use to which my property was to be put. But his Excellency the Minister of Finance was not so generous as his colleague, and demanded greater liberality from me than he was prepared to show to me, for he would only let me off paying duty on condition that I gave up every article in my possession, from first to last, for the benefit of the poor creatures wounded in the late war or their widows. There must have been, as I could gather from a reply of his Excellency, a misunderstanding of the contents of my letter to him. I was informed from the office in Berlin that I had volunteered to part with every article for the purpose mentioned, should his Excellency let me off paying duty, which, however, was in contradiction with the terms of my letter.

To the condition in question I could not consent. For no price in the world would I part from the many beautiful souvenirs of my journey round the world, which I had brought home with so much difficulty from distant lands, and to every one of which was attached some pleasant recollection. I do not believe either, if his Excellency von Camphausen, Minister of Finance, had travelled round the world, and come home with as many boxes and cases of curiosities as I had, that he would have been prepared to give up all his treasures, as he expected me to do, for the benefit of the sufferers from the late war, in return for being let off paying the duty on them.

I took no notice of the condition ; but in Frankfort-on-the-Maine I paid the Prussian Government the full duty for all my curiosities, and they remained my own property. I then addressed myself to some of the most influential gentlemen of the same city ; and two rooms in a good and suitable locality were assigned to me for my exhibition.

I had a great many more curiosities than I thought ; I had collected them in all parts of the East, and only in my home did I realise the full extent of my treasures. Twenty-five long tables in two large rooms glittered with the greatest variety of the natural and artificial products of Japan, China, Java, India, and Arabia. It gave me a great deal of trouble to arrange everything with taste ; but a kind merchant of Frankfort sent two of his clerks to assist me, and when it was all done, and my exhibition opened for the public, I felt as proud as a queen in my little kingdom. I fixed the price for admission into my domain unalterably, and my "Oriental Exhibition" had its desired result. The greatest curiosity in it, however,

was myself, for nobody would believe that I had travelled round the world alone, and had myself brought every article on view from the distant East. The greater number of visitors to my collection belonged to the learned classes, the professors and doctors of Frankfort and the neighbourhood. I had a good many specimens which were not in the Ethnographical Museum of Frankfort, and as I had more than one specimen of many articles, I made little presents of the duplicates to that institution. Frankfort is justly celebrated for its liberality, and is no doubt the most generous city in Germany, as was proved in many cases of calamities at home and abroad. Most of the visitors to my museum were very liberal, few of them taking any change from me. The inhabitants of the town, ladies and gentlemen alike, treated me with the greatest respect and kindness, and the press spoke highly of the aim of my exhibition. The first to profit by it were some poor soldiers of Bavaria, for it was in their country that the people had treated me most roughly and inhumanly when I had passed through with Miss C., the poor lunatic stranger, and I wished to repay their unfeeling treatment with kindness.

In my little kingdom I made the acquaintance of many true and false beggars; letters poured in upon me from every side, my applicants giving me the most exalted titles, calling me "noble lady," "gracious lady," &c. I was astonished at the wretched orthography of many of the soldiers who wrote to me, all of whom had been in the Government elementary schools for eight years, without learning how to write a decent letter, or, if they had, they had forgotten it since. The general education of

the lower classes of Germany is still very inferior ; but when one considers how badly the teachers are paid, the result is not much to be wondered at. If the State scarcely allows a teacher bread, there is every excuse for his indifference to the incompetency of his pupils. It would be a very good thing if the money squandered by an idle army could be turned to account in the education and elevation of the people, male and female. The mere mechanical acquirements of reading and writing in elementary schools cannot be called education ; what Germany is greatly in want of are *Fortbildungs-Schulen* in every community, and free institutions.

My exhibition gave me infinite delight, and placed me in the happy position of being able to do good to others. This was my mode of showing my gratitude to my friends abroad who had aided and protected me in my journey round the world. I wished to repay to the unhappy what the more fortunate had given to me, and I fully accomplished alike the aim of my exhibition and the wish of my heart. There might be a sufficient number of street organs in the Western world (in the East I saw none) ; but I bought such an instrument for a poor man who had lost his right arm and one of his eyes, which excited my sympathy. He said that with an organ he could earn his bread, and that every day he would play a song of gratitude to me, which I suppose he is now doing in the streets of Frankfort. Organ-grinders are generally honest people, and, as I found out in all large cities, keep away from the police and police courts ; in lonely streets they cheer the people when playing popular airs, so I trust that my favourite will

play nothing else, and will always have an honest piece of bread to eat.

Many of the ladies of Frankfort invited me into their families, and I retain a pleasant recollection of some very excellent friends I made in them. What surprised me most in this annexed city of Prussia was the intense hatred against the Prussians. Many, many years will be required before the proud city of Frankfort changes its haughty and noble old heart for a new one. Proud Frankfort still sighs, its heart still throbs for the good old times gone by; it sighs and weeps at the remembrance of the lost freedom, the lost rights of its once free citizens; it has not yet learnt to beat for the Prussians. And as it is in Frankfort, so it is to-day in many another annexed town or village of the but partly regenerated Fatherland. The unity of Germany is still more of an ideal, of a dream, than of a reality.

My museum gave my mother and brother and sisters a great deal of pleasure, and after it was closed I went back with them to our home, and celebrated the Christmas of 1871 amongst my own dear relatives. Remembering how I had set out from Paris (France) when rescued by noble hearts from poverty and despair, and how I had paved my way through the wide, wide world, I felt, immensely gratified at the reflection of all I had accomplished; and that I had returned home enabled to do some good myself, was the sweetest pleasure I ever felt. I thanked God from the fulness of my joyful heart, and my Christmas was a happy one.

I had sent my collection of curiosities to Munich, and I wished to do there as I had done in Frankfort; but

different circumstances frustrated my intention, and it was, moreover, high time to begin writing the account of my journey. Through Professor Haug I was introduced to some celebrated scholars in Munich, and his kind-hearted and intelligent wife became one of my intimate friends. The professor was devoted heart and soul to the beautiful Sanskrit language, which has brought him so great renown, and which, as he often said to me, contains the most beautiful and exalted thoughts and expressions of which the human soul is capable.

Of the chief city of Bavaria I have only one further remark to make, namely, that I saw many women in it who are still slaves. How often was my indignation aroused by the degraded position and employment of the female sex in Munich and other towns and villages of Bavaria! How often was I grieved at the roughness of men towards women! I had been amongst the Japanese, Chinese, Javanese, Hindus, and the uncivilised Arabs, but nowhere did I see women worked so hard, never did I see them so ill-used as in Germany. In the chief city of Bavaria I saw poor women on the scaffolding of newly erected houses, working like bricklayers, and even harder, for some of them carried the stones for building on their heads or shoulders up the lofty scaffolding. In the streets of Munich I saw poor women dragging heavy carts along, sawing through thick trunks of trees, and chopping wood. Everywhere in Germany the unhappy women perform the services assigned in other countries to beasts of burden.

Royal princes, counts, barons, and lazy officers and soldiers pass these poor women, and not only do high and low

tolerate their servile condition, but not a few are unfeeling and insolent enough to ridicule them and look upon them as no higher than animals. The enlightened as well as the ignorant classes are so used to seeing women perform the labours of beasts of burden, that between the two they can see no difference. The difference, however, these *Christians* could be taught by the heathens. One day I read an article in one of the papers of Munich of so uncivilised a nature that it would not have been allowed to be printed in England or America, and, as I think, would never be inserted in the *Pekin Gazette* in heathen China. On a road near Munich there was a poor woman, a daily labourer, in the service of the Government, employed in breaking stones. The poor creature was soon to become a mother, and was no longer equal to doing her work well. In the article referred to above, a man ridiculed the poor woman in reference to her "bodily appearance," and spoke of her incapacity to do her work, and that in language I could not quote here. Such, however, is the position of women, that when I expressed my indignation against the barbarous article, I was told by several that the infamous composition was read with wild delight and loud laughter in the beer-houses; and on passing a principal street I heard it openly discussed by some dissolute-looking officers, idly dragging and rattling along with their disgraceful swords. And all this happened in the capital of Christian Bavaria, without any attempt by the press to defend the victim of all this derision, whose state was so worthy of commiseration. Oh, civilisation! oh, Christianity! where are ye? Did I see, did I hear this abuse, this degradation of my sex, amongst the heathens!

Can a country where a woman bearing a child is publicly treated in such a manner, is publicly derided, without a condemnatory protest against the infamous print, be called a truly civilised country? Civilised, I will admit, by name, but not civilised in practice. Is the emperor or king who tolerates without protest such a servile position for the women in his country — allowing them to break stones, and to draw carts over his imperial or royal roads — a kind or truly Christian monarch? They would do well to go to Republican America, in order to learn to employ the poorer class of women in a humane manner, and to distinguish their oppressed female subjects from the beasts of burden. The sights I met in Germany on my return from distant lands were revolting to my feelings, for I now saw and observed what formerly I could not see or observe. Every third man in the large towns of Germany is a soldier or officer of the great lazy army; and when decent, honest people are hard at work at the plough and pen and press, these idlers, after some hours' stupid drill, which in itself disgraces our boasted civilisation, run like masquerading fools, trained for the one sole purpose, to the various cafés and restaurants, eating and drinking, puffing away their cigars, and relating mutual accounts of their immoral, useless barrack life. I have observed that in countries where there is no systematic "three years' drilling" (as, for instance, in America), men in general have a nobler and more dignified carriage than our lazy, stiff-necked officers and soldiers, whose carriage bears the imprint of an idle brain and a worthless life. It is a cruel feature and a significant contradiction of our so-called progressive age, that the poor

have to support an army, the chief members of which are high-born idlers, squandering away the money of the industrious classes, on whom they look with contempt, but who are yet silly enough to be their bread-winners and to feed them.

No class of human society has a more pernicious influence upon the morals of the masses than the military, for it is a useless class. It is their unworthy, their lazy mode of life which drives officers and soldiers to immorality and vice. And yet it is this class which in Germany is the most respected; and since the late war the officers have become more arrogant than ever. Before the war, it was a common saying that with a "baron" begins the "man" in Germany; but after the war I heard many clear-sighted people complain that now the "man" began with an "officer." And yet I saw military men, wearing the epaulettes and the insignia of the highest distinctions, treat and insult married women in a manner which any street loafer in New York would be ashamed of, and which, in fact, I have never once witnessed in America. Of the thousands of young soldiers of the rural districts who leave their homes unscathed and in prosperous health, but few return from their three years' service uninjured in constitution and in moral tone. The barracks are so many "universities" for vice and idleness, so many hells for an ever-ruined, cursed life. In my journeys, especially in America, that land of refuge, I met many high-born but broken-down officers and *deserters*, who cursed their military service in the Fatherland as the ruin of their whole lives. But, unfortunately, the idle officer or soldier does not ruin himself alone. The three

years of laziness and immorality in the lives of thousands of soldiers, and the life-long course of dissipation of many of the officers remaining in service, demand their victims, and these victims are the many ruined women and girls in the barrack towns and their neighbourhood. The number of illegitimate children in such places is positively revolting, most of whom are the hated, repudiated offspring of some ruined officer or soldier and an equally ruined mother. Generally, these unwished-for and consequently despised children are brutally and miserably brought up by the lowest of the low, and the poor innocent little creatures, who merit the pity and indulgence of the world, are all their lives the victims of the unjust scorn of society.

Directly after the daily hours of drill, all the cafés, restaurants, and wine and beer-shops of barrack towns are filled with idle officers and soldiers. Here we see them morning, noon, and at all times of the day. The prosperity of the industrious classes of Germany is destroyed, swallowed up, so to speak, by the idle military classes. Thousands of well-born officers do nothing in the course of their whole lives but tyrannize for an hour a day over the poor recruits. Their only active time is the disastrous time of war and bloodshed, and what they do in the barracks in the intervals of war and peace does but promote despotism and hinder the progress of human society. And I cannot here refrain from expressing my fullest sympathy with the good and honest youth of my country, whom, against their will and inclination, the law of despotic rulers compels to submit to this degraded life. No doubt, in the army of 400,000 able-bodied men, there

are a goodly number who deserve a better lot than to be taught how to hold their shoulders and how to turn right and left. There are thousands and thousands of aristocratic lazy idlers among them who have the right—a right equal to that of a *slaveholder*—to use plebeian soldiers as their servants, who have to clean their pipes, boots, uniforms, to polish their buttons and swords, buy their cigars and tobacco, carry their boots to their shoemakers' and their billets-doux to their sweethearts, and who not rarely are treated by their brutish masters as dogs, and are thrashed and kicked, and called the names not of servants or slaves, but of beasts. And these officers, unworthy to live and breathe the pure air of heaven, together with these stupid soldiers their slaves, all are paid and fed by the poor, hard-working German people, languishing beneath the yoke, and sighing in the dust of the despot and the military aristocracy. Oh, thou overclouded spirit of the age, arise and shine! reveal thyself; show the people, show the slaves their rights; teach them that they are the fellow-creatures of their despotic masters, and of the lazy military aristocracy whom they are compelled to support! Oh, Germany, would to Heaven that thy people would awake and be liberated and free, and that thou wouldst no more drench thy laurels in thine own and thy neighbours' blood! The above is one "shadow-picture" of my dear native land, and the second I propose painting is no less gloomy, no less revolting.

The first is alike the bane, the curse, and the result of despotic rights, of tolerated tyranny and oppression; the second is nothing less.

I must now take my reader to the beautiful mountain districts of the Bavarian and Tyrolese Alps, where I went in the early spring of 1872 to work quietly at this narrative in the charming society of budding nature, and there will I paint my picture.

Oh, Heaven, if there be a land of heathens in the world, here is that land! Here is the home of phantom fetish divinities! Here is a dark valley of irreligion and of superstition! Here, my reader, the human intellect is fettered; and here are the slaves of another master, those of the ruler in Rome. Nowhere do we find the sole and only worship of one true God, one true Christ, but everywhere the adoration of saints and of the infallible Pope, and everywhere the fanatical priests, his agents, are the ruling powers. Every village has a legion of saints, and only now and then and just perchance the true God is allowed to appear; but every parish has a living, a visible god! And this god is the priest; he, the priest alone, is believed in, and he alone is beloved and feared, but not the true, the invisible God. HE is but known, but seen in a mist, hidden by other gods and saints; and as He is never distinctly recognised beyond that dark deceiving veil of priesthood, of idolatry and superstition, so He is never well considered and appreciated, and never truly beloved as the only and highest God, and therefore is never feared. It was in the spring, as previously noted, that I had an opportunity of studying this people, and one day a storm broke over the bare trees and budding meadows. Suddenly the bells of the village and those of the neighbouring hamlets began to ring. "What's that for?" I inquired; "why are the bells rung?" "To drive

away the storm," replied an old woman; "the bells are consecrated bells, and can drive away the storm from us." "But," I said, "that is not Christian-like; the bells might drive the storm to the next village and do your neighbours harm." "In the next village," replied the stupid, superstitious woman, "they will chase the storm farther away again with ringing the bells."

For all that, however, the storm, accompanied by terrible thunder and lightning, came down in torrents, doing considerable damage. But, nevertheless, they rang the bells the next time a storm threatened, and on all subsequent occasions of a similar kind. The number of patrons and saints in the Catholic towns and villages of the Alps is enormous. A woman had a sick cow, and, if I remember the name rightly, she prayed to a St. Leonard, but he did not hear her petition and the cow died. She had another doctor in heaven for her goat, but I can't remember the name of that saint. This same woman had the habit of constantly telling lies, and informed me herself that she told more than fifty in a week, but added, "I go to confess every Saturday." All the inhabitants of this Catholic place believed in the divine power of the priests, and in the influence and interference of witches. There are a great many witches, and the priest is appealed to for help against them. I heard of a bewitched cow, which gave no milk, and the witch was pointed out to me who had exerted her unholy influence over the animal. The moral tone of this Catholic village is such as I never found amongst the heathens of the East. All the inhabitants attend mass daily, and offer tapers. I saw them all before the images

of the saints in the churches and by the wayside, and I found that all believed in the infallibility of the Pope. Moreover, the largest number of the villagers are at daggers drawn with each other, and there is no end to squabbles and arbitrations and lawsuits. One woman has bewitched the cow of another, and so forth; but most of the disputes, and fights, and legal proceedings, arise from excessive drink, and from the mutual hate and dislike between the neighbours, calling each other bad names. The public-houses are never empty; Sunday is not the Lord's day, but a *crime-day*, a day of disgrace and fighting or bloodshed. Licentious love is the rule, a legal marriage the exception; marriage frequently takes place only after the *event* of three, four, or even more baptisms. There are many families, each unmarried son and daughter of which has children, and the whole race, from grandfather to grandson, are the illegitimate offspring of society. No wedding, no baptism, no funeral even, without drunkenness and brawling. Beer barrels are tapped before day-break, and many peasants drink five, six, and more glasses before they begin their day's work. Men, women, and children assemble in the beer-houses quite early in the morning, and spend their substance in drink, swallowing the value of house, fields, farm, health, intellect, reeling through life in a state of intoxication—reeling drunken to the grave. Many of the priests, as the adored gods of the community, spend Sundays in the beer-houses of the village, surrounded by their faithful followers, and drink until they are little better than besotted animals. Gambling, cursing, and false oaths are, as it seems, a matter of course with this bigoted, ignorant people, and are of

daily occurrence. Sanguinary brutality and obdurate stupidity go hand in hand with superstitious Catholicism and with the blindness of their minds. The education of the adults consists principally in reading their prayer-books, and does not extend far enough to enable them to write intelligibly. If a letter has to be written, the young folks yet going to school are applied to, or the school-masters themselves. But few, except the priest, school-master, and perhaps the mayor of the place, understand a well-written newspaper written in spirited High German, and but little is known of the world beyond the valley and the neighbouring mountains. Geographical knowledge seldom extends farther. A man of about thirty years of age inquired of me, quite innocently, whether it was more than one hundred miles from Munich to India, and this man had eight years of compulsory elementary training! The absence and want of *Fortbildungs-Schulen*, of evening classes, of instructive papers and popular lectures, as existing among all classes in America, brings the young people, after leaving an elementary school, to a standstill, in which, surrounded by the dark spirit of superstition, fostered by an almighty fanatical priesthood, they soon forget the little they knew. But woe to him who, in these Ultramontane and bigoted valleys of Bavaria and Tyrol, ventures to question the divine superstitions of the people, or the power of the priests, and the infallibility of the mighty and despotic god in Rome. The man of intellect had better hold his peace here, or, if he must speak, let him flee away as soon as the words are said, so that the vengeance of the bigoted people may not overtake him. If a heathen from the East

were sent into one of these gloomy valleys of the fanatical Roman Catholic world, where the human intellect is crushed beneath the yoke of religious despotism, where so little is done by the rulers of our great nation on behalf of the freedom and education of the common people, who are the slaves on the one hand of an ecclesiastical, on the other of a secular despotism; if, I say, we let this heathen study Roman Catholic fanaticism, and the superstition and idolatry of the ignorant masses in towns and villages, and then let him write a book giving the results of his inquiry, he would tell us that he found no one true God, no Redeemer, in that valley, but only a phantom image of the Deity, a pell-mell of divinities; only ignorant bigoted slaves, not yet knowing themselves, not knowing what they really are about here below, but staggering along through this bright beautiful world in the most deplorable darkness. And our heathen friend would tell us that in this valley he found no such creatures as might be called true Christians or "free-born men," no truly civilised, truly christianised people of distinctly defined and honest convictions.

I had returned from the pagan lands, and I was desirous to know a little more of our own people, in order to draw comparisons; and I hold that there is no better place to study Roman Catholicism than among the primitive and extremely narrow-minded people of the Bavarian and Tyrolese Alps. But from what I learned of some of the Roman Catholics of London and New York, I hold that their vicinity is equally convenient for that study. Spain, from what I read, and France, from what I know of, may be just as good, and, in fact, any place where we

see that deceptive chair, the confessional — that tribunal where so much is confessed and forgiven, and from which the world has never derived any permanent good. We may study the blindness of Roman Catholicism in all places where we see people with their rosaries, and telling their beads, and believing in consecrated medals, crosses, scapulars, indulgences, and where we see them kneeling before images, and kissing the relics of saints whose canonisation has been proclaimed in Rome, but of which we have not yet seen the signature and seal of the omniscient God, the only infallible Judge in heaven. Oh that more were done for our home missions, and that some courageous and charitable missionaries would set out — not to the East — but to the West ; that they would go forth into the dark regions of our own lands and there destroy the idols on the roadsides, and preach to the blind inhabitants the first of the Ten Commandments brought down from Mount Sinai by Moses long before our era, and tell them that there is but one God and Redeemer, and that the lately invented dogma of the Infallibility is a *fraud* on human reason, a *fraud* on *mankind*. I believe in the chief rulers of nations, secular and spiritual, for they are to the different branches of human society what father and mother are to a family ; and I admire and respect the chief of any government or creed that rules the people with love and justice and wisdom, and according to reason and the will of God ; and I have a great veneration for old age, and a particular respect for any kind and justly beloved ruler or chief whose hair has whitened while holding the staff of government—the staff of God—who will demand it back

when receiving the accounts of His servant whom he entrusted with that staff. But I never can or will conceive how a shepherd of a large flock, how a mortal ruler—an old man with whitened hair, standing on the brink of death, daily and hourly expecting the call of his Creator and Judge, could thus, in the face of all humanity, in the face of heaven and eternity, declare himself the rival, the equal of his God, and by that declaration — by that fatal dogma—disturb the peace of all Christian nations on earth, and create that disastrous revolution of opinions which in my journey I have witnessed in every part of the Eastern and Western hemispheres, belonging to Christendom. Nothing could have been more injurious to the Roman Catholic world, and especially to the ignorant part of it, than this last dogma. In the bigoted valley where I am writing this, some fearless priests declared themselves against it, and they were hated and cursed by the enraged and fanatical people of the district. The dogma but added to the blindness of the masses, who, without any more injurious material from Rome, would have fuel sufficient to feed and sustain their ignorant minds, as the aristocracy of the land is never wanting to keep up that supply. It is indeed painful to witness the servile submission of the lower classes to the titled and high-born; they seem not to have the least conception of their own worth, and with a stupidity bordering on idiocy they blindly and unconsciously keep apart the chasm that divides them from their fellow-creatures, the upper classes. And the latter, not content with accepting this fanatical, this foolish worship, do all in their power to encourage and foster the servility and ignorance of the inferior masses, and, like the heathen

daimios and mandarins and rajahs of the East, they play the infamous and heaven-offending rôle of divinities in the face of their blinded fellow-men. Often in the capital of Bavaria and in the valleys of the Alps have I seen the slavish crawling of ignorant people before a priest or a man or woman of rank and title. They approached them in the same abject and servile manner as I saw the lowest natives in the East crawl before the worshipped fools of a higher caste. And in drawing comparisons I fail to see any difference between the ignorant and the lowest classes of the despotic countries of the East and those of the West, and I likewise fail to see any marked difference between the Buddhist heathen of any Eastern land and a Roman Catholic or any other heathen in the West. The difference, if there is any, consists but in the name and in our fancy, for the very word heathen is quite shocking to the ear of many a good and bad Christian. There are many who believe in Christ, but whom Christ does not believe to be His followers. The mere belief in the Redemption cannot secure our salvation. If a Buddhist heathen would follow the commandments of his religion as set down in their original formulas, and which are so admirably beautiful and quite like our own in their principal points, he would no doubt please God and Christ, for do not the Buddhist teachers say that God is the creed of those who love Him? and, if we please our divine Father, can we offend or displease His divine Son? And if a Roman Catholic heathen would follow the commandments of God and the teachings of Christ, and abandon the worship of idols, in which he is as good an expert as a Buddhist heathen, he too, I do not doubt, would please his

God, and Christ his Redeemer. In the Roman Catholic valley of the Alps where I draw my picture I am utterly unable to discern the image of the moral and spiritual ideal of Christ; and if to-day our Redeemer should appear in one of these valleys, He would not in this mist of superstition, and among the legions of saints and divinities of the people, find one faithful servant of His Father, not one true follower of Himself, and no one, I fear, would know Him to be the founder of their religion. The pure God ideal, as well as the pure Christ ideal, are hidden beneath a closely woven veil, and are superseded by the clouded ideal of saints and Romish priests, for, as I have personally observed, the belief in the divine power of saints and priests has with many people suppressed, has completely crushed (so to say) the belief in the power of God and Christ. When a man or woman or child is sick, or when a cow or a goat is sick, they do not pray to God or Christ, they pray to the saints, and they pay the priests for saying masses as a means of help and cure, and they go with sundry wearing-apparel to touch the relics of saints and apply them to the suffering people or cattle; and, moreover, these are made to eat and to drink food and fluid stuff consecrated by the priest. While I was among these superstitious people, a lawsuit was brought against the rector of a village, who for many years had sold consecrated oil for the use and pretended cure of cattle attacked by disease; and the details of the infamous traffic he had carried on among the ignorant were almost incredulous, but they proved to be true. I doubt whether any Buddhist priest in the East could equal this Roman Catholic priest in the way of practising

fraud and deceit among his flock ; and it must be added, that the rector has been, as is usually the case with clergymen in Germany, eight years at a theological university in civilised Europe, to prepare himself for his consecration and his fraudulent career of crushing the intellect and trafficking with the diseased bodies and souls of the ignorant. Observing the extreme fanaticism and the superstition of those around me, my mind was led back to the time of the *Inquisition*, and I thought that if to-day John Huss or Savonarola escaped burning in this valley, it would be either because the peasants were too stupid to find them out, or too stingy to furnish the faggots. Nothing, I venture to say, could be more unfortunate for those who wish to exalt Roman Catholicism over heathenism, than to rest their arguments on the distinction of "religions by their fruits." There might be, I fear, other Christian creeds that would compare equally unfavourably with heathenism ; but as a Catholic, brought up in a most fanatical place, where I have seen my own co-religionists cross themselves when meeting Protestants, I am, by the help of my own experiences and convictions, more able to draw comparisons between Roman Catholicism and heathenism than between Protestantism and heathenism. And I add with pleasure, that in all my experiences among the followers of my immortalised countryman Martin Luther, I have noticed to my joy and edification that their belief in one true God and in our Redeemer Christ is free from all superstition. It is therefore easy to conceive why among Protestant people we generally find higher education than among those Roman Catholics who have not yet freed themselves from the errors of

their faith ; for superstition and idolatry mean the darkness of the mind and the enchainment of the intellect. To my mind it is impossible to ascend into a higher sphere of thought and conception, and to see the ideal of God and Christ in all its loving purity, as long as our view is impeded by the many phantoms of divinities, and our souls burthened by the belief in the multitudes of heavenly and earthly powers as taught by the Roman Catholic Church. Often again since I have returned from the East I reflect on the beauties of some of the Oriental religions, in which I was instructed by eminent scholars, and the original ideal of all of which is the only true God. The Chinese Buddhist priest, when a faithful disciple of his teacher Buddha, prays in the morning that the music of the bell which wakens him to his matins may sound through the whole world, and that every living soul may gain release and find eternal peace in God ; and though we may wonder at those millions of Chinese who bow at the shrines of Confucius and offer abundance of fruits and flowers in the temples of their spirit ancestors, yet we are told that the common standpoint of the three Chinese religions, Confucius, Buddhist, and Tauist, is that they insist on the banishment of evil desire, which certainly is a principal recommendation in any religion. As I have myself observed at the French Cathedral in Pekin, the Chinese heathens wonder at the performances and formalities of the Roman Catholic service quite as much as I have wondered at the peculiarity of the Buddhist service, of which our Western scholars, who are continually delving into the mysteries of the Oriental religions, have not yet learned to analyse the subjects and the objects

clearly and satisfactorily. "The depths of antiquity," says the old Buddhist poet, "are full of light." And they even seem to be more full of light in the East than they are in the West, for there we have to face civilisation far older than our own, and consequently more light has there been evolved from the depths of antiquity in the course of a much longer period than has been the case with us. And there we come into contact with races whose religious beliefs seem to be even more firmly rooted in supernatural claims than ours, and some of which are exceedingly beautiful and extremely fascinating to any one believing in the immortality of the soul. How charming, though sad, but fully convincing of the belief in a supreme Being, in the omniscient God, are the words of Sakuntala to the husband who deserted her, and refused to recognise her again: "Thou who knowest what is true, and what is false, O king! Scorning the child of our love, bringest shame on thyself! Thinking I am alone, thou hast forgotten that beholder from of yore, who is in the heart! Acting wickedly, thou imaginest no one knows *it is I*. But the gods know and the witness within thee: sun and moon, day and night, and the justice of God, behold the deeds of men. The spirit that dwells within us judges us in the hereafter." In the dramas women speak in the Prakrit dialect, but men use the Sanskrit or holy speech, to which beautiful language I once had the pleasure to listen at Bombay during the opera of "Sakuntala."

In summing up with my own sex I must repeat that, of all the women I have seen on my journey, I hold that, judged from a moral point of view, the Japanese women stand lowest of all. The poor Chinese women are still

slaves, but I hope and trust that our good missionaries, with the kind help of their wives, will do much to better their condition. They are kind and industrious and extremely modest; I have learned to esteem them very much, and they have my best wishes for their release from the bonds of slavery, their better training and their future welfare. One thing I should like my Western sisters to adopt from our good Eastern sisters, viz., their simple and beautiful mode of dressing their hair. Our great Reformer Luther has said that a luxurious *chevelure* was the fairest ornament of woman, and why do we cover our heads with such hideous pads and with mountains of false hair?

CHAPTER X.

THE Hindoo women, as I learnt in India, do not rank quite so low as I was taught to believe before I came among them; and in their domestic life, as concerning their duties and enjoyments, they stand on a level with their Western sisters. We have to see people in their own homes, and then get information of reliable men, studying their customs and their history, in order to know something definite about them. Malabar has seven ancient sages, of whom four are women; and in the schools of India, the moral sentences of Avyar (a woman sage of Malabar) are taught as the golden rules of life, and of which I will here quote some: "Honour thy father and mother. Forget not the favours thou hast received. Learn while thou art young. Seek the society of the good. Speak ill of none. Ridicule not bodily infirmities. Pursue not a vanquished foe. Deceive not even thy enemy. Forgiveness is sweeter than revenge. The sweetest bread is that earned by labour. Knowledge is riches.

What one learns in one's youth is as lasting as if engraven on stone. The wise is he who knows himself. Speak kindly to the poor. Discord and gambling lead to misery. He misconceives his interest who violates his promise. There is no tranquil sleep without a good conscience, nor any virtue without religion. To honour thy mother is the acceptable worship. Of women the fairest ornament is modesty." From some of my friends in the East I heard much to the praise of the heathens as regards the disinterestedness of their motives and the noble purpose of their actions ; and it must be said that, generally speaking, they are free from that insatiable greed for needless riches which of late has hastened the material civilisation of their Western brethren, but which has also increased the abandonment of faith and the spread of unbelief. Many heathens, in fact, are puzzled to know what the Christians, who force themselves amongst them for their own selfish ends, really mean to teach them. Poor creatures, they completely fail to understand those Christians, and for years and years the wondering heathen is sighing for examples which he cannot get ; but here it may not be unfair to say that of some of the Oriental nations, we Christians, who pretend to be their superiors and wish to be their teachers, could learn many lessons in moral simplicity and integrity. We know as yet too little of the chief nations of the East and of the true nature of their creeds and customs, but in twenty or thirty years hence our Western scholars will probably know something more about them, and will tell us what India and China are and have been. As regards the Japanese people, I for my part know quite sufficient of them, and I decidedly wish to

know nothing more of the boys and girls and the ladies and gentlemen of that *sunny land*.

But I am sorry to confess that nowhere in the whole world did I see women occupy such a degraded position as I have observed in nearly every district in Germany, and especially in the Roman Catholic valleys in Bavaria and Tyrol, where the beasts of burden and the women of the lower classes stand on almost equal terms. No Japanese, no Chinese or Hindoo woman works at the plough or does the service of a beast of burden.

If the superstitious, servile villagers were spoken to by a baron or baroness of the district, or by anyone bearing the preposition "von" or the adjective "gracious," which is here applied to all genteel folks and to others too, their attitude in the presence of such people was as silly as it was amusing. It is needless to say that the high folks are all good in the belief of these ignorant people. To be a baron or baroness, or to possess any rank or title from the simple preposition "von" up to the seventh rank of nobility, means perfection and holiness, and fit to be worshipped. At times I thought my ears were deceiving me when listening to the nonsense they were talking about the nobility.

An eminent scholar, Professor M. W., of the Academy at Munich, came to see me in my idyllic home. To him I expressed my surprise at the utter ignorance and the superstition of the people, telling him that in the latter respect they were, as I thought, worse than the heathens, as they know or ought to know the teachings of Christ, which were the purest religion of love and humanity, and quite in opposition to the deplorable darkness and the

servile subjection in which I found them to be. "Miss Weppner," he said, "you must remember that civilisation and true Christianity have not yet reached the Roman Catholic valleys of the Alps."

Professor M. W. had been much abroad; he knew North America well, and had seen the pampas and the cordilleras of the South. But he also, as a Bavarian, was too much in love with titles, and at first he addressed me with the adjective, coveted by all Bavarians and Austrians, "gracious." I am very much adverse to all superfluous epithets, and would certainly not bear such from a man who knew much more than I. The professor desired to know something of my journey, but he was so very fussy and ceremonious at first, that I felt quite uncomfortable and could not well get at any subject to begin with. "Sir professor," I said at last, "if you will do me the favour of simply calling me by my name, and not call me 'gracious miss' any more, I will try to tell you something of my journey; if, however, you cannot consent to this condition, then I shall tell you nothing." My friend consented to what I desired, and we had some delightful conversation. "How is it," I said to him once, "that all women wearing a bonnet and all men wearing a hat in this blessed land are called 'gracious?'" "And many," he replied, "who do not wear bonnets or hats are called 'gracious,' for of late we treat the barmaids in the beer-cellars to that flattering term."

"But what does it mean?" I said; "it may be called a custom, but it is a very silly one, and you Bavarians, genteel as you might be, cannot expect everybody else to be 'gracious.'" "Do you not perceive in this, Miss W.,"

replied my friend, smiling, "the spread and progress of the democratic spirit?" "Oh yes, I do now," I rejoined, "and no doubt we shall all be gracious by-and-by." "Certainly," he said; "king, shepherd and shepherdess, as well as my cook, and my laundress." Professor M. W., though far advanced in life, was a very chivalrous man, and I complained to him of the unkind and rough treatment which my poor lunatic *protégée* and I had received at the hands of his countrymen on travelling through Bavaria. "And which nation do you think," he once said, "are the most chivalrous, and which the most unpolished?" "The Americans and the English," I said, "are no doubt the most chivalrous, and the Arabs and the Bavarians are without any doubt the most unpolished." "But," he continued, "don't you think the Bavarians are even more unpolished and rougher than the Arabs?" "No," I said, "I don't think so, for I had to thrash the Arabs, or at least to get them thrashed by my escorts, but I never yet had a Bavarian thrashed." And I told my friend, that although I had good reason to complain of his countrymen, I had, nevertheless, much good to say about them, and that the Bavarians were either extremely good-natured and polite or quite the reverse. I paid my friend the compliment that Bavaria had many eminent scholars, of whom *he was one*, and that there were no better cabmen in the world than his countrymen, the good-natured cabmen of Munich. In my home on the Rhine, I told him it was a usual saying, "He is as good as a Bavarian," and also, "He is as rough as a Bavarian."

My friend the professor is a geologist in the line of Darwin, but of a different belief, and of more poetical

views and conceptions concerning the descent of man than the eminent English scholar. We sometimes had a geological or anthropological discussion, and I profited very much from his instructive conversation.

On my return to Munich I must say I soon became little less than sick of titles. The servant who attended to my room styled me "excellence" to start with. She stood before me, stooping, and I looked very sharply at her, saying, "What, or whom, do you mean by the title 'excellence?'" "I mean you, 'gracious miss,'" she said, bowing with confusion. "I have just come from a baroness upstairs, who wants to be called 'excellence,' and, as I did not know your title yet, I thought I would call you 'excellence' too." "Then I mean to tell you," I said mildly to the poor frightened girl, "that I am neither an 'excellence' nor a 'gracious miss,' but I will be very kind to you if in future you will not approach me in that pitiable, crawling manner, and if you will call me by my proper name, which is Miss Weppner." The girl did as I wished, and I trained her to approach people in a manner becoming a human being, and, at the same time, to be as obedient and respectful as other servants, that stoop and crawl before their mistresses. I now had a taste of the arrogance and presumption of the nobility, who have trained their slaves, and for centuries and centuries have kept the lower classes in the servile position they occupy. I wanted to be near my friends, Dr. and Mrs. Haug, and I had taken rooms with Madam von S., a widow living opposite to them, and where I soon learnt to keep at a distance from poor nobility-keeping boarders. I do not like to describe meals, but would say that the tea

with which I was served the first evening was so weak, and the bread and butter so scarce, that I had to go to my friends opposite to get a decent supper before going to bed. The bed-clothing was of the meanest kind, and so were the towels, and I went to sleep, as was often the case in Bavaria, angry with titles and titled folks. At about seven o'clock the next morning I heard the servant knock at the door of her mistress, calling in timid tones, "Gracious lady, the water for coffee is boiling; will the gracious lady or the gracious miss (meaning the daughter of the house) come and measure the coffee that I may grind it?" "Yes," called a voice from within the room, and the servant went back to the kitchen. In Germany, where, unlike in America and England, even, several of the "better" families live in one house, each of them occupying one floor—rooms and kitchens are usually close together, and any loud conversation or talk might be overheard everywhere in the apartments. Soon after, the servant brought me some coffee, which, in quality, was equal to the tea of the previous evening, and while I drank it a quarrel was going on in the kitchen in reference to the extravagance of the servant in using wood. I heard the latter say, (speaking, as servants usually do in these parts of the world, in the third person,) "But the gracious lady is always quarrelling about wood, and I cannot make the coffee water boil without it." During the forenoon, Madam von S. came to my sitting-room, telling me, with an assuming and offended air, how surprised she was that I had not yet paid my respects to her daughter. I asked her how this could possibly have been, as I had not

yet seen her, and had not been introduced to her. But she answered arrogantly, "We are noble, Miss Weppner; my daughter has been brought up in a school where only the daughters of the highest nobility are received; she cannot, of course, come to see you first, nor can I introduce you to her. As a lady, whom I received into my house, it is your place to send the servant to inquire whether my daughter can receive you, and then you should go and pay your respects to her, for, although we receive a boarder, we will not be slighted in our position. We belong," she concluded, "to the best nobility of the land." "Madam von S.," I said, "having come to your house as a boarder, and paying well for all I receive, I do not consider it my duty, nor have I the time or inclination, to go and pay my respects to your daughter first. I think it would be well of you to introduce me to her, and I will not be subjected to any rules and formalities that could affect my own pride and dignity. And, as regards the nobility of which you so much boast, I have tasted nothing of it in my tea of last night, nor in my coffee this morning, so you will please give me my bill for what I have received, and I shall have left your house before dinner." "Oh, no!" she said, and her arrogance fell to the ground; "you must not go; I shall make up for your bad tea and coffee at dinner-time, and at once will send the servant to get some nice veal cutlets for you. Being noble, we have to keep up appearances, and the money I receive from a boarder helps me to pay the rent of my apartments." "If you really want people to help you along," I rejoined, "you had better take some of your own standing, and not receive a woman without a title,

and then attempt to subject her to your slavish notions of inferiority." I paid the gracious lady my bill and left, and on the same day my friends learnt from a neighbour that the servants of Madam von S., of whom she kept but one, seldom stayed their first month out, and that during the time they stayed, they were partly fed by the people living on the floor below Madam von S., who were not noble, but belonged to the substantial mercantile class.

Empty, high-sounding titles, as I have found in many cases, blind their possessors, and in Munich especially I met many ill-trained, narrow-minded women, many "countesses," "baronesses," and "gracious ladies," contenting themselves with their silly titles, and neglecting their minds. It is mostly in the families of the professional classes that we meet women who have a knowledge of the world, and know something more to talk about than to analyse the respective merits, and to retail the scandals of the nobility of the town, and to waste their time in ridiculous compliments and in laziness. I would here mention that the Republican women in America, of the poorer as well as of the richer classes, generally have much more to say upon intelligent subjects, and, on the whole, possess a higher education than the women of the nobility of Bavaria, whom I found extremely narrow-minded, very few of them being gifted with a superior mind, and most of them speaking the Low Bavarian dialect, evincing nothing of the beauty and charm of the pure High German language. But the social conditions are far different at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, where, unlike Munich, the substantial mercantile

and the professional classes form a stronger body than the nobility, and consequently there we meet with more rational views and less adoration of titles than in the capital of Bavaria, where, as I styled it, people have a perfect mania for titles and superfluous compliments. In Frankfort, a professor or a respectable merchant, whether he sells wholesale or retail, is on a level with a respectable baron, and the annoying epithets "gracious sir," "gracious lady," "gracious miss" are, thanks to the culture and sound sense and the simplicity of the inhabitants, not in use at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. Retail as well as wholesale merchants are entrusted with prominent positions, and such unreasonable customs as the English have established in Yokohama and other places in the East, of looking down upon respectable retail or other merchants could never take root in Frankfort-on-the-Maine. And what I said of good old Frankfort might equally be applied to Hamburg and to every large town in Germany where the merits of the mercantile and professional classes have superseded the nobility, and where cultured and honest people can afford to look down on the lazy military and a needy, starving aristocracy, who prefer feeding on disgrace to honourable work. To the latter, some of whom may yet feel ashamed to eat the bread earned and toiled for by their despised hard-working plebeian brothers and sisters, I would hold up as an example to a worthier and better life their enterprising, energetic, and industrious countrymen whom I have met in every part of the world. But of course I must here exclude a couple of my countrymen in Japan, and one in China, as I cannot find it either in my heart or conscience

to set *them* as an example for any decent purpose or motive. But I once more take pleasure in bringing forward my dear countrymen in America; there German merchants of all branches, doctors, professors, artists, agriculturists, and mechanics, they all toil on bravely, and in most instances with gratifying results. I am, however, not quite sure how the deserters of our lazy glorious army, counts, barons, and other worn-out officers who land in "that contemptible, Republican America" as *physical and moral wrecks*, are getting along there. Some, as I learned, take to a healthy, honourable diet, and even to boot-cleaning; and I was once waited upon in a restaurant in New York by a baron of Coblenz-on-the-Rhine, who in happier times, and to which he owed his ruin and flight to America, had been a colonel in the army of King William, and who had (wicked man as he was) assisted that gentleman and Count Bismarck to snatch away that dainty morsel, *the beautiful territory of Nassau*, and had helped them to annex *my lovely home* and *me*, for which, while the baron waited on me with an oyster soup, I gave him a good scolding.

In bringing forward my worthy countrymen in America as an example to others at home, I take this opportunity here to exclude them (and even the baron waiter I mentioned in my last paragraph, for he was very polite to me) from any and all the complaints which in the course of my narrative I have brought forth respecting the want of chivalry of some of those Teutons whom I met on my trip. And with my good countrymen in America I must compare all those German chevaliers whom I have met at home and abroad. Of course I do not mean the

chevaliers of a very questionable "better" blood, and an empty appendage of inherited or purchased titles. But I certainly mean those men of all social ranks who have ennobled themselves, or whose genius and personal worth have been awarded a justly deserved distinction and name — chevaliers who have ascended that sphere of moral greatness where they can behold women equal with themselves in their own rights and in their respective stations in life, and who will always be the true friend of the weaker sex. With such men, no matter to what nation they belong, it has become a principle, a self-imposed duty, to respect women; by them women will be treated as beings who, although weaker and more sensitive than themselves, have been chosen by Heaven to shine foremost in society, and who, poor souls! when they happen to be what they should be, are the angels of humanity destined to sweeten the existence of man. I have met many good and noble Germans, true chevaliers, with and without a title, and I know that my lamentations cannot affect them, for I shall honour their memory for ever.

Nor do I wish here to complain against any individual in particular; I draw my conclusions from my observations of a custom generally prevailing, but the further I travel on German soil the more I feel convinced that, on the whole, as respects chivalry to the fair sex, it is not so universal a custom nor yet so national a virtue in my own dear country as I have observed it to be in America and England, and in those countries and settlements abroad which have been colonised and nationalised by Anglo-Saxons. And to them I would likewise add the

good Dutch people, who have treated me so very kindly. In Germany, with the people at large the phrase "respect for women" has still far too much of a poetical and metaphysical ring about it, it is no universal virtue. It is still an ideal uncomprehended and ungrasped by the ordinary Teutonic mind; whereas among ordinary Americans and Englishmen it is no mere poetic phrase, no ideal unrealised as yet, but an actual and practical fact, a virtue inborn in the nation and common to its members, though not without exceptions. I could wish very much that the good German people, some gentlemen as well as peasants, would be a little less busy and fiery in their songs of women, and would descend some steps with the ideal woman, take the real woman from the plough, the axe, and cart, so as to place the ideal woman and the real woman on equal ground, and be as true in heart and prose as they are in songs and poetry.

Often while abroad I heard the complaint that the Germans are neither generous nor hospitable, which I consider cannot be applied to the Germans in America, who have treated me most generously. They live among a hospitable liberal people, whose highly praiseworthy qualities, they have, in a great measure, adopted, viz., hospitality and generosity. The Germans are, however, a very saving people, and perhaps some of them, like many others, are too much so. It is even said in America, where Germans are far more liberal than at home, that a German can live where no Irishman can live, but that an Irishman can live where no American can live. But I know that the poor German emigrants, and the sick and the suffering, who have come from the old Fatherland, are

never forsaken by their liberal country-people in America, and German hospitals and their relief societies deserve to be mentioned with all praise.

The characteristic generosity of the French nation I heard spoken of in every country in the highest terms, and I, a German and a Prussian, have in many instances experienced this noble quality of the French people. And I would not be led to draw an unjust conclusion as to the treatment I have received from one mean, exasperated Frenchwoman in Alexandria and a few bigoted, narrow-minded French nuns in India and Egypt; indeed it might be questioned how a Frenchwoman travelling during the war among Bavarians and Prussians would have been treated at their hands. The French nation no doubt possess some very noble qualities, and in generosity I venture to say they far excel their German neighbours, and the dignity and resignation with which they bear their late misfortune speak decidedly in their favour. And having at the very outset of my journey experienced such rare kindness from some venerable French gentlemen in Paris and from my good motherly friend at Havre, I could never speak unkindly of the truly good-hearted and obliging French people, for generosity is one of the noblest virtues that adorn the human heart.

The English nation I have learned to hold in high esteem, for wherever I came amongst them I was sure of meeting with religion, chivalry, and truth and honour; and judging from my own personal experiences, and the kind treatment I have received at their hands, there is no people whom I could esteem more highly than the

English. But I am sorry to say that some of their characteristics, which I frequently had occasion to observe amongst them, have left a painful impression on my mind. The prerogatives of birth and rank are quite as deplorable among the English higher classes as among the Germans; and the distinctions of society and the restrictions of social intercourse are even worse with the English than with the Germans. This sad evil robs social intercourse of its charm and the mutual advantages it might bestow, and restricts natural inclinations to such an extent that even the kindest-hearted men often become externally cold and hard. Their offspring are brought up in the prejudices of distinctions of rank, and I have met many Christian English mothers who look upon this part of their children's education as an aristocratic duty. Children are actually taught to shun the poor and the oppressed. The pride and the arrogance of some of the English nobility is, to say the least, disgusting to observe in any Christian or heathen; and I can but wonder how the respectable middle classes, who in England, as among any other people, form the life and pith and marrow of the nation, can tolerate, in this nineteenth century of boasted mental development, the silly unreasonable presumption of birth and rank and the superiority of blood. If the blood of the high-born were indeed better than the blood of the lower born, should not our nobles be free from the many failings which flesh is heir to? Should not the princes and the high-born of the despotic lands in Europe, through whose brains and veins such precious blood circulates, set to others an example of purity, morality, and mental culture? Should they

not, being the heroes of noble names, and the owners of a special quality of blood, be also the heroes of virtue and intellect? If they are our gods, why are they not our sages, our teachers, our models? Are not our brains fed and stimulated by our blood; and I ask of the man of reason, if there really exists in human nature a difference in the quality of blood, why, then, does it not show itself in its actions? why does a superior human blood not influence and better the human heart — why not ennoble the mind and soul? Alas! for this deplorable blindness, to say “civilised Europe.” If we should transfer a princess at the tender age of a twelvemonth to the Seven Dials in London and transfer a poor child of the Seven Dials to a royal palace, and train the former among people of inferior blood, and the latter among people of the highest blood, we should perceive, when our pupils reached the age of eighteen, that training and a better influence, intercourse and education, and not the difference in the quality of the blood, makes the lady and the gentleman of the land.

Whenever I read in English newspapers, “A companion with high accomplishments, and born a lady, seeks an engagement,” I think it would be far more just to say, “A woman, born a baby, and trained a lady, seeks an engagement as companion.” “The world is blind; it deceives, and wishes to be deceived,” said to me one of the wisest men of our present age, with whom I was conversing on the subject of the difference of blood and of the nobility.

Any man or woman not deaf to reason, and who has read the history of the Western nations, will know how

nobility at all times and in every century has crept into the world, and what to think about it. It is indeed sad that so many apparently healthy-minded men of the middle classes in England can despise their own class; when speaking of the nobility, they entirely forget their own dignity, and, to judge from what they say, they firmly believe that the blood of the latter is superior to theirs, and that noble-born men and women are better than themselves. "What is the reason," I once said to an educated English lady, "of this silly worship of the nobility? Is it their blood, rank and title, or their intellect, which you worship?" "Oh no," she replied, "certainly not their intellect; some of them are very intellectual, but not more so than are other men of inferior blood. Our nobility," she went on, "is very rich, and it is more their wealth which we respect." "Does it," I said, "deserve any merit or respect to hold the millions together which they inherit from their ancestors, and which, through the advantage of English laws, go on increasing from century to century so as to encourage idleness, arrogance, and neglect of the mind?"

The silly explanations which we get from some of the middle classes in respect of their adoration of the nobility are a clear proof that not all of the middle classes have as yet learned to know themselves, and that, if they are looked down upon with supreme contempt, it is in a great measure their own lack of self-respect which causes it. Have not the worshippers of blood and titles the undeniable facts — the facts of every day — that out of the classes of inferior blood, as it pleases *fools* to call it, have sprung the greatest men, the heroes and kings of intellect,

who have dragged on and dragged forward humanity to its present state, and have immortalised their names for all eternity? To which men does England owe its fame? Are its most brilliant men of the past and its political leaders of the present day not men of the so-called inferior blood? But in intellect and in wisdom, are they not the equals of those of the highest blood? and do they not stand far above many of them?

I am aware that many will not like what I have stated, but this does not prevent it from being true, nor will their displeasure prevent the final triumph of justice among the nations of the earth; for I firmly believe that such is the will of God, and that in the course of time we shall learn to classify mankind as a wise Creator has classified nature.

To my mind, men should be valued according to their personal character, intellect, and mental abilities, not by their accidental birth as princes, nobles, middle class or "commoners." We should classify mankind as God has classified all objects in nature, animate or inanimate. A plant or an insect that displays more beauty or evinces more utility than another is considered superior; and similarly a man who, for the benefit of his race, employs more strength of will, more talents and wisdom than another, should be estimated according to his merits. Such a principle of classification would certainly be in harmony with the will of our Creator, as is shown in all systems found in nature. Any other classifications, I venture to say distinctly, are against the Divine laws and the will of God; they are the outcome of pride and arrogance, of greed and selfishness and ignorance. From

them proceed all the disorders and deeds of injustice among nations, whether Christian or heathen; they cause misery to many while yielding gratification to a few, who heed not the dire consequences of their inordinate pursuit of the mammon of unrighteousness.

The examples furnished by superior minds, and a just and well-deserved classification of men of culture alone, would be the safest and speediest means of improving the condition of mankind. The fallen prince and the lowliest beggar would equally be stimulated to rival the man whose superior intellect had raised him above them. Moreover the wrath of Communists of every grade, and their persistent craving for social alleviation, would thus be appeased. As the different temperaments of mankind, their natural distinctions of brain and organism, do not permit of an absolute mental equality; so an equality of property such as the Communists claim is impossible, and would be without a plea of justification, were despotism and the caste-system abolished. The different degrees of knowledge, and the different mental powers of mankind, not the artificial varieties introduced by so-called princes and nobles, nor yet the absurdly vaunted qualities of "gentle blood," should be the criterion of classification among nations; intellect and mental ability, united with good character, should furnish the only passports to distinction in any truly civilised and Christian land.

But as long as men are blind, and as long as the middle classes humbly consent to be looked down upon by those above them, and as long as the inferior classes receive no better training, and are kept down by the higher

and middle classes — as long as society is divided into so many fractions, what, in the meantime, will become of the lowly born? what will become of the bulk of the nation, against whom all gates are shut? It is easy to answer this question. They are kept for centuries, *year in, year out*, in their habitual narrow sphere; they never see a better picture to look upon than their own, and which, ugly as it is, will never encourage them to improve it. Of qualities which belong to a higher culture they never learn to know the meaning. But any human creature, whether of the highest blood, of the middle-class blood, or of the meanest or inferior blood, will have, and wants something to feed upon. And as the latter have nothing to feed their brains with, which is especially the case in England, where social restrictions and prejudices are a regulated, an inhuman, and an unchristian system, they must needs, while waiting for better things, feed their animal nature, and, therefore, intemperance is a system as firmly established and as deeply rooted in the English nation as the system and the belief in a different quality of blood. The name of England is a synonym for love of truth, for love of honour, and of manly virtue; but the *intemperance* of the untrained and lower classes is a blot on England's fame. The latter, as I have previously stated, stand low, very low — they stand lower than anywhere else. They are unable to propel themselves by any moral or intellectual effort, and the classes above them are too proud and indifferent, and unwilling to propel them. Intemperance is a vice of the untrained, uneducated, and unprivileged, and is an inheritance from remote periods of huge animal indulgence, and which no

superficial treatment will remove. And if the lower classes of England cannot be allowed to look on and see a better picture of life and society; if the spread of intellect is not given full play, and the social barriers remain unbarred in the future, as they have been in the past—then, fifty years hence we shall see the same disgraceful men and women, and the same abominations and ruffianism in the streets of London, and in any other city of Great Britain, as the world has seen fifty years ago and is seeing now.

It is clear to any candid observer, that the lower classes do too little for their own improvement, and that their deplorable position is owing to the insufficiency of what has hitherto been done for their training and welfare. Charitable institutions exist in abundance, and money flows in freely for the relief of the poor and the outcast; but if the offspring of the lowly and the ignorant were to receive, from their earliest childhood, the one great blessing of Christian sympathy combined with good training, a large number of charitable asylums and repressive institutions which now exist could very easily be dispensed with.

The School Board is a step in the right direction, but it is only a step. A professedly Christian nation should do much more. Should we not effectively warn our fellow-beings against a deadly poison, rather than allow them to succumb to its baneful effects before offering them an antidote?

From personal observation I can say that there is no nation so disgraced by the female sex, so disgraced by its drunken women parading before the

public, a disgust to the eye, than the English nation. And their high-blooded, well-bred sisters of the land can look at them without pitying them! No friend, no missionary, succeeds in freeing or redeeming the slaves of ignorance, the slaves of filth and intemperance, the real pagans at home.

London has a type all its own of depraved, drunken, and filthy women; their blood-shot faces, their filthy shawls and dresses, cannot be matched anywhere in those countries which I know. Even the *indescribably* filthy beggars in Pekin are less repulsive to look upon than a drunken female in the streets of London, for none of the Pekin beggars have I ever seen in a state of intoxication. And it is more natural that the straw mats with which they cover their bodies should rot and bear the resemblance of manure, than that we should see, in the capital of Great Britain, drunken women, with faces, shawls, and dress, more filthy, more repulsive to look upon than manure itself.

America complains of the intemperance of its people; but from what I could observe, it has much less reason to complain than England. It is in the capital of Japan and in London that I have seen the most repulsive scenes of intemperance; with the difference, however, that in Jeddo I saw no drunken women, while in London there are as many drunken women as drunken men. In America, from New York to San Francisco, I have not seen one drunken female, nor did I ever see such a horror in any public place in Germany. American women, generally speaking, whatever their failings may be, are too well trained and too intellectual to lower themselves in the

eyes of the public. Neither has America so numerous a class of street ruffians and drunken men as England has ; for in the United States everyone is trained to know and to feel that he is as good as any other ; every one has a right to work himself up in society, which instigates the personal pride of man, and preserves his self-respect and outward decency. I never once in America heard or saw a single instance of that foolish, inhuman pride which I have observed among the higher English classes. It is a significant fact, that where the insane belief in higher blood, and the absurd dogma of a divine class of mortals, do not exist, and where everyone is taught to appreciate his own worth, *fools* and other people have to bow down to, and to shake hands with, their equals, and cannot ascend to the gods.

I have a little episode to illustrate the system of caste, as existing among certain Christians, and the inhuman, offensive pride with which some of them *dare* to treat their fellow-men. On my journey through the East, I spent some time in the house of a liberal Englishman, who counted among his friends an American sea captain. This captain is a very worthy and highly cultivated man, and when this story took place he was the guest of his British friend. A British nobleman, Sir X., the ex-governor of a remote colony, came to the house of the latter at the same time. The kind-hearted host was anxious that his two guests, his friend the captain and Sir X., should become acquainted. The nobleman was sitting in the drawing-room, when the master of the house came in with his American friend. He led him up to his guest, saying, " Sir X., this is my friend Captain H.,

from Boston, America." The captain, in true American fashion, held out his hand to the nobleman, and said, "Sir X., I am pleased," &c., &c. But Sir X., without taking the proffered hand, turned aside with the most scornful and offended air, and drawing back a few steps, he instantly left the room and the house of his friend, and host, and fellow-countryman. The kind and well-meaning host was so hurt that the tears started to his eyes; he took the rejected hand of his American friend, and, pressing it warmly, said, "Pray forgive the insult of my high-born countryman; he is a fool." The liberal Englishman gave up his friendship with Sir X., who, in his stupid and inhuman pride, had taken offence that a Republican should be introduced to him, and that this Republican, an ordinary man, and nothing more than a sea captain, had dared to offer his hand to him.

I often since have read the name of this nobleman in the European newspapers, and this in connection with a democratic affair, which, as I think, has less to do with his principles and convictions than with the satisfaction of ambition, it being a means of obtaining fame. Christ, had He been in the position of Sir X., who calls himself a Christian, would certainly not have declined the hand of the American captain, but would have greeted him in the most humane and friendly manner.

I am also personally acquainted with a German professor, a celebrated scholar of the Oriental tongues, who has held an important post under the English Government in India. This learned gentleman, as he told me himself, considers the system of caste, and the divisions of society amongst the English of India, quite as bad as

the castes and the different social barriers amongst the natives. "It is," said the learned man, "the spirit of the age, reason, and mental progress that now agitate the Indian people, and cause the fusion and friction of the various castes and races; the example of Christians would never cause a change for the better." The professor and his wife, a very amiable and cultivated German lady, were residing near the president of the college. The latter was an Englishman, who considered himself one degree higher than the German *savant*, and consequently he thought it beneath his presidential dignity to receive the professor in his family circle. His wife, of course, stood as high as her husband, and would never receive the professor's wife, and both were made to understand that in England people receive only such people as are just as good as themselves, and no others. For five long years the two European families were living close together in a small solitary spot, in hot unfriendly India, and never learned to know each other. The gentlemen never met except in business relations, and the ladies never could meet, the one degree — difference of caste — being impassable to the Christian English lady. "She never approached me and never spoke to me," said the offended German lady, "and by her arrogant, contemptuous bearing, she defied me to approach her; and even her stiff bows were an insult to me." "In our desire for intercourse," added the professor, "we used to invite our gardener, a native of common sense, who whiled away many of our lonely evenings; but," he concluded, "I find it hard to forget the insulting pride which my wife and I had to endure at the hands of some of our English neighbours in

India." If there is anything I could admire in such pharisaical, despotic people, it is the inflexibility and stubbornness of their proud, unfeeling hearts, which no smiling sky, no music or poetry, no tears and misery, and not even death, can reach and humanise. They, Christians, as they call themselves, go to meet their Creator as "accomplished Lucifers," and I fear that God will look upon them with the same contempt, and will treat these proud and sensitive Christians as they have treated their own fellow-men. But, thank Heaven, England, of the present day, has a large class of liberally-minded people, free from presumption and pride, and who are taking to heart the sad position of those of inferior blood, and are trying to train the poor and improve the minds of the neglected and ignorant Christians and heathens at home. They are no missionaries by name, but missionaries in principle and fact. And among the English I have a number of personal friends whom I highly admire for the greatness and nobility of their minds, their sterling principles, and their exemplary true Christian lives. Of such "truly noble men," England, methinks, possesses more than any country in Europe; it has a class of rarely accomplished, high-caste men, peculiarly its own — some noble born, and some inferior born, but admired alike by all the world, and truly beloved and honoured at home and abroad.

And as a brilliant star among the princes of the past and present stands the late lamented Prince Consort of England; in memory of whom I take pleasure in relating a little episode.

A poor widow in London, of whom I bought the fruit-

basket mentioned in my narrative, requested me to write a letter for her to Prince Albert, imploring his assistance in her needy position. I did so and wrote a short note in German; a few days afterwards this was kindly answered by the private Secretary of his Royal Highness, who came to see the poor widow and left her a generous gift. Ever since then I have loved to hear the name of Prince Albert mentioned, and I feel no doubt that the kindness he showed towards the poor needy woman will be remembered by Heaven as regards his own bereaved royal widow.

But, reviewing in my own mind all I have seen and heard and learned on my journey round the world, there is no nation so worthy to be held up as an example for progress of intellect and the advancement and welfare of human society, and which contributes more generously to any scientific exploration of the present age, than the American nation. I am led to this final conclusion by my own personal observations, and not because I am speaking of a free republic. The republic, indeed, deserves no compliment, being much in the condition of a strong-built, handsome, but disorderly and *shabby-looking* young man, who needs a new suit of clothes, the most suitable material for which would be honesty, modesty and reserve. (Would that the Centennial might furnish all that is necessary for his so "urgently-wished-for" *rehabilitation*.) But the general education of the people of the United States surpasses, in my estimation, that of any nation in Europe. It might be said in all truth, that in America the poor are not so poverty-stricken, the uneducated are not so ignorant, nor are the dirty so abjectly sordid as is the case in England. When all classes of society are included, I would say that

the outward bearing, and the general personal appearance, that mark the people of America betoken more intelligence, more self-respect and more refinement than are to be found anywhere among the nations of Europe. Moreover, as the lowest there stand higher than the lowest in European lands, and as the "rights of man" are not barred there by absurd human inventions, such as a system of caste and a classification of blood according to supposed degrees of natural pre-eminence, I was led to the belief that the religion of Christ, which is a religion of sound, practical, common sense—a religion of the purest love and humanity—has found more followers in America than in Europe. There we see the teachings of the Holy Scriptures carried out not merely theoretically, but also practically; while, in strong contrast, many of the heartless social customs and callous conventionalities that prevail in Germany and England, resemble Brahminical, pagan, caste-exclusiveness much more than Christian brotherly love.

It also deserves to be mentioned, that the generous and hospitable manner in which the Americans receive their English cousins in their own land, shows that they can afford to be kind and forgiving to those who do not exactly like them. And if at present the Republic and a certain class of American society is deficient in mental and in moral tone, we must please remember that we too have had, and still have, our sad sinful epochs. And America, whatever its condition may be at present, stands higher in humanity, higher in "practical Christianity," and in popular education, than England stood in the past or present, higher than France stood under both its

Napoleons, and higher than Germany stood under Barbarossa or any Frederick or William. We are very wrong in drawing any conclusions as regards the Republicans on the other side from that class of Americans who come over here to seek an introduction at Court, or from those American girls, spoiled by wealth and fashion, who go flirting abroad for a count or baron, and concerning whom we usually soon hear of the complaints of the Republican father-in-law, who has to support, or refuses to support his titled son-in-law. There are thousands of true, genuine Republicans, who are still toiling for the welfare of their fellow-men, or have joined their ancestors, and Europe has never known them. It is rather amusing, too, to hear so many Europeans say with a sigh, "Alas! we are getting more and more Americanized; the same haste and dishonesty in business, and boarding-houses of American style increasing." One would suppose from such remarks that our friends on the other side had sent over to us printed laws with strict instructions under a heavy penalty to follow them, and that we must needs follow their example. And though I have previously spoken of a difference of classes existing in America, it must be understood that this difference is no regular system; for as there is no barrier to any rank of society, the lowest, though he might be despised by one above him, has every opportunity and privilege to reach him. With the prevalence of popular education, and with no foolish belief in a higher and better blood, and the absence of established ranks and titles, no regular system of caste is possible. The qualities belonging to high culture, and which, as we see in Europe, are so dangerous

when belonging to a few, are, by unrestricted social intercourse, and an equal popular training, diffused among the many, and become of unspeakable advantage. Have we, as citizens of the world — have we as Christians the right to set a barrier to our fellow-men? Are we not cruel to exclude others from the blessings of knowledge, and to shut in their faces the door of that heaven which the culture of our minds and the enlightenment of our intellect alone can give? When speaking to the poor and oppressed in those countries in Europe, where the worship of the nobility and a regular system of caste is established, it is the universal cry: "Be content with what thou hast, and bear thy position, however poor and trying, with Christian patience; look up at me, and down on thyself, says the cruel despot to his fellow-man. Be humble, obedient, and patient, as becomes a true Christian, and remain where thou art; this is a sad world of ours, a place of trials and tribulations, but in heaven things will turn out better." In Europe it is consequently and usually only those who have the means to be trained as scholars that become scholars. There are of course exceptions, but not many, for with the restrictions and distinctions of society, as is especially the case in England, and with the established rule that to the people of rank and title are given the most prominent positions in the land — little encouragement is given to self-improvement and self-culture. Our scholars are therefore mostly "University" scholars; our men and women are trained according to their birth and rank, and we meet but a few self-made men and self-trained scholars. In America it is far different, and he who is imprisoned in the narrow cell

of social restrictions and prejudices, and who has an impulse, a desire to free himself from these cruel chains and enter the road of self-redemption, of self-culture — let me take him to a field open on all sides, to a University open to all who come. There I will show him the picture of self-made men, of trained scholars — will show him the men of genius and reason, of diligence and perseverance — and I will teach him that any man, whether of high blood, or middle-class blood, or of inferior blood, can raise himself up to the exalted position of a free man, and become a phoenix of intelligence, guiding himself step by step to the highest sphere of human knowledge, and in the happiness and blessings of his own mind approaching the ideal of his Maker. This field, this university, this popular school, where all men and women, no matter whatever their blood may be, are allowed to learn and to know something, is free America. There any man, whether he be born in the capital of Washington or in the backwoods of the West, may become one of the most prominent members of society, may become even a President and chief of the nation, for all the gates to any and all the advancements and privileges of the State and society are open to him — are open to all.

I have boarded for two years in a large boarding-establishment in New York, and which is about as good as any other boarding-place of its kind, and there came in contact with many people of the different States. In the capitals of Germany almost every third man is an officer or soldier; but in America almost every third man is a scholar, and no doubt the science of freedom has already produced the noblest fruits on this Republican soil. So much is done

for the elevation of the masses, that people, in whatever state or country they may live, have as examples men in prominent positions who have trained themselves, and they are stirred to action and encouraged to improve their minds and to become respectable members of the State and society. As an encouragement to others, I would cite some examples of self-made and self-taught men of my own acquaintance.

I have a friend, Mr. Rathbone, president of the Evansville National Bank (Indiana), whose acquaintance I made at Dr. —, and who began his career in the backwoods of the West. But he had the courage and the perseverance not only to amass a fortune, but, what is still greater, to train and to educate himself to become an eminent scholar. While toiling for his own daily bread, and while planning and pursuing his road to material wealth, he read and studied the books of the best European and American authors; he worked hard, supported his family and his nearest relatives, and by the time he had reached the comfortable position of a banker he also was an accomplished scholar, able to converse on any subject taught in any European university, and in conversation he is one of the finest and most instructive speakers. At Dr. — I was also well acquainted with a very kind gentleman, Mr. Simmons, very small in stature, but thoroughly a scholar by his own training and self-acquirements, while all along he toiled for the sustenance of himself and family and provided for their future. In the same establishment I had another friend, Mr. Tressidder, a young lawyer, of New York, whom I would cite as an example to those young men who have no prospect, no future

before them, and who have to shape their own course in life. He was born in Cornwall, England, and while yet a boy was transplanted to the backwoods of America, but from there he migrated to the metropolis of New York, and, supporting himself and his parents, whom he had left in the West, he still found time to study first his own language, as well as Greek, Latin, and German, and trained himself to be an accomplished gentleman and a skilful lawyer, doing well at present and with a promising future before him! A large number of Americans have the good sense first to toil hard to acquire means, and then they take a trip across the Atlantic, and enjoy a short tour abroad in order to study foreign nations, their customs and history. And although some travel *en galop*, in their nervous haste to return home to their business, yet, with their sober, ambitious minds, and their keen sense of observation, they succeed in carrying home a well-stocked brain. America indeed is a fortunate land as regards self-made men, and no race on earth can show better examples for self-culture and self-improvement. Moreover, America, of all nations in the West, is the only one that can afford to dispense with a standing army, and where I have seen no slave, except those pitiable "female slaves" — the lunatics of criminal fashion mentioned previously — the enemies of the nation's growth and glory, whose iniquities are never censured by progressive (?) women, preaching reform and modesty to men, while fair hands hold and guide the fatal shaft, while fostering the criminal insanity of "gentle natures." But not taking into account this miserable kind of "voluntary" female slaves and lunatics, it might be said in all truth that every

man in the United States is *free*, and every woman might be free if she chose. On Columbia's soil we meet no soldier slave—no lazy military officer trailing his sword, a disgrace to the land and the civilised name it bears. What is the virtue, what the honour of any individual that wants to be watched by day and by night? What is the freedom and the honour of any territory or country that wants to be constantly guarded, the sword ever drawn for its defence, ever ready to strike? Hail, then, to Columbia! Hail to every country that has freed its slaves! Heaven will smile on this glorious republican land, and on its many good and noble sons and its true and heroic women, who, in advance of all their fellow-beings, have redeemed the poor and the oppressed, and who so nobly endeavour to train the child of man according to the will of our Maker. For this, God will be appeased; He will forgive the errors of the past, and bless the republic and its people; and from Columbia will shine anew, in all its glory, the star of liberty and bliss!

While writing my narrative and drawing my picture in the valley of the Alps, I have not forgotten Miss Cosserat, my poor *protégée*. I often wrote to Madame Gabrielle, the Lady Superior of the convent at Cortenbergh, and inquired after the unhappy orphan, but the replies I received were very unsatisfactory, they being all alike, and the last reply of this lady was a mere copy of the first. But Madame Gabrielle, who received the poor lunatic out of my hands, had, it appears, left the convent at Cortenbergh in the month of October, 1874. When I wrote to her last, my letter was answered after some time by another lady, and it runs as follows:—

"MISS WEPPNER,

"I have delayed answering your letter, because I was not sure if I could write to you about poor Miss Cosserat. In any case, I cannot do it without leave of the family, or I would consider it as a breach of confidence. The Lady Superior Gabrielle is now in one of our other houses.

"Yours truly,

"SR. MARIE THERESE,

"Supérieure St. Joseph's Convent, Cortenbergh,
"Belgium."

I cannot therefore tell the reader whether my *protégée* is dead or alive. I have written three letters to Mr. Cosserat at Blankipore, Patna, India, and in every one of them I gave him a full account of our journey, and told him what a trying time I had during the ten weeks I had been the guardian of his poor lunatic child. But Mr. Cosserat remained silent to all my letters, which must have reached him, as otherwise they would have been returned to me by the post officials of Patna. I never again heard any more of Mr. James Cosserat since I left Bombay with his daughter; he never, although he must have learned all I suffered with his lunatic child, sent me a simple word of thanks. I have heard something of an Indian law, which might have induced him to "distance" his poor, suffering child, in order to inherit her mother's fortune, in case the latter was dead. But I cannot speak positively of anything, and all concerning the history of the poor lunatic is to me as dark as ever. Yet I pray God to enable me to rescue the unfortunate creature from the

gloomy walls of her monastic prison, and as soon as my circumstances will permit of a journey to Cortenbergh, Belgium, I shall endeavour to find out whether the poor orphan is yet among the living, or whether she has gone to the home and to the Father of all.

Shortly before this narrative was given to the public, I left London for my home, viâ Belgium. I stopped at Cortenbergh and went to the convent of St. Joseph, where I requested to see Miss Cosserat. I was told by the Lady Superior that I could not see her, and to my question, whether she was still alive, I was given no reply. The Lady Superior sternly refused to answer any question concerning her, telling me that she could not and would not betray the confidence of the lunatic's father.

And now, dear reader, I must bid you farewell ; often during the time you have travelled with me, and while I have led you to *my most beloved spots* in this glorious world, have I thought again of my first trip over the swelling billows of the Atlantic. How timid and inexperienced, how anxious and tearful I was then, landing as I did in New York, burdened with a debt of 200 francs ! All is changed now ; I am not rich, but I possess an inexhaustible treasure, a wealth of beautiful memories, which are to me an eternal and unfailing source of the purest delight. All painful and bitter recollections of my journey round the world withdraw farther and farther into the background as time moves on, whilst pleasant reminiscences come into the foreground. Previously to my circular tour I saw all distant countries through a mist ; now the mist has disappeared, all is clear, and I see near and

distant scenes of the earth and of nature in the full glory of the *sunlight*. *I am happy, and for no kingdom in the world would I give up the treasures which I hold in my memory.* Nothing, nothing now troubles my recollections of my journey round the world. I have put to shame the *evil-doers*, of whom in fact I have met but *two*; I have pardoned their injustice, and I remember their acts with pity and contempt. The many good and noble people, whom I met with far and near, and who so generously protected me, will ever stand forth in my memory like bright and shining stars. While traversing four continents, I have only stayed in hotels three times — a fact proving that I have met kind and hospitable people in every land. By men of every nation I have been trusted as to the honest motive of my purpose, and they have nobly assisted me. Railway and steamship companies have treated me most generously, and from Paris through America, Asia, and Africa, back to my home, I have paid for but one steamship ticket out of my own purse, viz., on a steamer from Hong-Kong to Canton, belonging to a German firm at Hong-Kong.

And thus I have been enabled to read the magnificent book of the universe, I have seen some of the greatest wonders of nature, and in this beautiful world I have enjoyed so many delightful rambles, so many hours of joy and bliss. How often now in imagination I am gazing at the mighty cataracts of Niagara, the grandest shrine I ever beheld; I am again with my lovely flowers, and strolling on Java's luxuriant soil. Sailing over Malacca's deep, I look at the Southern Cross, but on and on my spirit floats. On the Himalayas I again behold the rising sun over that

colossal peak. And I am looking up to the blue vaults above that silvery crown of purest snow! *Deo gratias!* my heart is bounding with joy, and my spirit speeding over well-known lovely places as it returns home to my native Rhine.

I thank thee, kind Preserver, for thy wise and wonderful guidance, for thy fatherly protection, and for that angel of Thine who, at Thy holy wish, has escorted me and has led me safely home!

And you, dear friends, both far and near, accept my earnest thanks; your kindness I shall ever remember, and I shall always remain,

Your grateful

MARGARETHA WEPNER.

THE END.

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